SIBLEY'S ARMY OF THE DEAD

REAL WEST

35c

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION
NOVEMBER

TRAGIC SAGA OF THE BABB FAMILY

•

JEFF TURNER
INDIAN KILLER

•

SAN FRANCISCO BAY'S GOLDEN TREASURE

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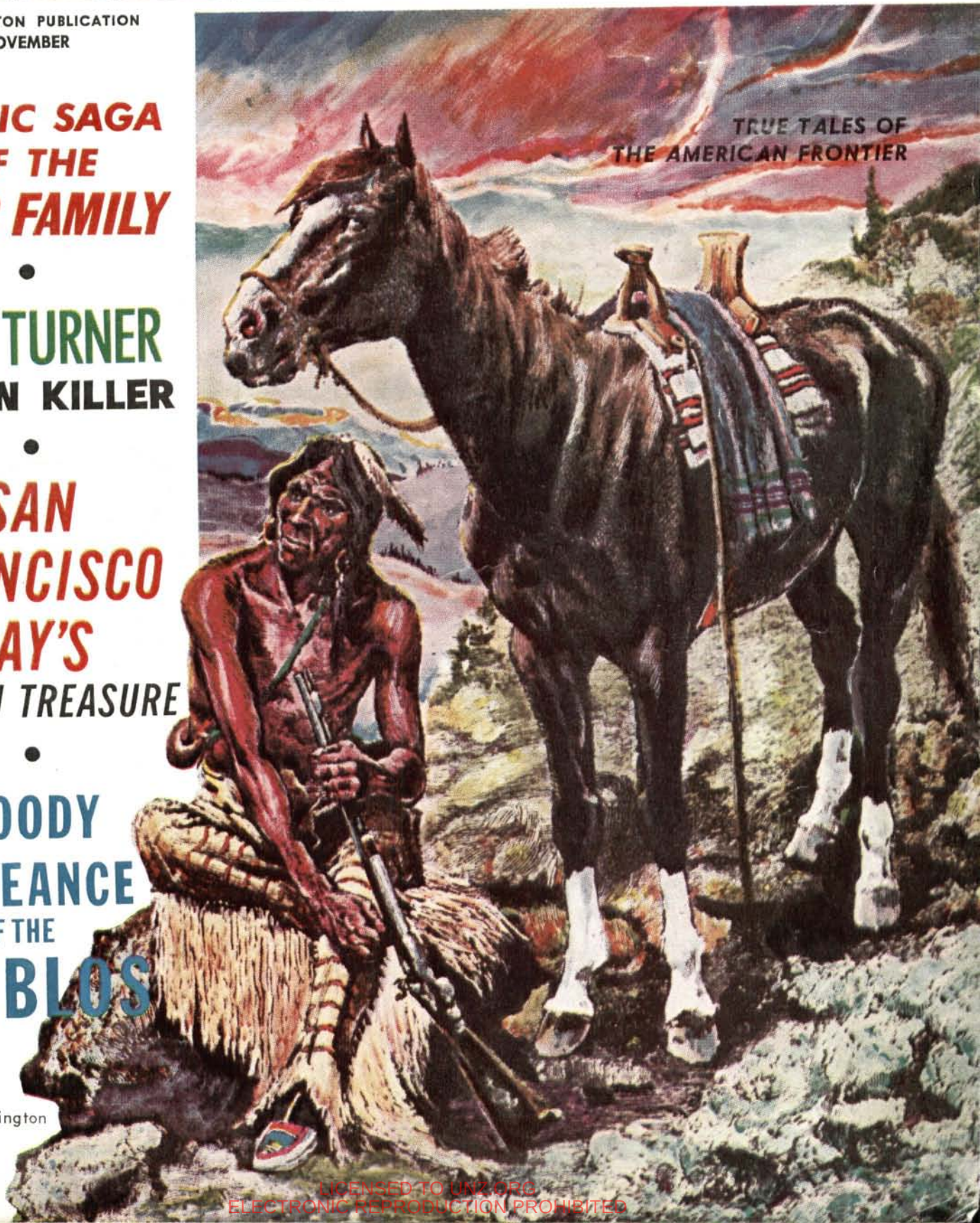
BLOODY VENGEANCE OF THE PUEBLOS



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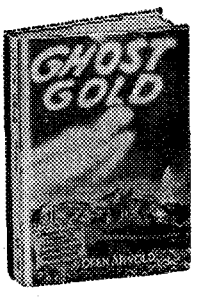

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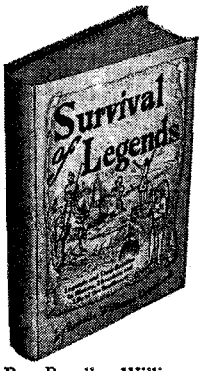

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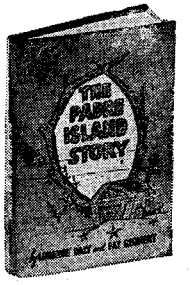

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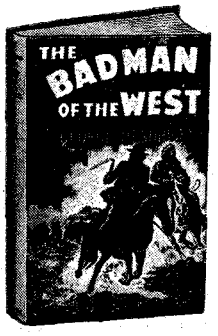

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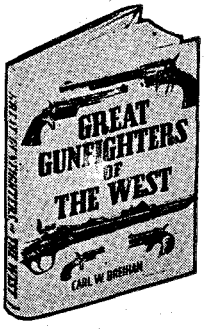

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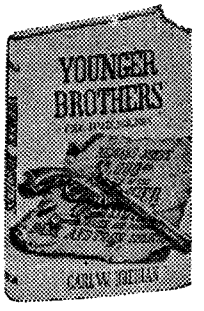

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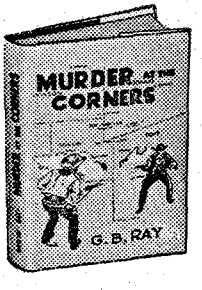

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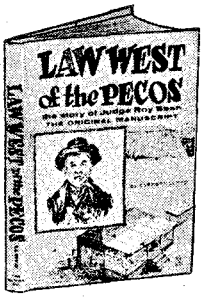

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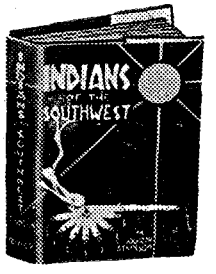

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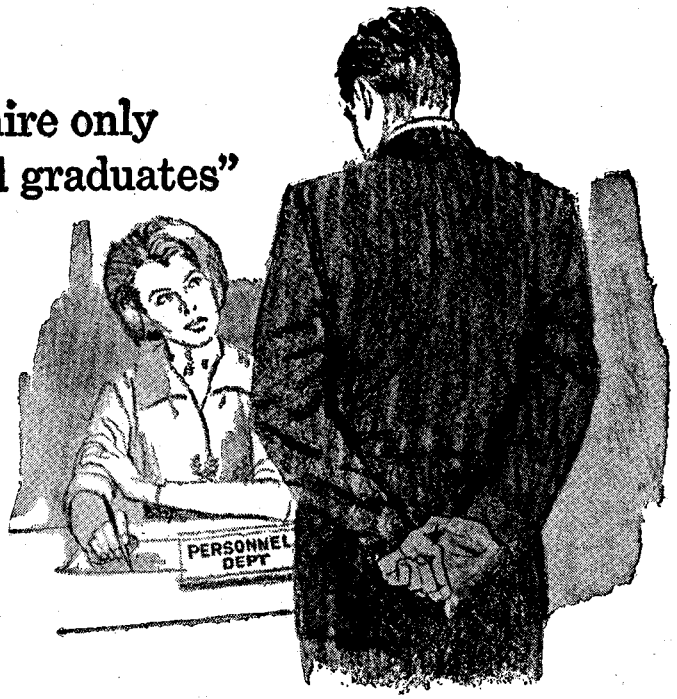

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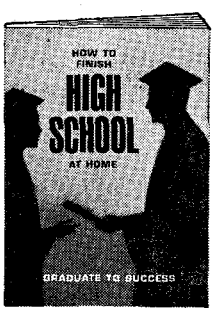

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REAL WEST

Volume VII
Number 38
Nov., 1964

Editor: Philip R. Rand
Managing Editor: Ernest H. Hart
Executive Editor: Pat Masulli
Research Director: Edward T. LeBlanc
Art Director: Bohdan Dziubina
Production Manager: William Anderson

IN THIS ISSUE

This big issue of Real West takes you on a trip of adventure and terror, from the Texas frontier to the snow filled canyons of Nevada. On these pages you will share the fears and helplessness of sudden Comanche attack with the "Babb Family" and know the experience of capture and escape as endured by a frontier boy. "Bloody Vengeance of the Pueblos" relates the events of delayed insurrection by the usually docile Pueblo Indians as they seek to overthrow their suppressors. "Jeff Turner, Indian Fighter" reveals the deep hatred of a peaceful settler who finds his wife and children slaughtered by Indians and dedicates his life to vengeance, killing as many of the foe as possible. Elsewhere on these pages from history you'll find the drama and impact of desperate fighting, hand to hand combat, victory and defeat as told in "Sibley's Army of the Dead." The legend of another frontier man is revealed in the interesting tale of the "Incredible Joaquin Miller." Once again you are invited to join the searchers in our story of "San Francisco Bay's Golden Treasure." and you'll read about one of the last Indian uprisings, the revolt of Old Shoshone Mike, in "Death In Little High Rock Canyon." All these thrill-packed adventures are in this issue of Real West, the magazine that brings you authentic, exciting tales of the Old West.

SIBLEY'S ARMY OF THE DEAD
REAL WEST
TRAGIC SAGA OF THE BABB FAMILY
JEFF TURNER INDIAN KILLER
SAN FRANCISCO BAY'S GOLDEN TREASURE
BLOODY VENGEANCE OF THE PUEBLOS

THIS MONTH'S COVER

Frederick Remington was an expert on equestrian art and sketches of western characters. This month's cover, from one of his famous engravings, gives us the extra bonus of a colorful and dramatic subject.

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The Editor's Corral

WE can't help commenting again on the number of requests we are getting from high school students for our research material. Ever since we started giving bibliographies with each of our stories, the number of requests has increased with every issue until now we are swamped with these requests.

The refreshing angle to these requests is that the younger generation is taking just as much interest in that area of our history as the old timers. This younger generation is not swallowing the phony history of the old West. They are demanding proof for every fact and they can't be fooled. So it looks like the old West will have a great run even when us old timers are gone and that is some consolation.

* * * * *

The wealth of research material in the historical society publications seems to be limitless and far more accurate than many other sources. One of the most remarkable and extensive research jobs for a series in a historical quarterly is Louise Berry's KANSAS BEFORE 1854. Kansas before 1854 could be called a pivot point in the old West, and the vast material Louise Berry has in this series covers almost every phase and every character in the West prior to 1854.

One has to admire the detailed work that has gone into this remarkable series. No small historical detail has been overlooked, and any student of the West will find this series an invaluable source of research. We only hope that arrangements can be made for the publication of the series in book form, and until this is done, any reader can secure this series for a very nominal sum by buying from the Kansas Historical Society in Topeka, Kansas, the bound volumes of the Kansas Historical Quarterly.

* * * * *

Harold Preece dropped in the other day to discuss stories and chat in general. We got on the subject of the latest factual Western books and I remarked that the Western writers of books in the last few years have certainly turned over a new leaf and are giving us some remarkably accurate and well documented books. Forty or fifty years ago we had such Western writers as Wilstack, Lake, Connelly, and others whose books were pure fiction along the lines of the old time dime novel writers who had given us such a distorted fictional picture of the old West.

I had in mind such recent books as Preece's brilliant work on the Dalton brothers, Waters and Bartholomew on Wyatt Earp, Pat Johns on Doc Holliday, and Homer Croy's books. In these books you find sincere and honest research and documentation. These writers don't try to glorify anybody. They let the chips fall where they may. If we had had such writers as these in the old days, the story of the old West would be far different and far more honest today.

Yet we had to agree that these present day writers wouldn't have been much of a success in those days. Fifty years ago we were all living in a sort of fairyland. The dime novel version of the old West, glorifying certain strange characters as heroes, was pleasant and exciting. But two World Wars, a depression, and the atomic bomb have caused us to grow up and grown-up people want the truth. So today the public wants the truth about the old West. Such books as those written by Lake, Connely and Wilstack would be laughed off the shelves today. Preece and I agreed this didn't rate the courage of writers too highly, but after all they had to live and they had to give the public what they wanted.* It wouldn't have helped much to have written the truth fifty years ago because nobody wanted it. The same can be said about the articles in the magazines. The big national magazines ran articles on the old West that today read like silly trash.

The public today wants the truth and that is what we here at REAL WEST are making every effort to give them.

*Dime novels made no pretense of being factual history. They were admittedly fiction.

Don't forget that if you are having trouble finding REAL WEST on the newsstands this condition can quickly be corrected by sitting down and writing a check for a year's subscription — $1.75, and for a year you will know you will get your copy on time and without any of the trouble of going to different newsstands.

* * * * *

We are always glad to report when honors come to our writers. In Denver this year Joe Koller of Belle Fourche, South Dakota, was awarded the International Rodeo Management's Rodeo Man of the Year.

Joe is the fourth man in the rodeo field to receive this award. For years Joe has been active in rodeo, as well as other Western organizations. Joe is truly an old time Westerner and his stories, of which you have read many, show this feeling and knowledge of the West. And speaking about the truth about the old West, Joe is a stickler for the truth and every story he does is researched from every angle. That is why he has proved to be one of our popular writers.

* * * * *

The editor may have as many headaches as fleas on a mangy coyote, but there are compensations. Locating a fresh story of the old West that has never been published is an exciting experience. Our research boys are now concentrating on historical society quarterlies and historical collections of the historical societies of the Western states. And what a collection they have of these valuable research sources, many dating back many, many years. You read through them and the picture of the old West takes a far different color from what you see on television and read in many magazine articles.

And what stories the research boys have dug up, stories that will thrill and excite you and give you a new and fresh picture of the old West. We are working on a number of them now, tracking down the sources to make sure each will be fully documented. Watch for the next issues of REAL WEST and you will be in for some exciting surprises about the old West.

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Carelton Mays And Staff Of RW Answer Questions

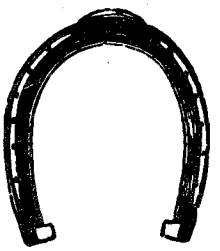
MRS. John A. Zolman, 1344 Broadway, Wichita, Kansas wants to know the real truth about the Texas cowboys who came up the Chisholm Trail and whether they were as bad as they have been painted in most articles on the Kansas cattle towns. That depends on which cowtown is written about. In Abilene the Texans had a bad reputation. It must be remembered that the Civil War was only over a few years when the cattle drives north to Kansas began, and most of the Texans had been confederates and confederates were not in any special good humor because of their defeat. On the other hand the boys from the Northern armies who went West weren't averse to doing some strutting and boasting.

Abilene, started by Joe McCoy, a former Northern soldier, was a northern town and the feeling there between Texans and the citizens of Abilene was bad. It was a far different story in Dodge City. By the time Dodge became a cattle center, the war had been over for ten years and the feelings had died down. Also Dodge had many Southerners as residents, and the Northerners didn't strut or boast their victory. As a result, despite all the fiction you have read about the Texans shooting up Dodge City, they were well-liked, attended church socials, courted the Dodge City girls, and many of them married in Dodge City.

It was a wild year, and Texas boys and men living on the range the winter months and then the long lonely drive north wanted excitement, women and whiskey when they got to the cattle town. Dodge City recognized this need and set aside a strip across the tracks for the Texas cowboys to let off steam, but Abilene having a strong religious streak, looked on these drunken antics with horror and did everything to stop them. Which, of course, didn't make Abilene popular with the Texans.

An Abilene resident wrote this description of the Texas trail drivers: "In appearance a species of centaur, half horse, half man, with immense rattling spurs, tanned skin and daredevil, almost ferocious faces."

They were not that bad, even if they did appear that way to the residents of Abilene.



Q. What can you tell me about Bent's Fort. I have read so much about it, but nowhere has there been any details about the fort or its exact location. A.V. Paulsen, 1212 Carlisle S.E., Apt. A, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

A. There were two Bent's forts. The first was constructed some time between 1828-32, the exact year is in dispute, on the Arkansas River a few miles west of Boggsville, Colorado, at the junction of the Purgatory and Arkansas Rivers. This was more a large trading post than a fort. Also its location in a deep valley was not good for protection from attacks. In 1852 work was started on the new Bent's Fort some miles from Boggsville. It was built on a hill, its thick walls were of stone, and it had turrets for cannons Kit Carson always claimed it was the only real fort in the west. Its defenses were so impregnable that the Indians never attacked it seriously.

Q. Is it true that Buffalo Bill had a difficult time keeping Sitting Bull with the Wild West Show and that the old chief was Buffalo Bill's greatest problem? Jackie Allis, Rt. 1, Box 73, Littleton, Colorado.

A. Sitting Bull was a cantankerous old character, but Buffalo Bill had two weapons that enabled him to calm him down when he wanted to go on the warpath. First was Annie Oakley. She had a strong influence on Sitting Bull and she could quiet him down quickly. When she wasn't available, Buffalo Bill's second weapon was usually effective. This was candy. He would send candy to Sitting Bull by the pound and the old Indian was known at times to devour two and three pounds of candy at a time without getting sick. And the candy always caused him to forget his desire to go on the warpath.

Q. In reading Ed Bartholomew's book on Wyatt Earp, sent to me by a friend, I find that Bartholomew uses Bartholomew for Bat Masterson's middle name. I always though his name was William Barclay Masterson. Is Bartholomew giving his correct middle name? George Jones, 26 Bond Street, New York City.

A. We checked this question up to Nyle Miller, secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society, and one of the outstanding authorities on Bat Masterson. He answered that the Society did have some information that would indicate Bat Masterson's middle name was not Barclay but Bartholomew but that the Society was not yet ready to accept the change or release the information they have gathered. Miller called attention to mention of this fact on page 315 in *Why the West was Wild*, the book he and Joseph Snell published giving the story of those cowtowns and characters in newspaper stories and official police records. In this book Miller and Snell gave the diary of Henry H. Raymond as the source Ed Bartholomew probably based his claim on. Nyle Miller said that the Society was still looking for concrete evidence but the little they have learned thus far doesn't enable them to be positive on the subject.

Q. I would like the background of the Cherokee Indians and what their name means. Mrs. O.R. Estes, Box 313, Banquette, Texas.

A. The Cherokees are a tribe of the Iriquoian family, and at one time the largest and most powerful of the Indian family. They held all the land from southern North Carolina, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, and parts of Ohio. The Cherokees had a highly developed civilization, were good farmers, had regular houses for homes, and well organized village governments. Under Andrew Jackson they suffered the double cross by the whites and were moved to Indian Territory in what history has justly called "The Trail Of Tears". Their name means "The Cave People", or "Inhabitants of the Cave Country". For more detailed information about the Cherokees I suggest you write the Smithsonian Institution, Washington 25, D.C.

Q. At a New York City auction recently I examined a small derringer that had the name "Moore Patent Firearms Company" on it. What can you tell me about the gun and the manufacturer? L.V. Jones, 26 Bond Street, New York, N.Y.

A. This was an all metal derringer type cartridge pistol, patented January 5, 1864 by David Williamson, and manufactured by the Moore Patent Firearms Company, Brooklyn, New York. This company started in 1862 manufacturing teat cartridge single action revolvers, patented September 18, 1860 by Daniel Moore. The manufacture of these revolvers was stopped by infringement proceedings brought by Smith and Wesson, charging that the Moore Company had usurped the Rollin White patents. Then the Moore Company turned to manufacturing the David Williamson all metal type cartridge derringers. In 1865 the Moore Company became National Arms Company, and was bought by the Colt Company in 1870.

(Continued on Page 74)

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LITTLE JO'S STRANGE SECRET

Little Jo was frail looking, wanted to be alone all the time, and it wasn't until his death that his weird secret was known.

By: Louise Cheney

DURING the nineteenth century many men came to the mining camps of the west for many reasons but Little Jo Monoghan came to the diggin's at Ruby City, Idaho for the most extraordinary reason of all. He came as a smooth-faced youth and lived on in the vicinity until he was stooped and gray, and it was not until his slight body lay in the undertaking parlor at near-by Rockville and the contents of a small black suitcase in his cabin were examined that his secret became known.

It was in the spring of 1868 that Little Jo, barely five feet tall, astride a well groomed mare rode into the settlement of Ruby City. His high heeled boots were polished to mirror brightness and the slim brown mare immaculately groomed.

In that year Ruby City was booming. Crowds of miners, gamblers, cowboys and tin horns thronged the dusty main street. Little Jo guided the mare to Gallagher's saloon and addressed the crowd of loafers in a soft voice. "Gentlemen can you tell me if this is Ruby City?"

"Shore is, Laddie boy," returned a rough clad miner while snickers swept the crowd.

"Thanks, mister," said the boy in the same soft voice as he dismounted, hitched his horse and made for the rude two story building with HOTEL over the door.

"Wonder who in the tarnation that dude is," asked a loafer as the boy entered.

"Well, one thing's for shore," spat out another, "he's a tenderfoot. Did you pipe them shiny boots and the way he called you 'Mister'?"

Soon the boy was back to take his mount to the livery stable. "Hey boy what's yore name?" quizzed a miner.

"Jo Monoghan, sir," returned the youth politely.

After the first day the men of Ruby City began addressing him as "Little Jo" and the name stuck to the day of his death in the twentieth century.

Soon after his arrival Jo began prospecting for gold like every other resident in Ruby City. The job of digging seemed too much for him at first the men laughed at Little Jo, but after a time they came to admire and respect him for although his small soft hands became blistered he kept doggedly on and not once did he complain.

When he failed to strike color after a month of hard labor he gave up prospecting and hired out as a sheep herder. On his first trip to town after taking the job, the men kidded him. "That ain't no job for a man, Little Jo," one miner told him, "playing nurse maid to a bunch of woolies."

"I like it," returned Little Jo simply, "for you see fellows, I like to be alone."

Jo remained in the hills herding sheep for three years and then one day he wandered into a chuck wagon camp. Only his size and excellent manners kept the cowboys from riding him out as all cattle men hated the sheep owners.

(Continued on Page 52)

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

FOR some time now we have been surprised and pleased with the number of letters coming to the MAIL ROUNDUP written by the younger generation. This contradicts the theory that only the old timers with one foot in the past and one foot in the present were the only persons interested in the old West.

Not only do we get a large number of letters from youngsters, but most of them show a deep interest and desire to acquaint themselves with the facts about the old West. But like the old timers, many of these youngsters have inherited the prejudices of many of the phases of that great era in our history, and they tend to depend on this or that writer to do all their research. These conditions will quickly be corrected and it is refreshing to find so many of our young citizens so vitally interested in the old West.

This letter is from a 13-year-old Western buff.

Dear Sirs:

Carelton Mays wrote a great story about the Masterson Brothers in your last issue. I am glad that someone is interested in some gunfighters other than Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson. I did, however, find a few mistakes in the story.

First, you said that there was no documentation in Dodge City that Bat Masterson cut down his brother's killers, but George Bolds, a young gunfighter who knew all the famous pros, was told by Ham Bell, a later sheriff, that Bat came around the corner in time to see his brother shot and cut loose on Walker and Wagner. Bell stated that Bat was firing so fast he was afraid to go outside for fear of a stray bullet.

Second, in your version of the killing of George Hoyt you say that James Masterson was the officer who helped Wyatt Earp in firing at the drunken cowboys, but the Dodge City Times reported that Sheriff Bat Masterson was the one. Bat, who was at the scene credited Wyatt with killing Hoyt. You also stated that Hoyt said that he did not fire at the Comique, but Harry Drago, in "Wild, Wooly and Wicked", wrote that Hoyt never breathed a word after being shot.

In your description of the Battle of Cimarron you stated that it was James Masterson, Fred Singer, and Bill Ainsworth who held off the Cimarron mob while Tilghman got out of town with the records. George Bolds was also at Cimarron with the deputies and said that both Jim and Tom Masterson and Neal Brown were the besieged men. He says that the reason the three were let go was because Bat Masterson wired from Denver that if the Cimarron men did not let his brothers leave he and his friends would come and blow the town off the map. His "friends", of course, were the deadliest gunfighters in the West.

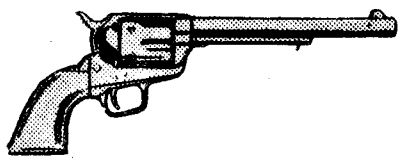
George Bolds stated that he believed James Masterson was the greatest of all the gunfighters. He said that he saw Masterson walk up to a drunken cowboy, take away his gun and break it over the bar.

I am 13-years-old and have studied the enigmatic Wyatt Earp for four years. I would like to correspond with someone on the Earp-Clanton feud and any of the old-time lawmen

Thank you.

Sincerely yours,
Robert N. Cash
Route 4, Box 30-D
Cleveland, Texas

Accurate research on the old West is going to the source of information — newspapers at the time, police records, and eye witness accounts by responsible persons. If you take a writer and all he claims at face value, you may get some very inaccurate historical pictures, as your letter indicates you have. Police records and newspaper accounts in Dodge state that Hoyt didn't die for several weeks and was questioned by peace officers and issued a statement about the shooting. So he did talk after being shot. There is no newspaper account, police or any official record that credits Bat Masterson with shooting the killers of his brother, Ed. The July 26, 1878 issue of the Dodge City Times states specifically that it was James Masterson who was with Wyatt Earp at the time Hoyt was shot. In a telegram to the Kansas City Times November 9th Bat Masterson denied that he was at Cimarron during the county seat fight. So you see, Robert, how you can walk into many mistakes by depending alone on books. Start your research right and get acquainted with state historical societies.



VICTORIA PEAK GOLD

Dear Sir,

I just finished reading the story of "The Treasure Of Victoria Peak" in the January edition of REAL WEST. I enjoyed it very much. Authenticity such as this makes your magazine No. 1 on my list, more stories of lost mines, and how about the Spanish in California, namely Joaquin Murietta? Thanks and keep up the good work.

Dale Lauborough
2816 9th St.
Ceres, California

MORE ABOUT THIS GOLD

Dear Mr. Rand:

When my article, "The Fabulous Treasure at Victoria Peak", appeared recently in REAL WEST, I received a very exciting letter from my old friend down at Walnut Ridge, Arkansas, Mr. J. Wm. Smith.

He told me about the time he worked with a man in the California shipyards, during War II. The man was a brother to Doc Noss' wife. Mr. Smith told when they were working, his companion received a letter from New Mexico, saying it was urgent for him to contact Doc Noss.

The working companion procured a leave, and left for New Mexico. Upon return, he told Mr. Smith where he had been and why.

Apparently Doc Noss had just commenced to explore the cave bearing the fabulous treasure, and wanted someone to enter the long tunnel to its depth, where the riches were cached. He told Mr. Smith how he went into the cave saw the gold bars, the church ornaments, some tools, and other paraphernalia, including the skeletons. They brought nothing much out, he said.

The man did not return to take a part in the recovery of the riches, but remained on the job in the shipyards.

Such letters are always appreciated by this writer. They help to substantiate the truth which we always strive to give in the articles of the old West

Kit Carson
805 Ortiz NE
Albuquerque, New Mexico

MURIETTA'S HEAD

Dear Sir:

In the March issue of REAL WEST a Bob Young writes about the head of Joaquin Murietta being displayed in San Francisco.

I have in my possession a hand written manuscript of the life of Joaquin Murietta written in 1894 by his neice Roseritto Murietta, La Colorado, Sonora, Mexico. Translated from Spanish by Mr. Ford Beebe, well-known movie writer and director of Universal Studios. The manuscript has never been published. Also Murietta's son was a personal friend of mine. All the information in this manuscript was given to Roseritto by her grandmother, the true mother of Murietta. She states she had letters written from Barcelona, Spain where Murietta died a natural death. After he avenged his brother's death he went to Spain

(Continued on Page 74)

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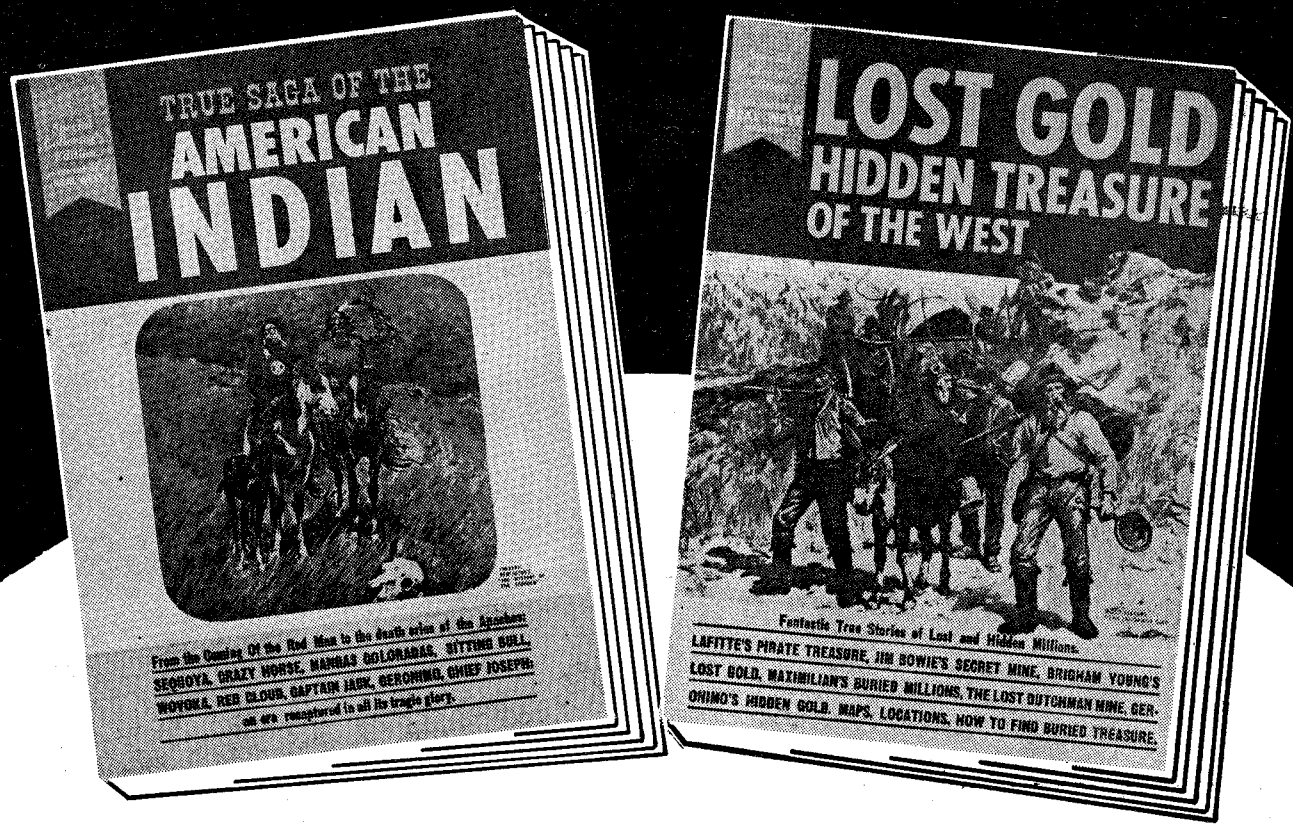
The Editors of REAL WEST Present . . .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Dot Babb

Margie Babb

Mrs. J. D. Bell

TRAGIC SAGA OF THE BABB FAMILY

It started with a brutal Indian attack on children, and ended in one of the strangest climaxes of the old West.

By: Fred Harrison

Photo credit: All photos by Fred Harrison.

THE saga of horror began on that warm afternoon of September 5th, 1866. Thirteen-year-old Theodore Babb, better known as "Dot", and his nine-year-old sister Bianca were at play in the yard of the Babb cabin on the Texas frontier. Although savage Indian raids had been increasing in the area, the children had no thought of danger as they romped and laughed. But, suddenly looking up, Dot was transfixed with horror. Forty mounted Comanches, hideous in full war-paint, were thundering down upon them from a near-by hill.

Shaking off the first paralysis of shock, young Babb grasped Bianca's hand and dashed for the protection of the cabin. The children ran and piercing war-whoops told them that the savages were in hot pursuit, gaining fast. Inside the cabin, 30-year-old Isabella Babb heard the shrill cries and ran to fling open the door.

As her terrified children swept inside, she slammed and barricaded the door. But, with an icy heart, Mrs. Babb realized that they were helpless. Her husband, John S. Babb, and an older son had set out for Arkansas a few days earlier with a drove of cattle, leaving her and the three younger children at home. Also living with the Babbs was Mrs. Lizzie Roberts, a comely 22-year-old widow whose husband had been killed in the Civil War. As the Comanches began smashing in the door, the defenseless little party suffered an eternity of horror and suspense.

Mrs. Roberts climbed the ladder to conceal herself in the cabin loft. Mrs. Babb swept up 11-month-old Margie

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and clasped her youngest child to her bosom. Dot ran for a rack hanging on the wall which contained three old guns. But as he grasped a weapon, the door crashed inward. A warrior leaped to wrest the gun from the boy's hands, and then crashed it down upon Dot's head, stunning him. Mrs. Babb, in a desperate effort to make friends, tried to shake hands with the surly warriors, but was ignored as they began ransacking the house.

The Indians soon discovered Mrs. Roberts in the loft and bade her to come down. She was then bound, taken outside and declared a captive. Bianca was seized and dragged screaming toward the door. This was more than Mrs. Babb could endure.

Rushing to the sobbing girl, the mother clung desperately to her daughter. But as she pleaded for mercy, an Indian stabbed Mrs. Babb four times with a butcher knife. As she sank to the floor in a welter of blood, Bianca was jerked roughly from the cabin.

Horror-stricken, Dot ran to assist his mother and helped her to a bed. As she lay back with a sigh, two Indians reentered the house. Upon seeing the woman still alive, one drew his bow and shot her in the left side with an arrow. With a cry of anguish, Dot pulled the arrow out. But the brave woman's life was fast ebbing. As the boy knelt beside the bed with tears filling his eyes, the warrior ordered harshly: "You come."

As Dot hesitated, torn between fear and loyalty, Mrs. Babb whispered her last words: "Go with him, son, and be a good boy."

As the grief-stricken youth stumbled out the door with his savage captor, he turned for one last look at his beloved mother, dying in a mass of blood, with little Margie who had, miraculously, remained unhurt, still tightly clasped in her arms.

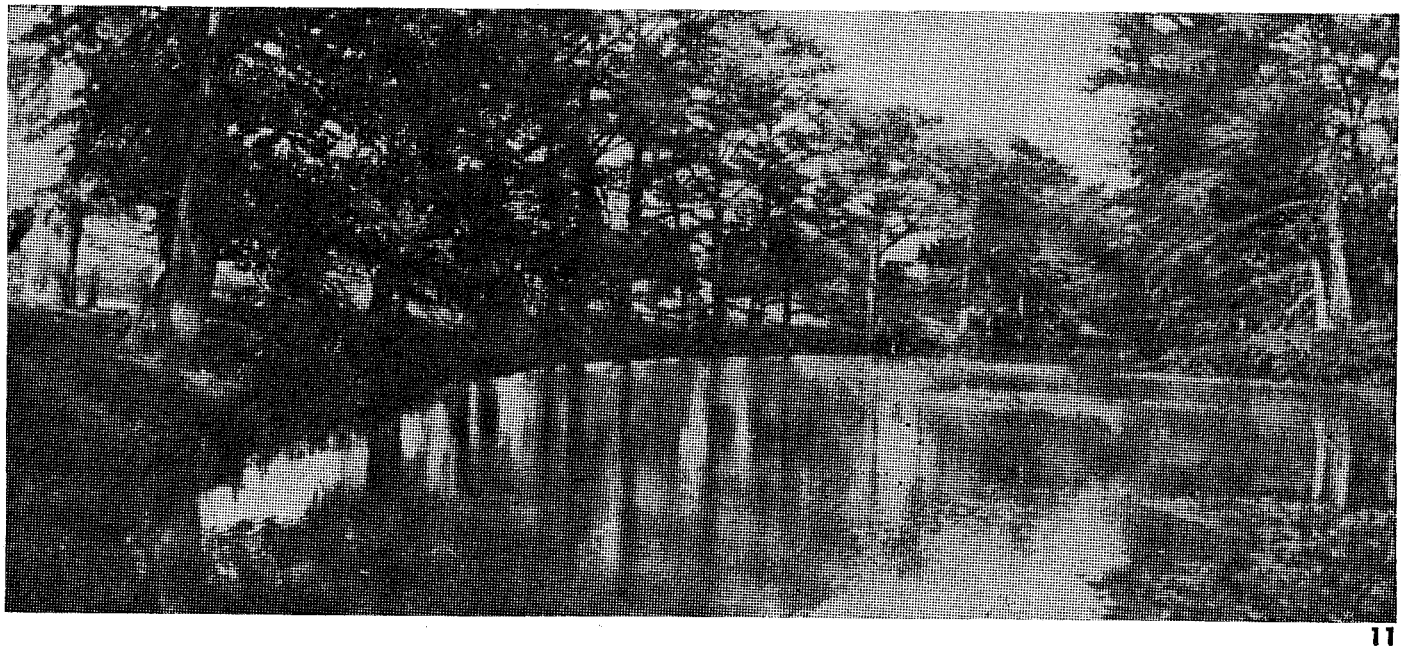
YOUNG Theodore A. Babb had never known any life except the hard, perilous existence of the frontier. In 1854, when he was two-years-old, his father had moved the family from Ohio to Texas in a two-horse wagon. They were 12 months on the journey. Eventually the Babbs settled on Dry Creek, about 12 miles west of Decatur. The boy's earliest recollections were of the new home on the Texas frontier. There were few white people in the area at that time, although Indians were very numerous.

Omercawbey, the Indian Dot Babb said killed his mother

At first the Indians were friendly. But after white renegades began stealing Indian horses, and killing the Indians who attempted to recover their property, the red man decided to strike back. In so doing, they put all white people in the same class — as ruthless enemies to be exterminated.

By 1865 the Indians had become cruelly savage, killing and scalping whole families, taking women and children into captivity and engaging in a general looting and

It was along this creek the captured children were first taken by the Indians and where they spent their first night.



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Horse Back, Commanche Chief, who led massacre attack

destruction of the hated white man's property. It was, therefore, with horror and premonitions of torture and death that the three white captives were hurried away fom the Babb homestead on that September afternoon.

The raiding party fled toward the northwest into the wilderness of Indian country. For many hours they pushed on with little rest and neither food nor sleep. By nine o'clock the next morning they were out of the cross timbers and into open plains country. Then they reached and crossed the Little Wichita River. Here a halt was made for the first time to eat when they came across the remains of a buffalo that lobo wolves had freshly killed. A few bones, already well-gnawn by both wolves and Indians, were tossed to the captives.

After more days of hard travel, the war-party pitched camp on the banks of the Canadian River. Here Young Babb and Mrs. Roberts had a chance to hold a whispered conversation. They promptly made plans to escape.

The spunky Mrs. Roberts directed Dot to fasten a certain fine horse so he could not get far away. She noted that a certain mare would stay with the horse. "We'll make our try to-night," she whispered.

That evening Babb did as he was instructed, tying the horse securely to a tree. Then he lay down upon his blanket and immediately dropped into a deep, troubled sleep. But he was nudged into wakefulness at about one o'clock in the morning. "Come! It's time," whispered Mrs. Roberts.

The moon in the east was two hours high. The Indians were sleeping soundly all around the captives. Both Mrs. Roberts and Babb realized that they would probably be tortured and killed if their desperate attempt failed. But in fear and desperation they were resigned to the circumstances as they tip-toed among the snoring savages, holding their breath, their hearts pounding in their throats.

Mrs. Roberts found a bridle which Babb put on the tethered horse. "Get a bridle for the mare," whispered the woman as she mounted.

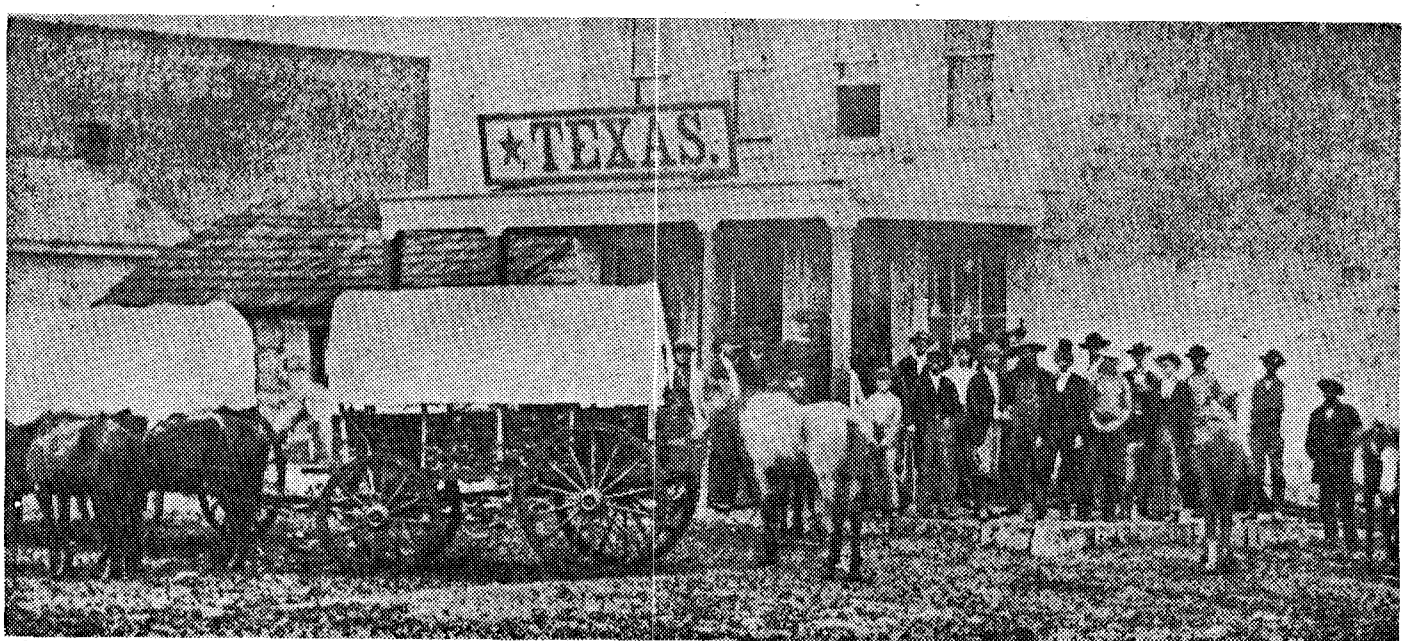
But as Dot groped in the darkness, he stepped on a dry branch which snapped with all the loud urgency of a pistol shot. As he stood frozen with thumping heart, he heard the Indians awakening with startled grunts Then the sound of running feet.

"Get away! Run!" he rasped.

Mrs. Roberts hesitated only long enough to whisper: "Good-bye, Dot. God bless you, and keep you." Then she was gone into the night with the stillness and swiftness of a shadow.

YOUNG Babb threw away the bridle and turned back unconcernedly toward the camp. The warriors, not

Council Grove was last trading post for travellers over Santa Fe Trail and Dot Babb and sister were taken around town.



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missing Mrs. Roberts, allowed the boy to lay back down on his pallet. It was near dawn before they discovered that Mrs. Roberts had escaped. Immediately a number of raging savages set out in pursuit of the young woman. But they returned soon after daylight from a fruitless search, their faces grim with fury as they eyed the white boy.

Roughly awakening little Bianca, they forced her to stand up. Then, forming a long line with drawn bows, they stood Dot against a big cottonwood tree. One warrior made unmistakeable signs that they were going to riddle him with arrows and then take his scalp. Bianca burst into wailing cries. Her brother attempted to soothe her, but the young girl fell to the ground, hiding her eyes and racked with sobs. Dot, certain that he was to die, resigned himself to die bravely. Drawing his slight body defiantly erect, he motioned the Indians to shoot and get it over with.

"Here my whole past life came into instant review," he said later. "The procession of events that quickly passed were visions of kindred boyhood scenes of joy and sorrow and the woeful and pathetic face of my lamented mother, stricken and dying from the deadly knife-thrusts and arrows of my fiendish captors."

But as the white boy unflinchingly returned the Indians' glares and waited for death, several warriors relaxed their bows in surprise and then thrust themselves between Babb and the line of executioners. In one of their quick changes of emotion they then came forward in a friendly manner saying, "Heap want you," and untied the boy. Although Babb didn't know it at the time, his courage and defiance of death had resulted in his adopotion into the tribe as promising warrior material.

A more determined attempt to re-capture Mrs. Roberts was then organized. A sub-chief had been severely smitten by the young widow's beauty, and had resolved to take her as a favorite of his collection of squaws. Now, his face dark with frustration, the chief summoned one of the most alert and daring horseman of the tribe and the trail was again taken up in pursuit of the fair prize.

For some distance fresh tracks pointed the way. But it was soon found that the clever Mrs. Roberts had doubled back, crossed and re-crossed on a trail and finally disappeared into the quicksand bed of a wide, shallow stream. Bewildered and exhausted, the Indians abandoned the pursuit. The dispirited chief was certain that his ardently coveted quarry lay buried in the quicksand bed and was forever lost to him. But he underestimated the determined widow.

For three days she rode furiously without food or rest, but at last was forced to halt that her horse might rest and graze. The exhausted woman lay down under a tree and almost immediately fell into a deep sleep. Some time later she was violently awakened to see three Kiowa braves surrounding her. The Indians took her to their main camp many miles distant where she again became the unwilling consort of a chief. Thus, she paid a terrible price for her captivating charm and beauty.

The young woman was a shapely vivacious brunette at the very climax of vigorous young womanhood. Had she willed it, she could have become the idol of warrior chiefs and the reigning queen of either the Kiofas or Comanches. But all during her frightful ordeal the strong-willed woman never faltered in her determination to escape the enforced unions with Indian warriors.

FOR a long tortured month Mrs. Roberts kept a keen watch for a chance to escape her ardent lover. At length, one dark stormy night, it came. As the Indians slept, Mrs. Roberts mounted a tethered horse and again began a dash for freedom. A sudden deluge of rain obliterated the tracks of her horse. When her escape was discovered the next morning, the Kiowas knew that pursuit was fruitless.

Chief Esserhaby played a strange part in the drama.

The next morning as Mrs. Roberts rode aimlessly over the trackless prairie, fate was kind to her. A troop of U.S. Cavalry came upon her and took her to Council Grove, Kansas, thus writing a happy ending to her ordeal of horror. But for young Babb and little Bianca there loomed many more months of Comanche captivity — a captivity which, for the white boy, was a strange mixture of terror, fascination and savage friendships.

The morning after Mrs. Robert's flight, the Comanches broke camp and, after dividing themselves into several groups, proceeded to march in different directions. One group took Bianca, despite her piteous screams to be allowed to remain with her brother. Dot felt sure he would never see his little sister again as he sadly watched her vanish over a nearby hill, her screams growing faint in the distance.

After a hard ten days march, the group under Chief Horseback which claimed the white boy, reached a Comanche headquarters camp on the Arkansas river. The return of the braves from a long raid was an occasion of much rejoicing, and the white boy captive produced a sensation in the village. Here, alone in a savage land, surrounded by a barbaraic people, young Babb longed for death in his loneliness and terror. But soon, to his amazement, he learned that the Comanches were capable of kindness and, in time, the impressionable youth even began to take a lively interest in his new life as a Comanche brave.

(Continued on Page 44)

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BLOODY VENGEANCE OF THE PUEBLOS

The Pueblo Indians were friendly to the whites, except for this one time when they let loose a blood bath that still ranks among the worst of all Indian wars.

By: J.P. Dunn, Jr.

THE explosion was waiting to be activited on that January 19, 1847. It was in the air in the consciousness of everybody in Governor Charlie Bent's office in Don Fernandez de Taos. Yet nobody would admit it. Not even Governor Bent, who knew the strange and mystic ways of the Indians.

It is difficult to pinpoint just when this trouble started. Perhaps, it could be traced back to the year before when General Stephen W. Kearny with an army of 1,685 men, and later assisted by the few soldiers under command of General Doniphan, defeated an army of 10,000 Mexicans to take over New Mexico.

At that time there were three classes of people living in New Mexico — the Mexicans, the so-called wild Indians, and the Pueblo Indians. These latter, contrary to the general belief, were not a tribe or a nation. They were the Zuni, the Hopi, and Moquis, all Indians who lived in towns, had houses, cultivated corn and other crops and had developed a high state of civilization for Indians.

The great majority of the Mexicans lived in a state of peonage, a cross between slavery and service, dedicating their useful lives to a few wealthy Spanish grandees or *ricos*. The so-called wild Indians were the nomad hunters, mostly Apaches and Navajos. Of the three classes the Pueblos were the most industrious, honest, and reliable.

The origin of these Pueblos is a mystery. Some believe they were an offshoot of Incas in South America. Others believe they were related to the Aztecs. Yet, in the ruins of their cities, their pottery and their weapons, there is no similarity with the Incas, the Aztecs, or any known Indian tribe or people. As a matter of fact many authorities believe that they were a distinct people, having no connection whatever with any of the other civilized aborigines

Photo credit: Smithsonian Institute

of America. When the first Spaniards, Alvar Nunez and his companions, passed through the Pueblo country in 1538, the Pueblo Indians were living in the same state of civilization, raising corn and other crops and manufacturing beautiful pottery and cotton fabrics, an art they later were to lose.

Though the Pueblo Indians were honest and peaceful, they did rebel twice against the harsh Spanish rule. In 1680 they rose against the Spanish and drove them from their village, but thirteen years later they were reconquered. When the Americans took over New Mexico, the Pueblo Indians were friendly with the Mexicans and both seemed to accept the new administration with resignation.

However, some of the Mexicans didn't. Colonel Diego Archuleta and Tomas Ortiz both men of talent and enterprise, were indignant at the humiliating defeat the Mexicans had suffered and wanted to do something about it. They had little trouble enlisting the aid of certain officers of the former Mexican army, but more important, they were

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able to enlist the Pueblo Indians, as well as the wild Indians in their plan.

Rumors of the planned insurrection reached Colonel Charles Bent and some of the leaders of the insurrection were arrested. Ortiz and Archuleta escaped arrest by fleeing to Mexico. Governor Bent issued a proclamation to quiet the population and it was hoped that the danger of insurrection had passed, but the leaderless organization remained like a giant blast in the midst of the social fabric, ready to explode at the touch of any spark.

Early in the morning of January 19, 1847 the explosion came. That day a large number of Pueblos assembled at Don Fernandez and insisted on the release of three of their tribe, notorious thieves, who were confined in the *calabozo*. The sheriff, Stephen Lee, seeing no means of resistance at hand, was about to comply with their demand, when the Mexican prefect, Cornelio Vigil, appeared and forbade him, at the same time denouncing all the Indians as thieves and scoundrels.

This was the needed spark. The Indians sprang on him with the fury of devils, killed him, cut off his limbs cut him to pieces, and then released the prisoners. Lee escaped in the confusion, but was followed and killed. The blood of the Indians was now at fever heat, and the slumbering impulses of savagery came into control again, as they were incited to further action by the Padre Martinez and others of the original conspirators.

They hastened to the house of Governor Bent, who had been in Fernandez for several days. He was in bed, but was aroused by his wife and warned of the imminent peril. He quickly realized the situation. Telling his wife it was useless to attempt fighting such a mob single-handed, he sprang to a window which opened into an adjoining house and asked for assistance.

The Mexicans there told him it was useless to hope for aid — that he must die. At the same time he was wounded by arrows from Indians who had mounted the housetops. He withdrew into his room and the Indians began tearing up the roof. Calmly he awaited his doom. His wife brought him his pistols and told him to fight, to avenge himself, even if he must die. The Indians were exposed to his aim, but he replied: "No, I will not kill any one of them; for the sake of you, my wife, and you, my children. At present, my death is all these people wish."

As the savages poured into the room he appealed to their manhood and honor. They laughed at his plea. They told him they were about to kill every American in New Mexico and would begin with him. An arrow followed the word — another, and another — but the mode was not swift enough. One more impatient, sent a bullet through his heart. As he fell, Tomas a chief, stepped forward, snatched one of his pistols, and shot him in the face. They took his scalp, stretched it on a board with brass nails, and carried it through the streets in triumph.

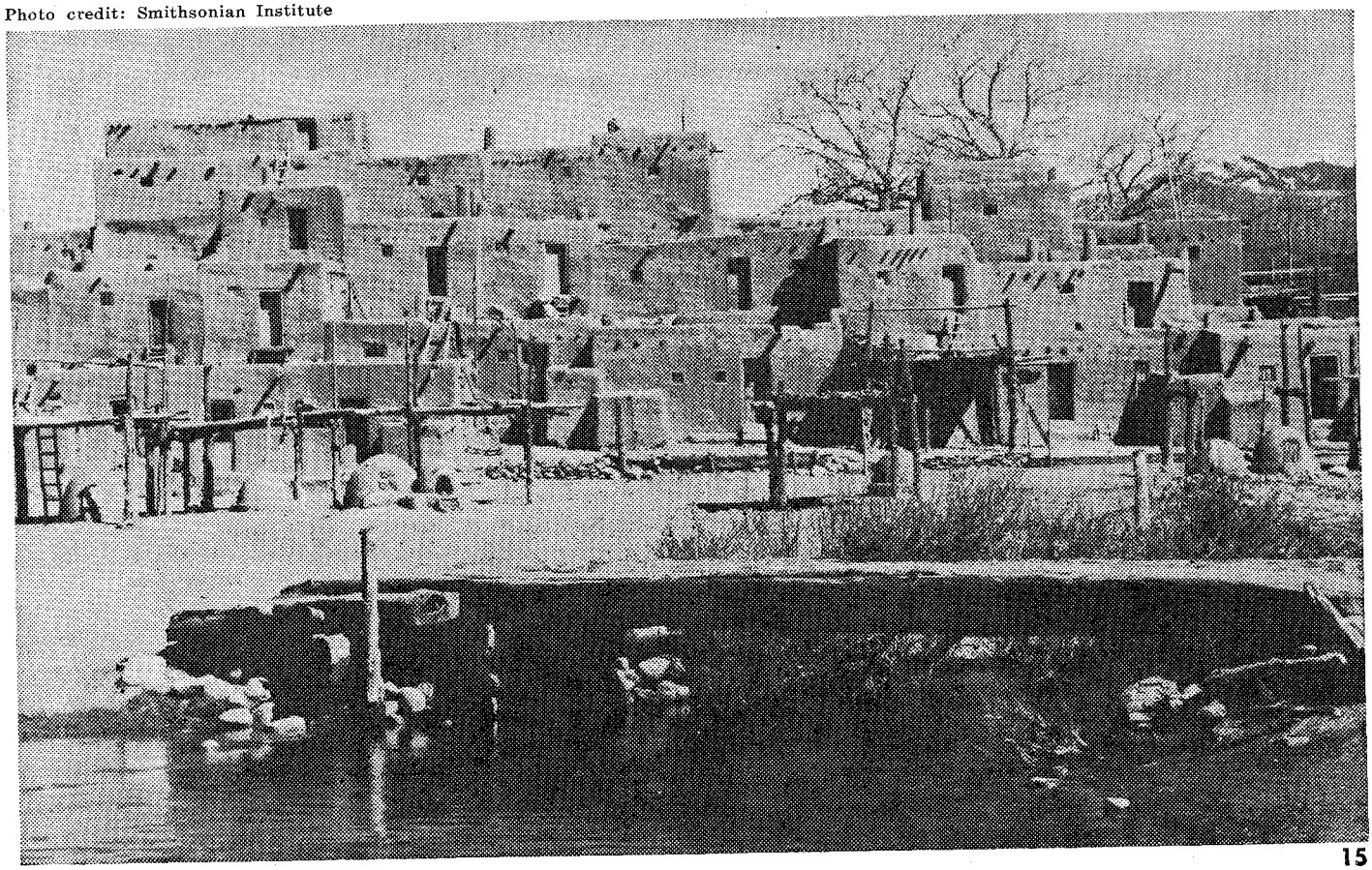
JAMES W. Leal, a private in the La Clede Rangers, fared even worse. He was on furlough, and had been appointed prosecuting attorney for the northern district. They seized him at his house, stripped him naked and marched him about the streets pushing arrows into his flesh, inch by inch, as they dragged him along. They conducted him again to his house, where they made a target of him, and amused themselves by shooting at his eyes, his nose, and his mouth.

They tore away his bleeding scalp, and left him writhing in agony while they went in search of other victims. Several hours after they began their fiendish work they returned

(Continued on Page 64)

The ancient Pueblo of Toas where the Pueblo Indians barricaded themselves forcing the army to bring up artillery.

Photo credit: Smithsonian Institute



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DEATH IN LITTLE HIGH ROCK CANYON

Photo credit: Nevada Historical Society

Here is one of the most brutal and senseless massacres perpetrated by the Redmen. It has an angle that will so confuse and fascinate you that you'll have difficulty guessing the climax.

By: James A. Long

THE icy Nevada wind whistled and howled as Harry Chambrom and his men, collars turned up high, rode into the narrow Little High Rock Canyon, 80 miles west of Winnemucca, Nevada and 130 miles north of Reno on the Historic Applegate Immigrant Trail.

Loud came the wind as it hit against the tall rock wall and was thrown back against the other wall. And then . . .

It came suddenly, without warning. At first it was only a faint echo of a gun shot partially drowned out by the whistling wind. Then another shot, louder this time. After that the roar of a barrage of firing. Chambrom tumbled off his horse dead and then the men with him slipped out of their saddles and fell to the snow covered earth, coloring the shifting white blanket with their blood. Then above the wild chant of the wind came the war cries of Indians as they came from behind their ambush in the rocks.

And on this day January 26, 1911 was enacted the first ghastly act in the last blood stained drama of the Indian wars of the old West, the last futile and losing battle of the Indians against the white man.

Shoshone Mike, the arch villain of this massacre, was highly respected among his contemporaries of the 1870's and 80's, as a master horse and cattle thief. To the few widely-scattered white settlers he was a terror, the "scourge" of the Nevada-Idaho border who was not averse to drawing a little human blood when it served his needs.

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The Federal Government frowned on Mike's activities, however, and, after no little persuasion by a large force of soldiers, the renegade and his band of Shoshones were rounded up, disarmed and driven onto the Duck Valley Reservation, in the early 1890's. The wearisome chore completed, the powers heaved a mighty sigh of relief and promptly forgot the doughty old warrior and his band.

But Shoshone Mike did not forget, and, as years went by, his hatred of the white man's ways, fostered by the idleness and monotony of reservation life, grew and swelled in his heart like a cancerous ulcer. Finally, he could take no more and, with a few loyal followers, the 70-year-old chief broke from the reservation and embarked on a thieving, murdering rampage that ended seven months later with the wiping out of the band in a roaring, blazing battle.

By the turn of the century the Indian Service had begun to function with reasonable stability. The Shoshones proved tractable, and most of them had adjusted well to reservation life. The government had cracked down on the old politically-appointed, cheating agents, who knew about Indians and cared less, replacing them with more qualified men. The stipulated allotments of food and clothing for the Indians arrived with but occasional delays. The agents sent routine reports to Washington from Reservation headquarters at Owyhee. An occasional scrap occurred in the village, along with small problems of ascertaining the ownership of a lost pony or someone's wife.

But no one paid much heed to the deposed, white-haired old chief and his burgeoning hate. Then, one summer afternoon in 1910, Mike gathered his few faithful ones around him and vented his feelings in a blazing, impassioned speech. "This is not the way to live," he ranted. "Indian was meant to live like Indian, not shut up like thief on white man's reservation. Indian was meant to be free and eat the deer, the antelope, and the elk, not wormy flour and worn-out white man's wo-haws. I go back to old Indian life! Who will come with me?"

Three braves — Big-Foot Joe, Eat-Em-Up Jim, and Catch-Em Charlie — three squaws and five children, cast their lot with the old chief. Two nights later the little band slipped past the Indian police to take up again the old Shoshone way. They soon found, however, that many changes had taken place in the hunting grounds during their almost twenty years of reservation life. Most of the open range was now occupied by farmers and stockmen.

The only free range they found was worthless, brush-covered desert wastes, and the once abundant game was scarce and hard to find. To eat, Mike and his people began appropriating the rancher's fat cattle. They raided his remudas to replenish their horses. The ranchers complained to authorities, and posses rode out, but the lawmen had little luck. The wily old chief could cover his trail as skillfully as he stole horses and cows.

The law admitted defeat and abandoned its search after the murder of Elko County ranch hand Frank Dopp, and the theft of his herd of ponies. Following this raid, Mike and his band thumbed their noses at the law and vanished. The band, well mounted, continued its wandering through the summer and fall.

Then, without notice, roaring Nevada winter clamped down. The 1910-11 winter was one of the worst in the history of the Northern California-Nevada border country. Raging blizzards and searing frost nipped the grass from the customary winter ranges, forcing the ranchers to drive suffering stock into the rugged badlands at the fringe of Black Rock Desert.

THERE, in an area difficult of access even today and usually shunned by ranchers, they settled the herds for the winter. Nearby, in Little High Rock Canyon, Shoshone Mike and his band joyfully watched their winter's food supply driven in. Little High Rock Canyon, with high, sheer cliffs to baffle and soften the howling winds, with adequate water, and large, untended herds of livestock near, was an ideal place to spend the winter.

On January 18, 1911, a sheep rancher, Dominic Indiano, stomped into an Eagleville, California ranch office. While warming his chilled fingers over the roaring, pot-bellied stove he told his boss, Harry Cambron: "Somebody's been

These are the type of Indians that killed the men in Little High Rock Canyon after they made a final break for freedom.

Photo credit: National Archives

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Photo credit: Nevada Historical Society

Sheriff Ferrel with Snake and three children in front of the jail. Snake is hiding a 2 year old under her blanket.

killing your cattle up in the hills."

"Hell they have — what makes you think so?"

"Well, I rode up to check on my sheep, and found the heads and hides of half a dozen cattle. That good enough?"

The next morning Cambron and two of his riders — Peter Erramouspe and John B. Laxague — prepared to ride. With Indiano to lead, they galloped out of town, skirted Alkali Lake and headed for the winter range near Nevada's border 40 miles away.

The foursome traveled light, except for some supplies for Indiano's herder. They expected no trouble, and Cambron packed the only gun, a .38 automatic pistol. On January 26, Cambron and lovely, starry-eyed Laura Murphy would be married. He was impatient . . . in a hurry to get back. "Can't afford to be late for my own wedding," he joked with the boys. The four men spent the night at William Denio's ranch, high up on the mesa. The next morning, after a brisk battle with their snorting, fractious horses, they told Denio "so long" and headed east through a foot of powdery snow, toward Little High Rock Canyon — and their death.

THE wedding day came and went. At first Laura Murphy was angry, then frightened. But Harry's friends weren't too concerned. "He can take care of himself anywhere, anytime," a friend consoled. "Then, too, we've had bad weather, and the boys have probably holed up somewhere to sit out a storm." But the missing men did not return, and after waiting several days Ben Cambron, Harry's brother, and two cowboys rode out to look for them.

They drew rein at Denio's got down and went in. Indiano's herder was there waiting. "The boss promised to bring me some supplies two weeks ago. I run out of grub and had to come in," he explained. "Now I hear that he had my stuff when he left here. Well, he never got there with it! And, say I heard shooting up in Little High Rock Canyon several days ago. That mean anything to you?" It did, mean something to Ben Cambron and his men: trouble — big trouble! A rider burned the wind back to Eagleville, and the alarm spread fast throughout Surprise Valley.

On February 7, 1911, ten armed and well-mounted, determined men rode out from Denio's ranch. Within hours they spotted Indian signs, the ashes of a recent camp fire, bits of newly-made jerky, an abandoned brush shelter . . . Then ranch-hand Warren Fruits made a horrible, gruesome find. In a snowdrift, partly snow-covered lay the bodies of the four missing men! All had been partially disrobed; two had been stripped to their longhandled underwear, and each had been shot numerous times.

THE Indians had not mutilated their victims, nor reverted to the old-time custom of scalp-lifting. But, Dr. Sidney K. Morrison, Washoe County health officer, reported in his autopsy that Erramouspe's luxuriant handlebar mustache had been whacked off and his upper lip with it. State police Superintendent J.P. Donnelly and three of his men, C.P. Ferrel, Washoe County Sheriff, Dr. Morrison, and Coroner Lee J. Davis of Reno rode a special train to Alturas, California, then by horse across the state line and to the massacre scene.

With the lawmen rode G.L. Mathews, from Cedarville, California. Mathews, a professional photographer, secured photos that today provide indisputable evidence of the last

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A typical Shoshone follower of Chief Shoshone Mike.

Photo credit: Edward Curtis picture, Library of Congress

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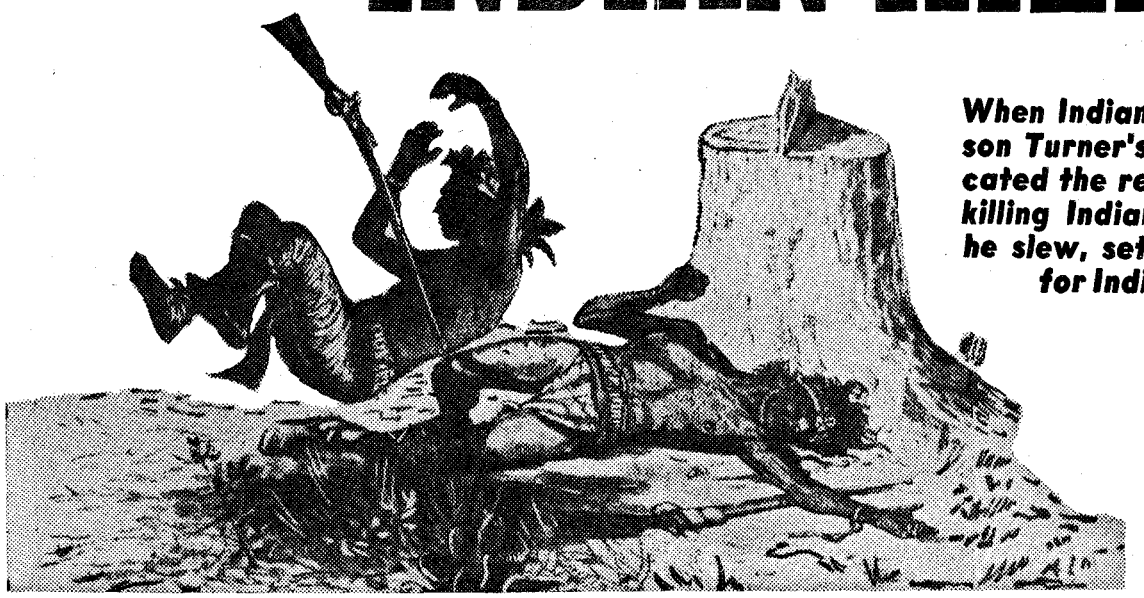
JEFF TURNER, INDIAN KILLER



When Indians killed Jefferson Turner's wife, he dedicated the rest of his life to killing Indians, the number he slew, set a new record for Indian killings.

By: Harry Fredman

THROUGH constant warfare with a ruthless enemy, many frontiersmen became as cunning and cruel as their Indian foes. And some came to hate the red man with a psychotic fury, especially if warriors had, at some time, massacred their loved ones. Such a man was Jefferson Turner who dedicated his life to killing Indians after his wife and children were murdered on the Guadalupe in southern Texas in 1840.

On that fateful day Turner took a stroll in the woods with his rifle, leaving his wife working in their tiny garden. She was singing happily, and his two small sons were tumbling and laughing in the yard. But he had only sauntered about a mile when he heard gunfire from the direction of the cabin. He rushed back and, bursting through a thicket of elm trees, saw the dead body of his wife lying pale and blood-stained on the cabin floor. Her lifeless arms still tightly clasped the body of his youngest son.

The oldest boy lay nearby in a widening pool of blood, scalped and mutilated. The Indians had fled. But Turner's mind must have snapped at that moment.

A short time later the maurauding war-party returned to the blood- drenched cabin. The crazed father and husband blindly attacked the 12 warriors, brandishing a butcher knife from the kitchen, his rifle forgotten in his savage grief. He slashed several Indians almost to pieces before the warriors retreated in terror before the deranged white man. Turner was found later by neighbors, lying across the body of a butchered Indian.

After that, nothing mattered to Turner except revenge. He spent the remainder of his life stalking and killing Indians across southern Texas. He once said:

"I am as miserable as any man in the world — except when I am waylaying or scalping an Indian. It is the only satisfaction I know, and seems to soothe my grief."

For ten years Turner pursued his vendetta of hatred. For him it was a full-time job, and he became highly skilled at ambush and murder. He patrolled far into uncharted Indian territory where few white men had ever penetrated. When he found fresh Indian trail, he stalked, biding his time patiently until he could bush-whack an Indian or two. Then, with a quick slash and a jerk, he added another dripping scalp to his belt.

A ranchman searching for stolen horses, once met Turner in the lonely wastelands along the Nueces River in 1843. He said of the gaunt man-hunter:

"I have met many a good Indian hater in my time, but this fellow hated with such a vim that he hadn't room left for a good appetite."

The rancher continued: "He was a tall, well-built chap, dressed in buckskin suit, leggin's and coon-skin cap. He carried an old-fashioned flint and steel Kentucky rifle. A tomahawk and scalping knife hung at his belt. His hair was dirty and matted, and hung around his shoulders in long rolls. But the most extraordinary thing about him was his eyes which peered out of the long strands of hair as bright as two mesquite coals. I have seen all sorts of eyes, panthers, wolves, catamounts, leopards and Mexican lions, but I never saw eyes that glittered and danced like this man's."

IN his tortured search for vengeance, Turner's only companion was an ugly, raw-boned, sleepy-looking horse with heavy matted tail and mane.

"The best horse in the country can't come along beside old Pepper-Pod when I want him to work in the lead," said Turner proudly. And, to prove his point, touched the

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WHAT SAVED MRS. GOWANLOCK?

By: Francis Dickie

Photo credits: All photos, Provincial Archives. British Columbia

Today, 77 years after this mysterious scene appeared in the clouds, people in northern Saskatchewan still discuss it. The phantasy helped set free two white women prisoners of rebelling Indians: moved them to sudden surrender. Scientists say: "Mass hallucination!" Devout persons: "A miracle!" No one has satisfactorily explained it.

AT this time when E.S.P. is receiving wider and greater attention, not only by scientific investigators, but also by the general public, this amazing and well authenticated, yet almost unheard of, happening seems well worth recording.

What was this frightening vision in the sky which brought instant surrender of one murderous Indian band after their Frog Lake Massacre in the Second Riel Rebellion in Canada's Northwest Territories? A mirage? Mass hallucination? Or miracle?

There were only two white women who survived. As their accounts agree, that of Mrs. Theresa Gowanlock, a Scottish pioneer, aged 19, is given here as she wrote it in a little booklet, published in 1887. Though an untrained artist, the drawings she made under great difficulties during her two months' captivity are the only ones made by an actual witness of such an event in comparatively modern times.

Another account was made by Bishop Grandin, O.M.I. A month after the massacre, he took down the statements of Indian and Mets prisoners who witnessed the vision. All were in agreement with what Mrs. Gowanlock, and the other woman prisoner, Mrs. Delaney, saw.

Before relating the actual 'vision', a brief outline of the cause of the massacre: The French and English Metis (half-breeds) had been promised by the Ottawa Government their first rights to settle on land in the region. The Government's long delay caused the Metis' Rebellion. To lead it Louis Riel, at the time outlawed in Montana, returned. On March 18th, 1885, Riel, with a scattered army of Metis and Cree Indians began hostilities.

Frog Lake was attacked on the morning of April 2nd, 1885. The village stood in an angle where three Indian reservations converged. It consisted of an irregular cluster of log buildings: a Hudson's Bay store and dwelling; a Roman Catholic church conducted by Father Leon Adelard Fafard; a small Mounted police building; a trading store operated by George Dill; the dwelling of Indian Agent

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Tom Quinn, Farm Instructor John Delaney, Interpreter John Pritchard, and the cabins of several half-breeds and Wood Crees with stables and out-buildings. The dwelling of John Gowanlock and his wife Theresa, and his mill store stood two miles distant.

FOLLOWS Mrs. Gowanlock's own story as written in the autumn of 1885: "Mutterings of an outbreak by the Indians had been rumored at times during the winter. The fears of the few white people in the settlement subsided when the natives appeared to settle down toward spring. Then suddenly the disturbances became more frequent; every whisper between two of the Indians working building our mill appeared ominous. Yet, on the morning of April 2nd., the household slept soundly.

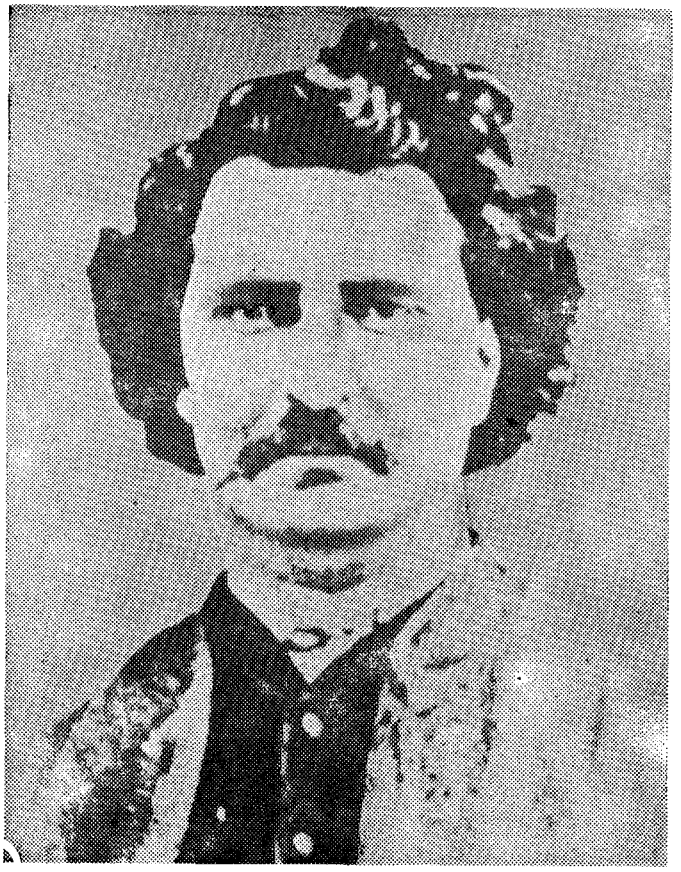
"At sun rise we were awakened by Pritchard's arrival crying: 'Get up! The Indians are on the warpath!' Quickly following his warning whoopings near confirmed his words. We dressed hastily. Pritchard returned in a few minutes announcing we must all go to the little church where Father Fafard would say Mass.

"After breakfast some Indians came in and escorted us down the hillside to the church. Mr. and Mrs. Delaney walked beside us. When we entered the priests were holding Mass." (i.e. Fathers Fafard and Marchand). It was Holy Thursday. Just inside the door the Indian, Wandering Spirit, was sitting with a gun across his knees.

"He was painted and had such a wicked look. Other Indians were inside making a noise. Father Fafard took off his vestments and cut short the Mass. The Indians told us we must all go back to Delaney's house. We consequently started with them. After about an hour there, the Indians told us we must come to their camp."

"The Delaneys walked ahead. Then the priests, my husband and I, Mr. Gilchrist, Mr. Dill, Mr. Quinn. We had walked a short distance from the Delaney house when we heard reports of guns. Quinn, Dill and Gilchrist were shot. Mr. and Mrs. Delaney, Mr. Williscroft, a man of 75, turned, and came running past us. An Indian shot and knocked off his hat.

"The old man turned and cried: 'Don't shoot, don't shoot.' But they fired again, and he fell. Then behind us an Indian fired. My husband fell. I dropped down beside him. I saw Mr. Delaney and Father Fafard fall. (See photos.) I think over forty shots were fired. Mrs. Delaney was dragged away by two Indians. Then an Indian came and pulled me along to his teepee. A friendly squaw put down a rabbit robe for me to sit on.



Louis Riel, rebel leader, hanged at Regina, Nov. 1885

"A little later some of Big Bear's braves, about thirty of them, crowded into the teepee where I was. Some were covered with war paint. One of them already had on some of my dead husband's clothes! They emitted terrible yells. Some carried long wooden clubs with set in the end three

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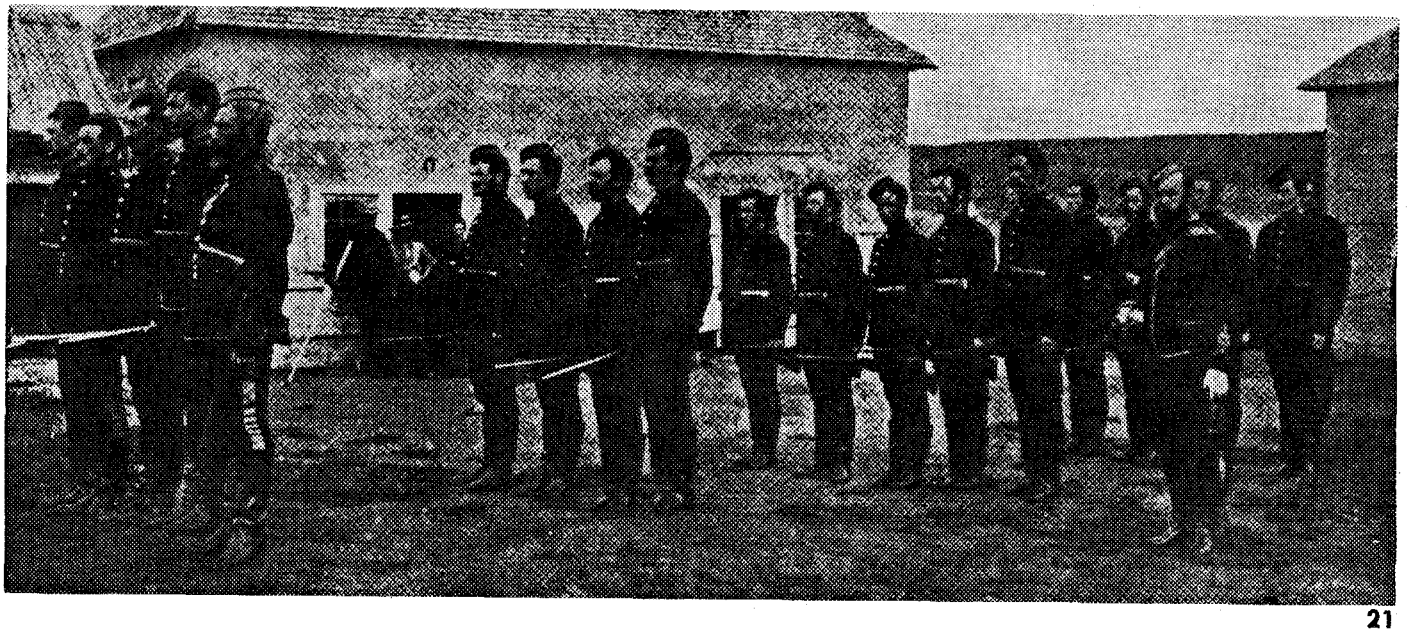
Captain Francis J. Dickens and the Fort Pitt detachment which played such an important part in the strange mystery.



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MY GRANDFATHER, DICK PREECE

Famous Western writer tells the graphic and exciting story of his grandfather.

By: Harold Preece

Photo credits: All photos courtesy of Preece family.

I was only six months old when my grandfather, the famous Dick Preece, died. So I can't say I remember him, yet indirectly I did, very vividly. The character and personality of my grandfather were so deeply impressed on the minds of all who knew him that when I was a boy I heard him described so vividly that it seemed he was still a live member of the family.

I recall now that the thing that impressed those who knew him most were his gray eyes. It was said to me many times that his eyes seemed to mirror the infinite distance of those wilderness paths he had covered on foot or in the saddle from the Boone trail in Kentucky to the Comanche trails of Texas, and his lean thin face when angered, would contract into deep lines. He was a man, as all said, of few words, and when he spoke, his words edged with echoes of battles fought, of ambushes survived along the savage frontier trails. He was not a big man physically but he was a bundle of tough muscle.

Kentuckian by origin, Texas by deed and rearing, he was christened Richard Lincoln Preece at his birth in a settlement of the Cumberland Mountains during some unrecorded month of 1833. His middle name was derived from Kentucky kinsmen, the Lincolns, with one of them, twenty-years his senior being called Abraham.

Scotch-Irish Dick Preece was on one side, Scotch-Indian on the other. His father, pious, crackshot Will Preece was the best saddlemaker in Kentucky as well as a cousin if its celebrated trail blazer, Daniel Boone. His mother, Elizabeth Gideon, came from a mixed-blood Cherokee family which had wandered away from the tribe before President Andrew Jackson expelled it to Indian Territory.

Grandfather had the swarthy complexion and the natural affinity for untamed country of an Indian warrior. He'd also inherited the shrewd canniness and the dogged hardiness of ancestoral Highland clansmen who'd broken Saxon heads at Inverness and Bannockburn. He could outthink everybody around him.

He probably would have wound up as a feud squashing sheriff in Kentucky had not a wave of restlessness spread over the southern Appalachians caused by wild tales coming from that land known as Texas. The Texas penchant for boasting, which increased with years, was great even in those days. The land of Texas, so it was described, was fabulous, land so black and fertile that it seemed to raise its belly up to meet the gashes of the hoe and plow. The land was free, and the bigger the family, the more you could have.

The description of the vegetables was fantastic. Cabbages were said to grow to twenty pounds a head and watermelons often weighed sixty pounds. The corn was so heavy that by August it would break the corn stalks and the yield was hundreds of bushels an acre. Game was so thick that all man needed for a meal was a stick. He could then walk out of his house and knock down enough prairie chickens, quail, and wild turkeys to feed his family for a week. Cattle and horses ran wild, and any man who wanted to catch and corral them possessed them.

There was just one cure for Texas fever. That was to head out for Texas. In 1838 when grandfather was five, his father, Will Preece, decided to take the cure. He told Lizzie, the Cherokee woman, to round up the washtubs and their ever-growing family. Then, across a network of interconnecting rivers, the Preeces floating down on a fleet of log rafts to the Lone Star Republic.

Eventually they settled on a wide flowing stream twelve miles west of Austin, the shambling little village that was the young nation's captial. The stream came to be called Bull Creek after Will Preece killed a male buffalo that he

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spotted drinking in its channel. A few miles from the Preece ranch lay the southern terminus of the bloody Comanche Trail with its northern end being seven hundred miles away in Western Kansas. The Comanches still claimed three-fourths of Texas as their hunting ground. Once they had raided Austin, slain and ridden off with Lone Star flags waving mockingly from their saddlehorns.

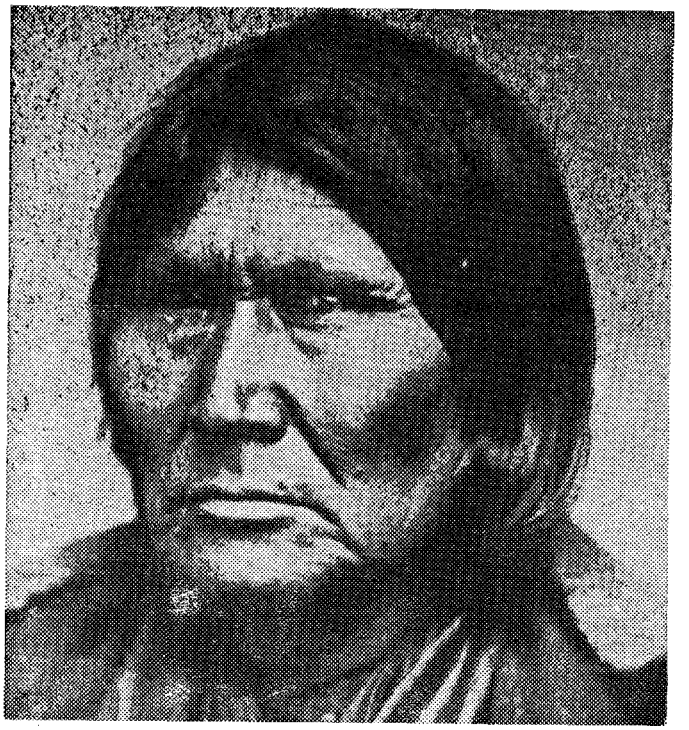
On the Comanche Trail grandfather perfected scouting as a somewhat forbidden art. Forbidden because his father mindful of the Indian danger, issued stern instructions for his younger boys to pot quails and jackrabbits elsewhere.

Texas was now in the Union by grace of the Mexican War. Often Dick ran into patrols of the celebrated Ranger force searching for Comanche horse thieves. As he kept growing, he determined to be a Ranger himself and help redeem Texas from the depredations of the wild tribe.

He met another boy of the Texas hills, Lonnie Moore ("Lonnie's Magic Gun," REAL WEST, March 1964), who'd been a Ranger at twelve. Lonnie was a sort of distant kinfolk for he was also from Kentucky and a cousin of Dan'l Boone. Through his influence, Dick was allowed to go on short patrols as a volunteer scout with detachments of the famous force, though its commanding officers would not make the exception for him that they'd made for Ranger Moore by signing him up a young-un as a regular recruit.

Yet Texas had never known a sharper scout that this descendant of civilized Indians when tracking savage ones At fifteen, grandfather could cut sign on Comanches when other frontiersmen failed to see a flaked smidgeon of an arrow point or a speck of ash from some warrior's pipe on a clump of algerita bush. Under the tutelage of the Samsonesque Ranger, Big Foot Wallace, he developed into the best shot of the Travis County hills. By the time he was sixteen he could no longer be kept out of combat action though still but an unenlisted volunteer.

He started riding with Ranger patrols and civilian reinforcements after ravaging Indians in those hills where civilization was sinking its first uncertain roots. His uncanny ability at tracking resulted in Comanches being flushed from hidden nests along vague trails beaten out by the thinning buffalo. Neighbors said his ability came from "taking after Dan'l Boone" since he had Dan'l's "blood". Others claimed that scouting sense just came natural for a boy with such a large splash of Cherokee blood.



Horse Back, Commanche chief, was enemy of Dick Preece.

SIX years passed. Kentucky was but a hazy memory of infancy to the quiet, serious boy with the sure eye and the certain trigger. Texas horse thieves started rampaging after Comanches had been briefly curbed. Dick rode with posses led by the Travis County sheriff after the mustang snatchers penning their catches in hidden corrals along the Colorado and Pedernales Rivers. He located the corrals and helped deliver ponies back to their rightful owners. Forever he cherished that dream of becoming a Texas Ranger.

Not until he was twenty-two could he ride into Austin

The Preece family, sired by Dick Preece, was large and from this group came many of Texas' most prominent citizens.

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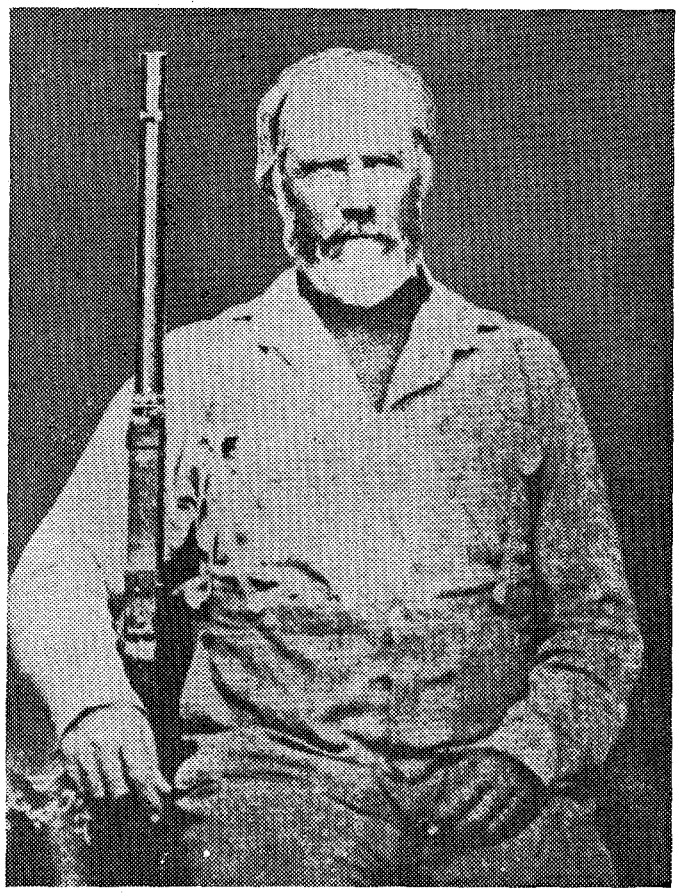

Bill Preece (above), brother of Dick Preece. Both helped blaze new trails in Texas. Below, Bill Saunders and Walt Durbin, Texas Rangers during era of grandfather Preece.

and take the Ranger oath. His father, a staunch Union man, was afraid that Texas would pull away with a botched secessionist republic already being projected by cliques of slaveowning politicians. He wanted none of his boys serving in a force whose guns might be turned against the American nation.

In 1856 a Unionist leader, Elisha M. Pease, was inaugurated as the elected governor of Texas. Temporarily the forces of division were thwarted in the big maverick state. But not the forces of destruction.

From the Colorado River to the San Saba the powerful Comanches struck, with its war parties enlarged by bands of Kiowas, Apaches, and Caddoes. The object of the Comanche campaign, led by Chief Horse Back, was to wipe out all the white settlements in a tier of eight newly organized counties northwest of Austin. Arms and ammunition were being supplied them by the Comancheros. Whites who got their wares from crooked supply sergeants at federal army posts and sold them at smart profits to the rampant tribes.

These settlements were the newest border of civilization in the Lone Star state, a border that could advance no further if they were extinguished by the flaming arrows and the contraband belching guns. Unless the Indian offensive was crushed, a third of Texas would forever be closed to the whites.

From out of the stubbornly Unionist settlements of the Texas hills poured men, with the lean frames and lantern jaws of Kentucky and Tennessee, to hurl back Horse Back's devastating cavalry of braves. With them, in a special Ranger battalion, went grandfather and his brother, William Preece, called Little Will rather than Junior after the fashion of the frontier. They rode away with their father's blessing since it was a Unionist governor who had called them to arms.

Throughout one of the most gruelling episodes in the whole history of Indian warfare, grandfather, Dick Preece, was a daring scout whose eyes scorched with fury whenever he reined in beside the corpse of a slaughtered citizen.

He blazed new trails and scouted old ones in his endless spying on war parties and on their cohorts, the traitorous gun runners. While Comanche guns slew and Comanche torches burnt, he was anywhere and everywhere over the hills and hollows of Brown and San Saba counties, the area of operations for his particular Ranger company.

Twice settlers, hunting lost stock, took potshots at him thinking from his dark face that he was a Comanche. Three times Comanches and Kiowas surrounded him in dense thickets of oak or cedar. Three times he shot or dodged his way out.

Inevitably now he began taking on the dimensions of a hero in a state whose outstanding heroes are forever its men-at-arms. Citations came his way for valor under fire, citations that were preserved in Ranger records till the old Texas capital burnt back in the '80s. The story got around that "Dick Preece could go where a goat couldn't" after he had scaled a needle-like peak in San Saba County to detect the war preparations of a Comanche band camped in a valley below. Because of his courage and shrewdness, he was given command of a special Ranger platoon to hunt down the most notorious of the Comancheros, an ex-convict named Lark Edwards. Assisting the slippery Mr. Edwards was an employee, recently graduated from horse thieving, known as Bart Jones.

For weeks, Dick, in stealthy Cherokee fashion, prowled the rivers of the San Saba bottoms trying to locate the camp of the gun traders. He finally spotted it on a flat plain conveniently enclosed by a thick mat of trees and bushes.

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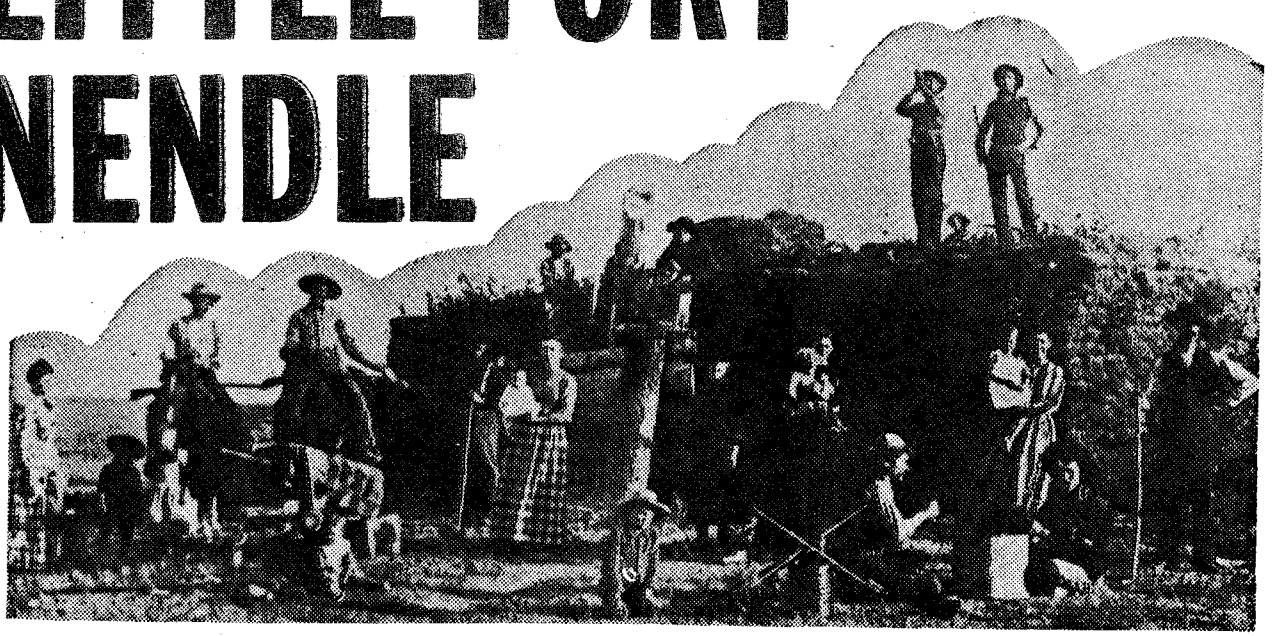
SAGA OF LITTLE FORT NENDLE



It wasn't much as a fortification, but in early days of Indian wars, it played a vital and sometimes amazing part.

By: Will Spindler

ALTHOUGH time and the grass of the prairie have long ago obliterated practically all traces of Fort Nendle, this historic old civilian "fort" still lives in the memories of western Nebraska's and South Dakota's surviving pioneers.

Built by the homesteaders for protection from the Sioux Indians during that fateful fall and winter of 1890- 1891 of the Wounded Knee trouble, it was located near the early day post office of Appleton in the Wolf Creek area of Sheridan County, Nebraska, and about 15 miles to the southeast of the Pine Ridge Indian Agency of South Dakota.

The fort was actually a huge cave dug in the earth originally for a potato and root cellar for the community and covered over with logs and earth, with a single plank door the only entrance. In front of the huge cave was breastworks of heavy logs in which portholes were cut, with wings running back some distance from both ends. In the event of an Indian attack, the women and children would be safely sheltered in the big cave while the men would be stationed behind the breastworks with their rifles, shotguns, and "six-guns" to beat off the attack.

The fact that the novel fort was located on the Will Nendle homestead gave it the name of Fort Nendle. Two of his brothers, Julius and Fred, were also homesteaders in the Wolf Creek community. Will Nendle, now about 91, is still living somewhere in Oregon.

Mrs. Spindler's maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. John Dorton and family, who operated the little Appleton post office, were included among the families who occupied Fort Nendle during the period of the Indian "scares," as well as her father, H.J. Coon, who served as a scout to patrol the Nebraska-South Dakota state line during this trying period.

Along with several other young homesteaders, he had signed up as a scout under General Miles and "Buffalo Bill" Cody at Rushville during the fall of 1890.

During the late 80's and the 90's there was a home on nearly every quarter section of land in this area of the Nebraska panhandle bordering on the south of the big Pine Ridge Indian reservation of South Dakota. This in spite of the fact that much of the land was rough and deeply intersected by pine-studded canyons.

Although Eldred Reeves, now of Gordon, Nebr., did not arrive as a youth with his family from Olerichs, S. Dak., until the spring of 1891 and after the closing days of old Fort Nendle, he has resided in the Wolf Creek area most of the time since. Possessing a wonderful memory, he has become an authentic historian on the earlier history of this area, as has also Mrs. H.J. Coon of the

(Continued on Page 58)

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FIRST INSTALLMENT OF A TWO PART STORY

SIBLEY'S

It was a wild and crazy idea, forming an army of border ruffians to invade New Mexico and the West to capture it for The Confederacy, but General Sibley was a man to take long chances, and this was one long chance that almost paid off.

By: Andy Gregg

All photos from author's collection

FEBRUARY 2, 1862 was a day of exciting glory for the Texas town of El Paso. Bands were playing, Confederate flags were fluttering in the breeze, and great crowds were cheering wildly. Down the short and dusty main street of El Paso marched General Henry H. Sibley and his Confederate army of Texans.

It was a weird looking army, these lanky and bearded Texans, a few in the grey of the confederacy but most of them in homespun clothes. There were 3500 of them and their lethal weapons were a strange assortment of six-guns, Bowie knives, squirrel guns, shotguns or any type of gun that could be found. There were several howitzers drawn by mules and two companies of this army were Lancers who carried nine foot lances with a twelve inch blade, and flying from each shaft was a small red flag. Some of these Lancers had six guns, but many had no other weapon but the lance.

General Sibley and his army were marching west to conquer New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and California and with California the great gold mines that could finance the war for the south. General Sibley was a visionary and a dreamer (he invented the famous Sibley tent in 1856) and to him conquering those western states for the confederacy was neither complicated nor difficult. The main point was that this move, conquering the old west, could and would win the war for the south.

It took some talking to convince the cautious and not too imaginative Jeff Davis that this could be done. Sibley's plan, so he explained to Jeff Davis, was to capture the Territory of New Mexico, then move north to Colorado and west to Utah, then to California. As he gained additional recruits and supplies from southern sympathizers along the way, he would have the strength to capture the California gold fields. The money which was financing the Union fight would finance the south. Also, with the confederacy stretching from coast to coast, the added prestige would bring official recognition and help from Europe. The balance of power and armed strength would swing from the North to the South.

He pointed out to Jeff Davis that the southern part of New Mexico had already proclaimed itself a part of the confederacy, and Colonel John R. Baylor had captured Arizona, setting himself up as the governor of the new rebel territory. All of which showed that the time was ripe to place the western territories in the confederate bag.

The native New Mexicans, recently liberated from Mexico by General Stephan W. Kearny, would welcome the invaders. There were a great many southern men in the territories who would be willing to enlist or donate supplies. Moreover, the supplies in Fort Craig (near Socorro on the Rio Grande) and Fort Union (near Las Vegas, N.M.) would be enough to take care of his army for the duration of the campaign.

After some hesitation, Jeff Davis agreed to Sibley's plan and Sibley returned to Texas with the order to recruit two regiments to take to New Mexico. He raised three. The men, once outfitted in Texas, would live off the country and captured Union supplies as they moved up the rich Rio Grande Valley, so Sibley needed mostly men and arms.

Most of the southern officers had resigned from the U.S. Army. (Kit Carson was a notable exception, and his family never forgave him.) The northern officers stayed loyal. Ben S. Roberts had threatened to revolt, putting himself in the position of a Union officer rebelling against a southern Union officer.

GENERAL Sibley knew of the Union weakness in New Mexico. Union commander Colonel Edward R.S. Canby had only 1,500 regulars(who had not been paid in a year) and 4,000 volunteers (who had never been paid)

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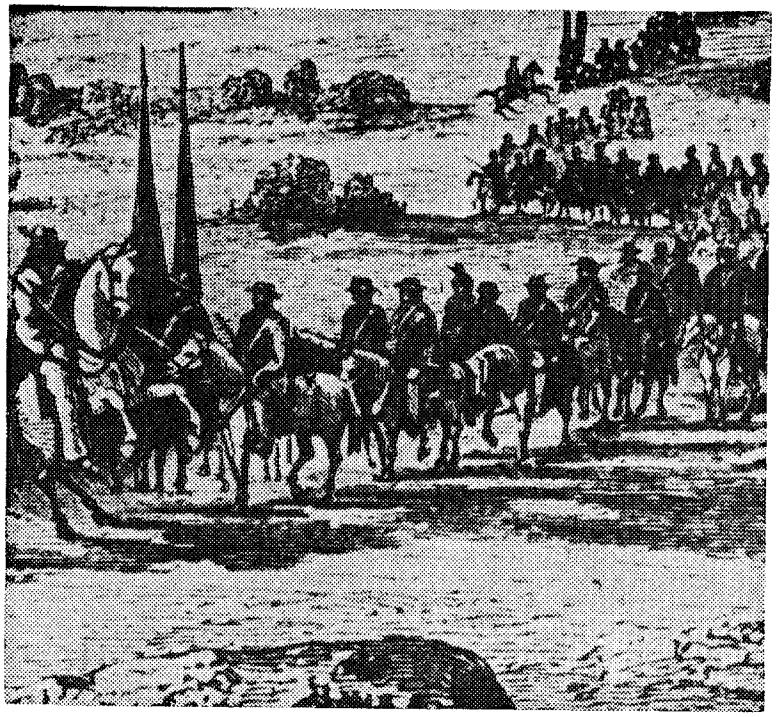
ARMY of the DEAD



General Sibley acquired fame for his recklessness in action

to defend the Territory of New Mexico, which covered what is now New Mexico, Arizona, and the southern tip of Nevada. His volunteers, mostly native New Mexicans who had never handled a gun and wanted to get back to their fields and homes, had revolted at Fort Union and a training camp named Camp Connelly. The morals of the regulars was little better. Canby was begging his superiors for money, arms and reinforcements, and was being ignored.

Thousands of Texans rallied to General Sibley's call. There were Indian fighters and cowboys, tough men who wanted excitement, war, loot. They were required to furnish their own horses and arms.

The troops converged on El Paso, where Sibley took command of the Confederate armies in Arizona. It was only on paper, really, for Sibley was too concerned about his own plans to worry about Baylor. The latter was having troubles of his own and warned Sibley that the native New Mexicans weren't so happy with the Texans and that the confederacy could expect little help from them. Baylor decided to pull out of Arizona if help didn't arrive in a hurry.

Sibley, safe in El Paso, wasn't going to worry about Baylor. The general sent a proclamation to the people of New Mexico saying, in effect, that he was coming to take the Territory, and the people would be all right if they cooperated.

His pronouncement met with only a tremendous wave of indifference. Only Colonel Canby was worried, and he was frantically trying to get more troops, money and arms. And the east paid no attention to him. Only Colorado was raising a few volunteers, mostly miners. Sibley had mapped out a definite plan. From El Paso to Fort Craig, about 170 miles up the Rio Grande. Then to Albuquerque and Santa Fe, then Fort Union, along the Santa Fe Trail. Next to Colorado and west to California. The necessary supplies were in Fort Craig, Fort Union, Albuquerque and Santa Fe.

Sibley's army of New Mexico marched out of El Paso in regiments, headed, they thought, for bright conquest and battlefield glory. The first weeks were spent drifting up the Rio Grande toward a rendezvous about 90 miles south of Fort Craig. (The ruins of Fort Craig are about 20 miles south of the city of Socorro, N.M.)

Colonel Canby and part of his command waited at Fort Craig. He had split his troops between Craig and the eastern part of the territory, thinking the rebels might directly attack Fort Union by way of the Pecos River. Canby was following his own strategy: sit tight, keep an eye on the Texans and, above all, avoid a fight.

The Texas cavalry galloped toward Fort Craig and arrived on February 16th, 1862. They moved to within a mile of the fort and waited for developments. When the rest of the Army of New Mexico came up, Sibley's 2,600 men dared Canby's 3,810 to come out and fight.

But Canby sat tight. The disgusted confederates weren't willing to attack a prepared fort, so they retired and moved around, bypassing it on the east side of the Rio Grande.

A detachment of New Mexico volunteers went on a night raid to test the enemy's strength. Crossing the river, they

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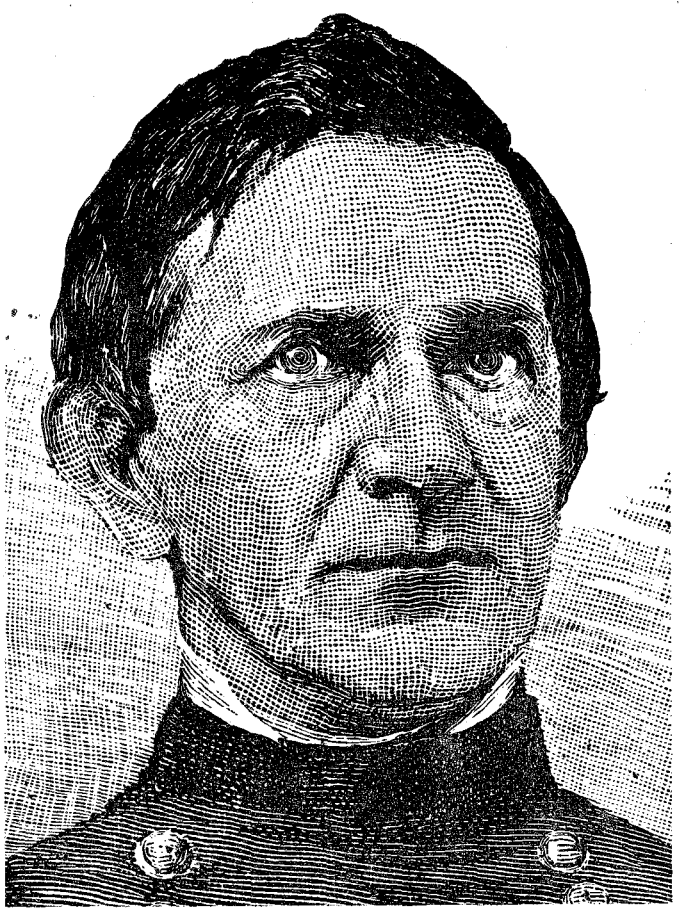


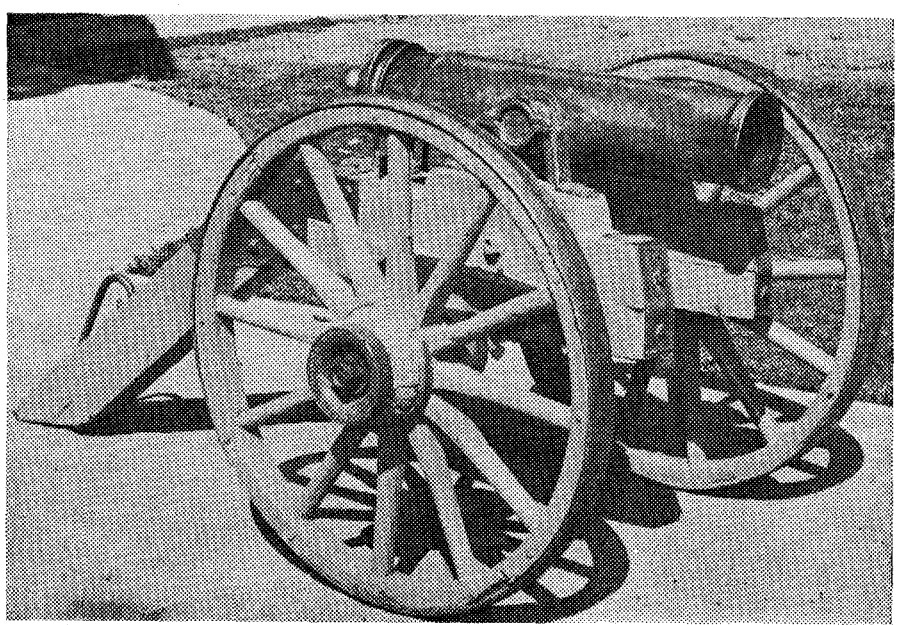
General Canby had battle won, but hesitated and lost.

attacked the Texans and quickly retreated under fire from artillery.

On the night of the 20th, Captain James (Paddy) Graydon and a couple of his men led a foray that had a kickback. Picking two old mules, Paddy loaded each with six 24 pound howitzer shells in a wooden crate.

Sneaking across the river, Paddy drove the mules toward the sleeping Texas camp. About 120 yards from the camp, he lit the fuses and slapped the mules, then galloped back.

This cannon, buried by Sibley, was dug up and put on display in Albuquerque.



After a quick glance over his shoulder, he swore and galloped faster. The mules had turned around and were following him!

Behind him came the loud thuds of the shells and then the sharp crackle of Texas rifles as the aroused pickets blasted away at him. Casualties were two mules (Union,) and half a night's sleep, (Confederate.)

A sick General Sibley led the march north the next day. No one seems to know what his illness was, but he used the medicine that enables one to recover from seeing snakes.

Canby sent Lt. Col. Ben Roberts, the man who had threatened to revolt, to hold the fort a few miles north of Fort Craig. He was to keep the Texans from crossing the Rio Grande and cutting the supply line to Craig, where Canby sat tight.

Only one man knew for sure there was going to be a battle. A gullible Texan, he had listened openmouthed to the stories about Yankee cannon so big that oxen pulled in the cannonballs and were driven out through the touch hole. He knew how his shotgun worked, but wasn't so sure about cannon. He turned to a comrade.

"They's going to be a big fight today," he said.

"How do you know?"

"I heard them damn Yankees cockin' their cannon last night."

Ben Roberts and his men casually cantered to the river ford to find Major Charles Pyron and 180 Texans watering their horses. The Texans retreated to a grove of cottonwoods and waited.

Roberts and his men crossed the river and started pouring bullets into the Rebels, who retreated again to higher ground.

The Yankee cannons arrived and Roberts ordered a round of shells on the Rebel's heads. As both sides massed for battle, events moved toward the greatest bloodbath of the campaign.

Five hundred rebel cavalry crowded one flank, and a Yankee infantry batallion was ordered to ford the river and charge them with bayonets.

Slogging, dripping, the men crossed the icy river and broke toward the Confederates with wild yells. The horse soldiers retreated, reformed, and countercharged.

It was the lancers, bright blades flashing in the cold sunlight, who raced toward the wet Union soldiers. A terrifying Rebel yell froze the air as they galloped in a headlong rush toward the huddled Yankees.

"They are Texans, give 'em hell!" shouted a captain.

Rifles cracked and lancers began to drop into the sand. Horses fell, screaming, as the gaps closed and the Texans still poured on toward their prey.

The first few Texans that reached the soldiers got a rude surprise. They were the only ones to make it, and most of them found themselves spitted on Yankee bayonets. They were lucky to get out with three men unwounded and 42 horses killed.

The Union artillery crossed the river and fired at closer range. A general cannon duel commenced, and Capt. Alexander McRae's four field guns were

(Continued on Page 55)

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San Francisco Bay's Golden Treasure

Waters of S. Francisco Bay, for two centuries, have had much gold dumped in them.

By: Ben Traywick

THE first time white men ever saw San Francisco Bay was in 1769 when Gaspar de Portola viewed it as a "great arm of the sea, extending to the southeast farther than the eye could see." Portalo had left San Diego at the head of a force of 60 men, marching for Monterey Bay. The party missed their objective by a few miles and continued north until they literally stumbled into San Francisco Bay . . . more than 200 years after the discovery of California.

During these 200 years, many ship's navigators had seen two of the islands in the bay, but apparently never the bay that surrounded them. It is possible that Cabrillo saw these same islands when he sailed up the coast of California in 1542. Likely, Sir Francis Drake saw them when he sailed past the narrow opening to the Golden Gate in 1579. Cermenho and his men, making their way south in 1595, surely must have glimpsed these islands. Strangely enough, none of these men left any record whatever of having seen the bay, and when it was discovered, it was from the land, and not the sea.

On August 5, 1775, Juan Manuel Ayala sailed thru the Golden Gate and into San Francisco Bay on the ship San Carlos. He saw two islands and immediately named them Angel and Alcatraz. The San Carlos was anchored in the shelter of Angel Island while soundings were made of portions of the bay from a small launch. Ayala gave names to many places in and about the bay, but today, only the two islands still retain the names he bestowed on them many years in the past.

Father Pedro Font, a member of the Anza expedition of 1775, provided us with a detailed early day description of the bay and its islands. Juan Bautista de Anza first led an expedition from Tubac, near the southern boundary of Arizona, to the newly established San Gabriel Mission. This trek discovered a land route from Sonora to the sea. Anza's second expedition was the route from Tubac to San Francisco Bay where he selected the sites for the Presidio and the Mission of San Francisco.

Four natural islands are located within the bay. Angel and Alcatraz were named by Juan Ayala. Yerba Buena was first entered on Spanish charts as "Isla del Carmen". Many Californians knew it as Wood Island until 1826 when it first began to be called Yerba Buena.

IN 1838 the island was granted to Jose Castro. Castro, local stories relate, stocked the island with goats in the early 1840's. As could be expected, this caused it to be called "Goat Island." The United States Georgraphic Board officially accepted it by that name until 1931, at which time the Navy insisted it be changed back to Yerba Buena. Even today though, many old Navy men and residents of the bay area still refer to it as "Goat Island."

(Continued on Page 57)

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INDIANS WERE GREAT CRAFTSMEN

The natural artistic ability of the American Indian is exhibited in the amazing craftmanship of both modern and ancient tribes.

By: Major John Morley

Photo credit for all pictures: Smithsonian Institution.

The jar (left) and the human statue (below) are from the Mound Builders who lived in Arkansas.

Fine craftsmanship and the arts of painting and drawing originated with primitive peoples from the basic centers of civilization and culture. Primitive Europeans learned from the Egyptians, Persians, and the developed cultures of the Near East. But before they learned they had to conquer the cultural peoples. In America there were, in ancient times, four centers of cultural development among the Indians. These were the Incas, the Toltecs, the Mayas, and the Mound Builders. The Incas, Toltecs, and the Mayas lived in cities of handsome architecture, and developed their own fine arts, forms of writing, mathematics, and astronomy. The Mound Builders had a rich civilization, but no great cities. North of these tribes were primitive barbarians, but in time those speaking the Ute-Aztec language invaded the cities of central Mexico. In Arkansas and Ohio the Mound Builders were attacked and their cities destroyed. But the barbarians, in taking over the conquered races absorbed some of their culture, and this spread north over North America. The two principal entrance areas were the Southeast and the Southwest. While the North American Indian didn't advance in culture to the point of building cities, forms of writing (some did), and arts in general, they did develop from the culture of the south an amazing though limited, artistic ability in craftsmanship. Where the Incas, the Toltecs, and the Mayas made statues, idols, and beautiful ornaments from gold, silver, and jade, the North American Indian apparently had no interest in precious metals or jade to make statues or ornaments. It is known that the Indians in the West knew the location of gold and silver long before the white man appeared, but they had no use for it, except in rare cases to make arrowheads. The craftsmanship of the North American Indian lacked the delicate and graceful lines of the cups and bowls the Mound Builders made, but the present day Indians have mastered the art of color and drawing far better than the Mound Builders, the Incas or the Aztecs. Also the present day Indian is far superior to those ancient Indians in the making of blankets and weaving colors and pictures into cloths. As artistic, hand craftsmen, the Indian today is far superior to the white man.

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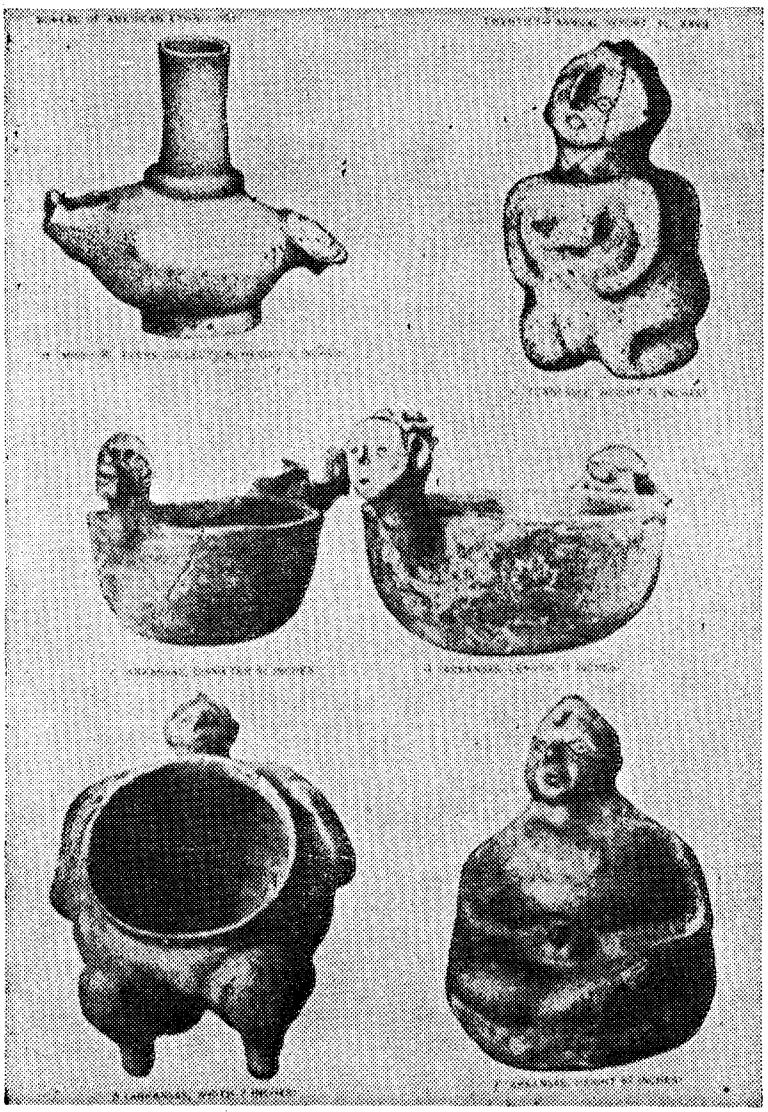
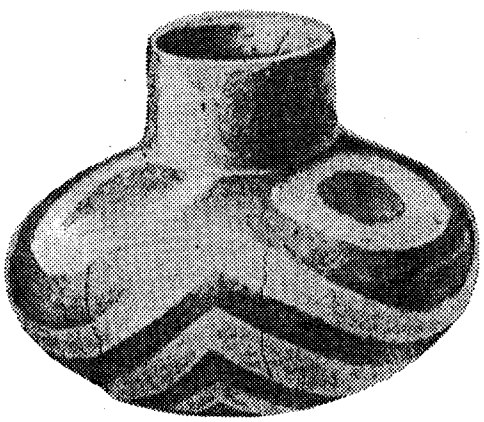
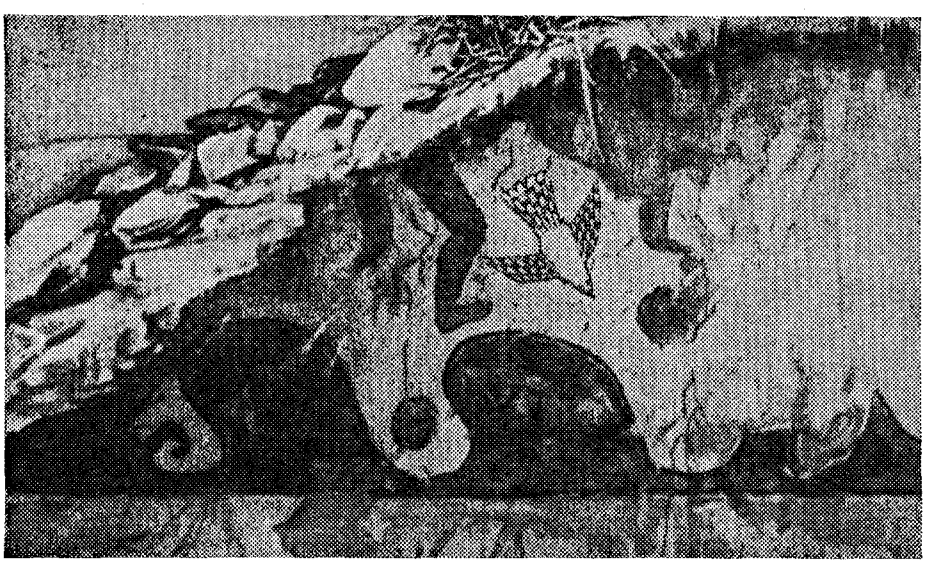
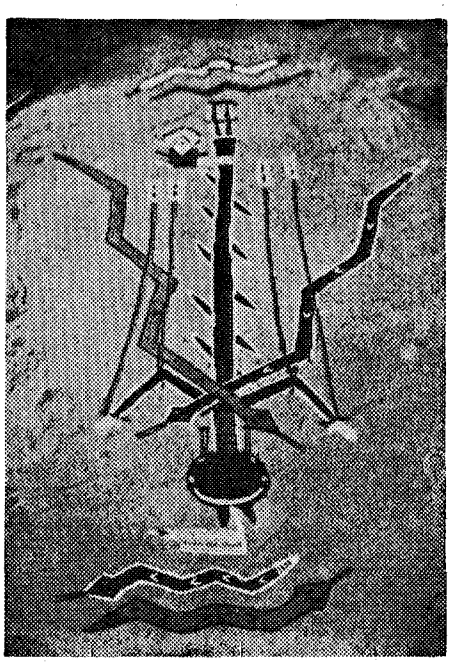


Human statues (above) dug up in Arkansas from Mound Builders' buried city, and objects (left) also found in Arkansas. The jar (below), made by the Hopi Indians, show color the modern Indian mastered.







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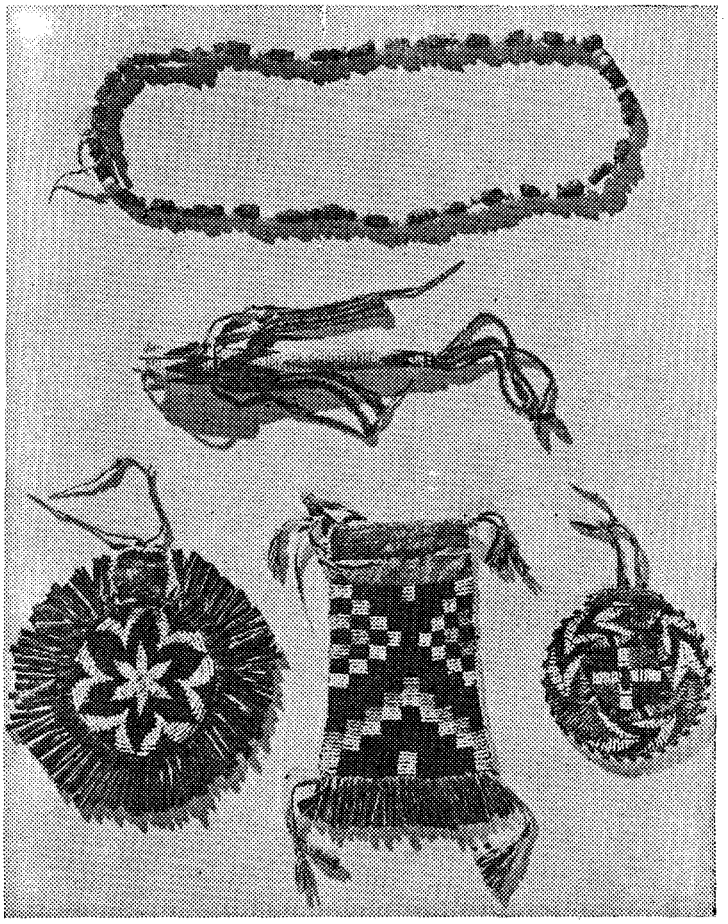

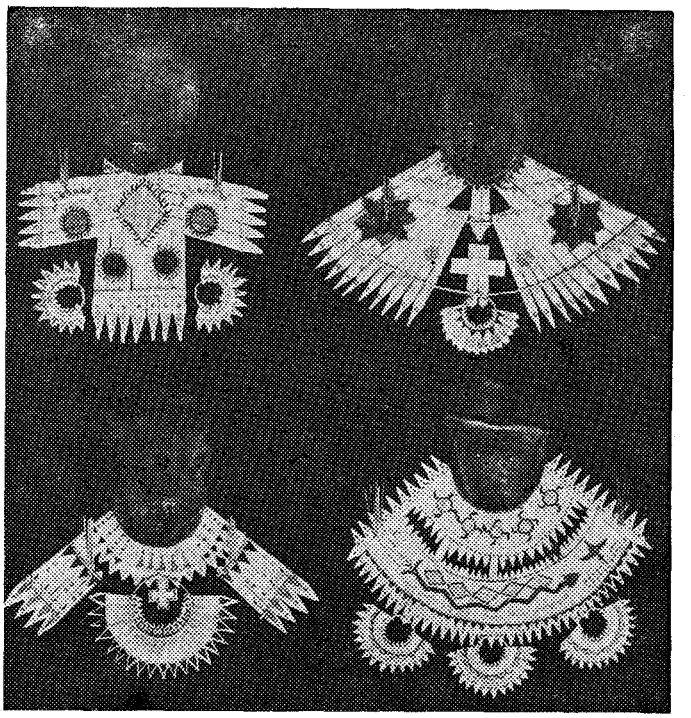

The Apaches lack the artistic craftsmanship of the Hopi, the Pueblo, and the Navajo, but in colors they excelled, as seen in the specimens above and those (right) made by the White River Apaches. Color and designs are not confined to baskets, jars, and masks as shown in picture (right) of Apache mother carrying her baby in a beautifully decorated cradle. This ability to form beautiful design in color is an art understood and practiced by most of the present day Indian tribes. The pot (below) was found by archaeologists in Arizona and is believed to be three thousand years old. It is evidence that the Indians of North America, even in that dim past, had assimilated some of the culture of the Incas and Aztecs.

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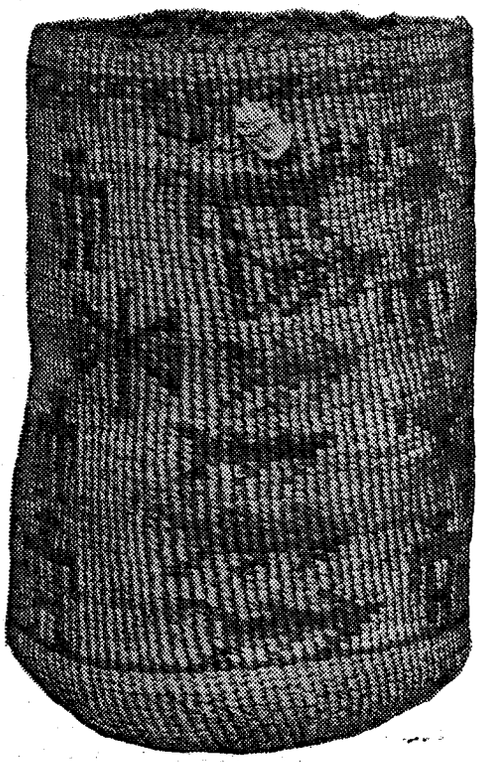
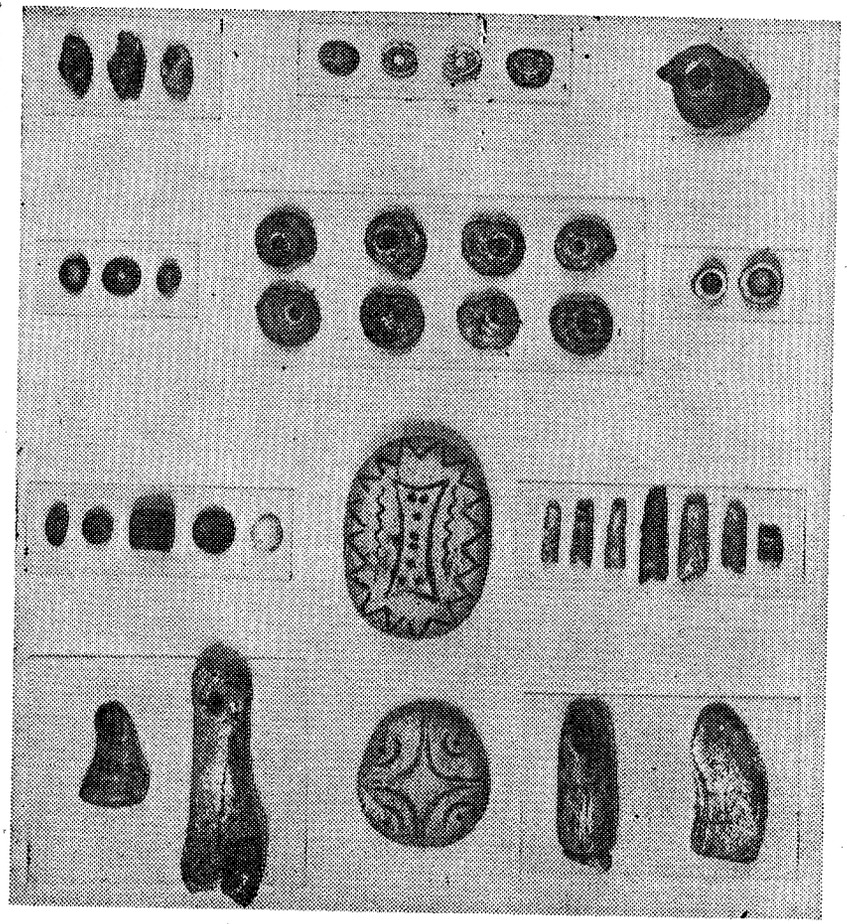
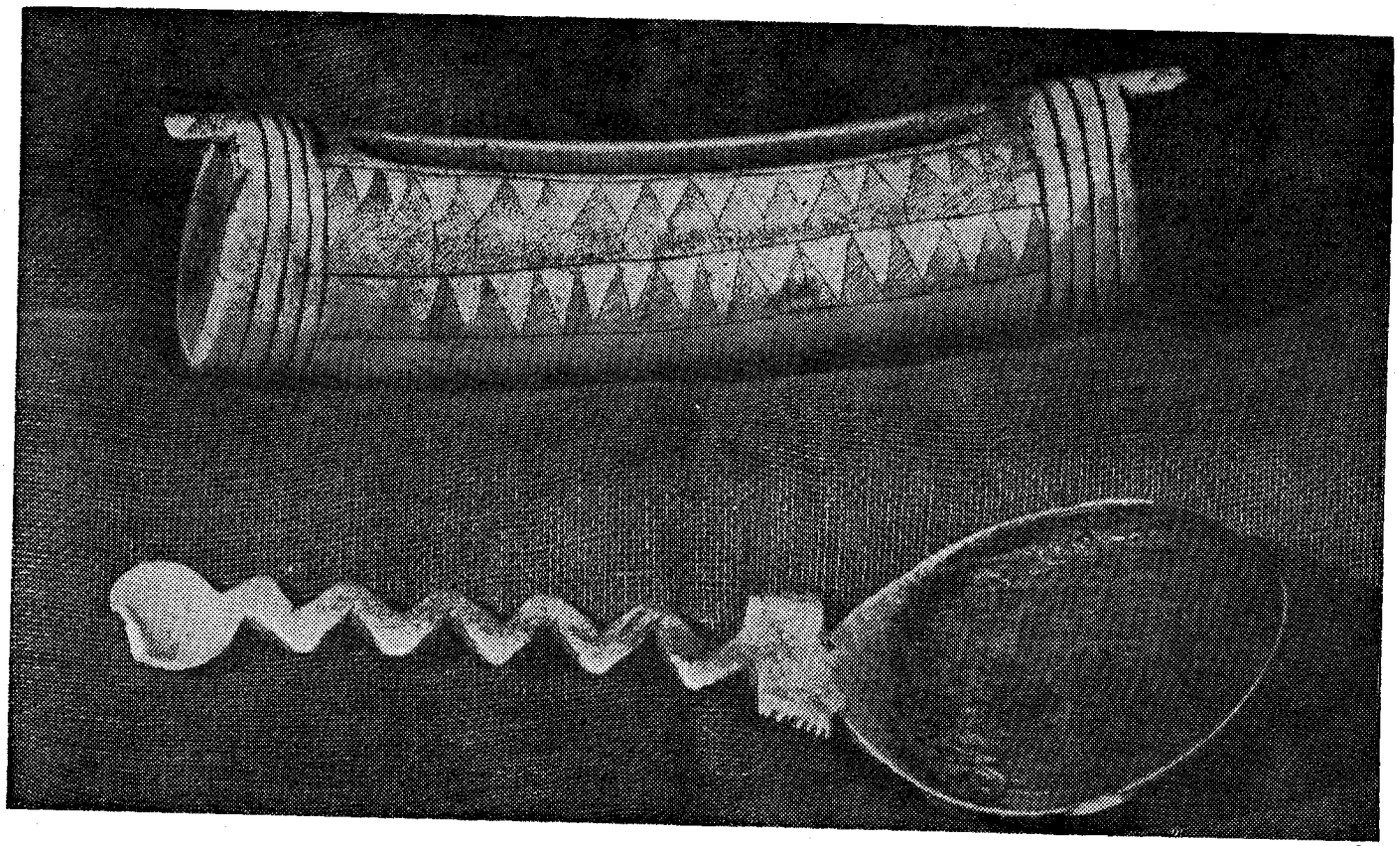
The food carrier bag (below) and the dice (right), show that a sense of color was not confined to the Indians of the Southwest as the carrier bag was made by Indians in Washington and the dice and gaming pieces, artistically decorated were made by the Crow Indians.





The Klamath Indians in Oregon and northern California rank high in their skill at making beautiful objects as shown by the bone money case, found in Yourok, Curry County, Oregon. It is carved out of a bone and artistically decorated. The spoon, made from an Elkhorn, found along the Klamath.



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COLONEL FANNIN'S GHASTLY BLUNDER

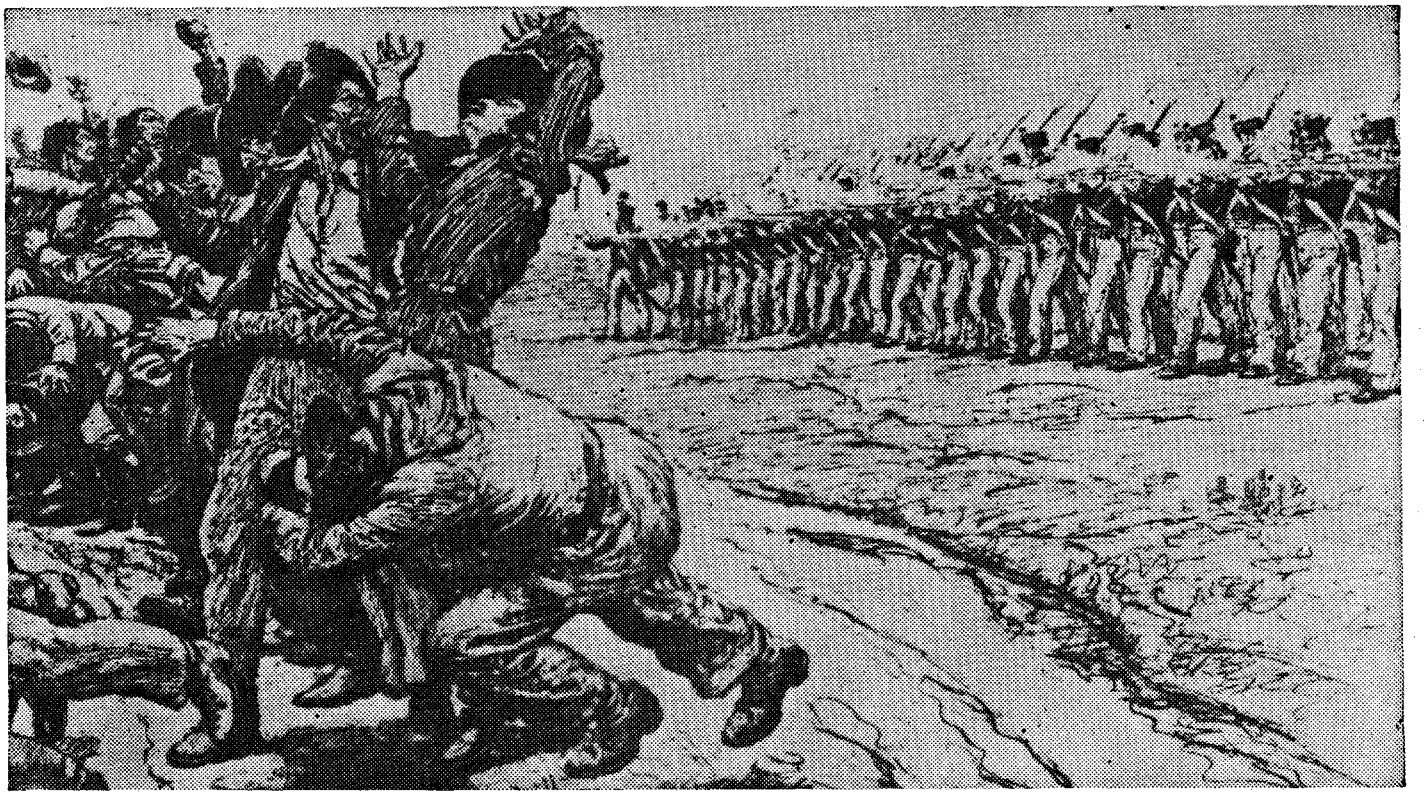

Photo Credit: All photos Teer Collection.

Colonel Fannin was faced with two decisions. He took the wrong one and he and his men died before a firing squad.

By: Louis B. Teer

COLONEL James W. Fannin was impassive as he listened to the reading of his death sentence by the Mexican interpreter. The preceding hour of horror had drained him of all emotion. There was no shock, anger, frustration or sorrow left; he felt completely crushed.

Fannin forced himself to his feet and winced at the pain in his wounded thigh. Assisted by his attendant, Joseph Spohn, he limped out of the chapel into the courtyard to a chair that was facing a line of soldiers. In a pile, behind the firing squad, lay the stripped, mutilated bodies of the forty wounded Texans that had just been dragged from the hospital and butchered. Where were the other four hundred Texans? he wondered.

This day was Palm Sunday, March 27, 1836, a day of rejoicing through-out much of the world.

James Walker Fannin took the first step toward his fate at Goliad fourteen years earlier. In his third year at West Point, at the tender age of seventeen, Fannin had a violent quarrel with one of his fellow cadets. The quarrel disturbed him so deeply that he ran away from the academy without resigning or, for that matter, even notifying the staff. Thus, he dashed any chance of fulfilling his dream of following in his father's footsteps as an officer in the United States Army.

With the military life closed to him, he threw himself into managing one of his family's plantations near his birthplace, Marion, Georgia. In the following twelve years he acquired additional plantations, engaged successfully in the shipping business and dabbled in some more shady enterprises such as slave trading.

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In 1834, he bought an interest in a large ranch in Brazoria County, Texas. At that time, Texas was a part of Mexico and as such, was subject to Mexican law and Mexican tax. However, the larger majority of settlers in Texas were Americans, whom the numerous and frequently changing Mexican governments were content to leave be. However, this was all changed with the advent of General Santa Anna to the Mexican presidency. Santa Anna lost no time in reaping the harvest of taxes from the American settlers. In addition to the burden of taxes, Santa Anna methodically began withdrawing the settlers' rights of representation and self government. The situation became unbearable, and the settlers revolted.

AT first the revolution was disorganized and sporadic. However, by 1835 it became apparent that something more decisive would have to be done. A Texan government was formed, an army was created and James Walker Fannin achieved a lifelong ambition. He was appointed a colonel in the Texas Revolutionary Army.

Colonel Fannin demonstrated his value as an organizer and as a fighter. He was responsible for recruiting some of the more valuable military talent into the army and then using it effectively in engagements against the Mexican Army such as the one at Conception. His victory at Conception was a minor one, but it was a victory. It so impressed the embryonic Texan government that they soon chose him to lead a sizeable force of men to aid in the capture of the Mexican port of Matamoras.

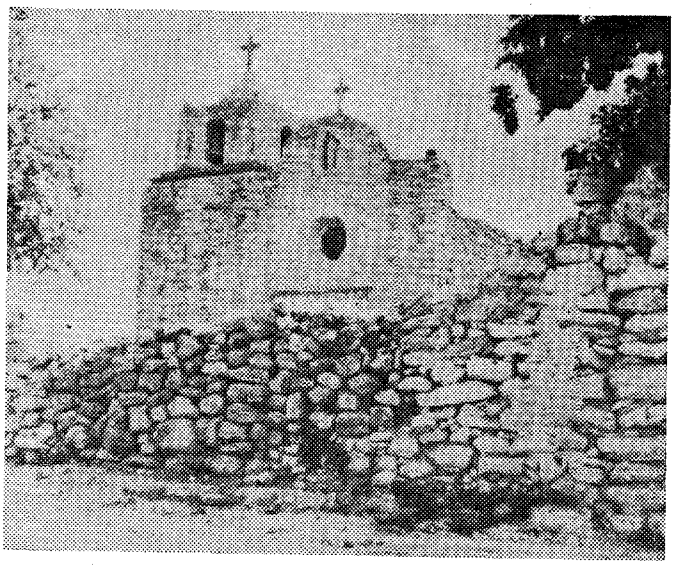
On January 24th, 1836 he loaded his men, four companies of the Georgia Battalion and Captain Luis Guerra's Mexican artillery company, on board a ship at the mouth of the Brazos River. They landed at Arkansas Pass on January 28th and then moved on to Copano, the principal Texas port for Goliad and Bexar, to await supplies and reinforcements. However, days passed with no sign of a ship. When, on February 7th, word arrived that the Mexican defenses at Matamoras had been strengthened, Fannin decided to move his men to the comparative safety of Goliad. Fate weaves strange coincidences and did so the next day. As Fannin entered Goliad to meet his destiny, so did the famous Davey Crockett enter the Alamo to meet his.

GOLIAD was a Texas settlement where an abandoned mission called Presidio Santa Maria del Loreto de la Bahia was located. Names for the mission, however, were as numerous as the armies that garrisoned it since its construction in 1749. Locally it was called Labadee. In military correspondence it was usually referred to as La Bahia. One writter called it Fort of the Bay of the Holy Ghost. In its final useful days as a fort, it received its last name. Fannin conducted a lottery among his men to choose a new, more appropriate name for the mission. In both its appearance and past history, it was more a fort than a mission. The result of Fannin's lottery was "Fort Defiance." History will always note the mission simply as Goliad.

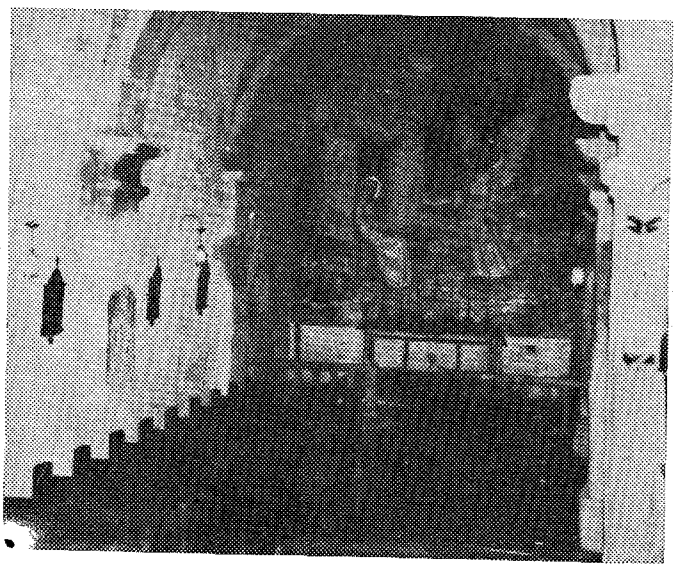
By the middle of February Fannin had completed the defenses of his fort. Reinforcements were arriving almost daily. On February 14th, Dr. Joseph Bernard of Chicago arrived with Dr. Jack Shackleford and his company of "Red Rovers," seventy men recruited in Courtland and Tuscumbia, Alabama.

Colonel James Bonham, still breathing heavily from his hard ride, told the Goliad garrison that a large Mexican army was headed north toward the Alamo and was expected to attack within a week. He said that Colonel Travis, the commander of the Alamo, had only 150 men and required immediate assistance.

Colonel Fannin's watch was the only thing left of him after he died in front of firing squad for his serious mistake.



Fort Defiance where Colonel Fannin and his men retreated after they saw they were trapped and had little hope.



The room in the Goliad Mission where Fannin and his men were held while the Mexicans prepared for mass execution.

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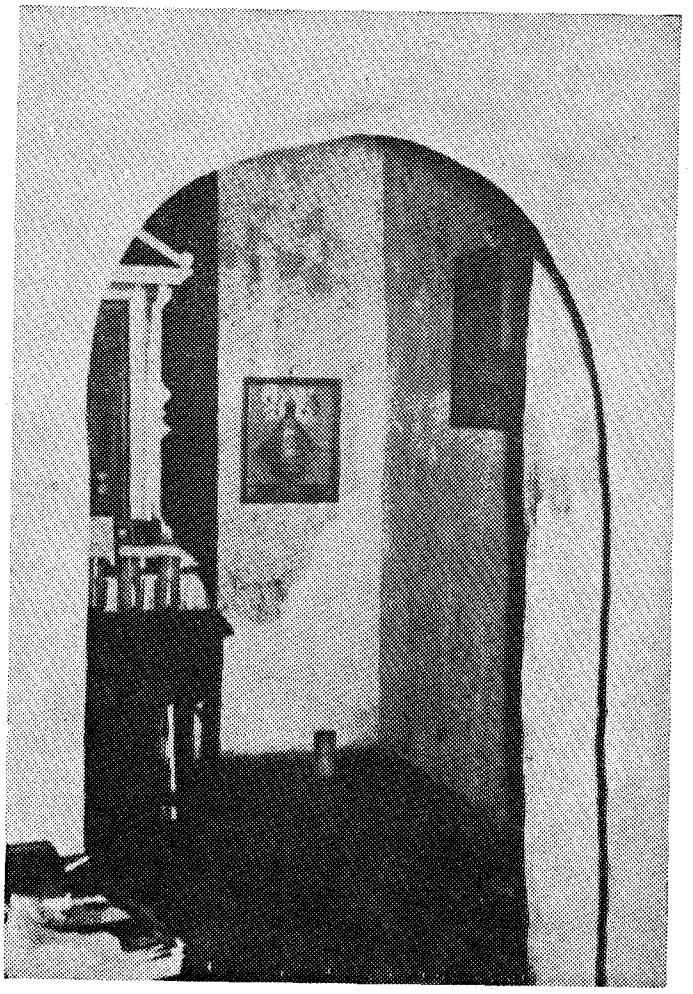
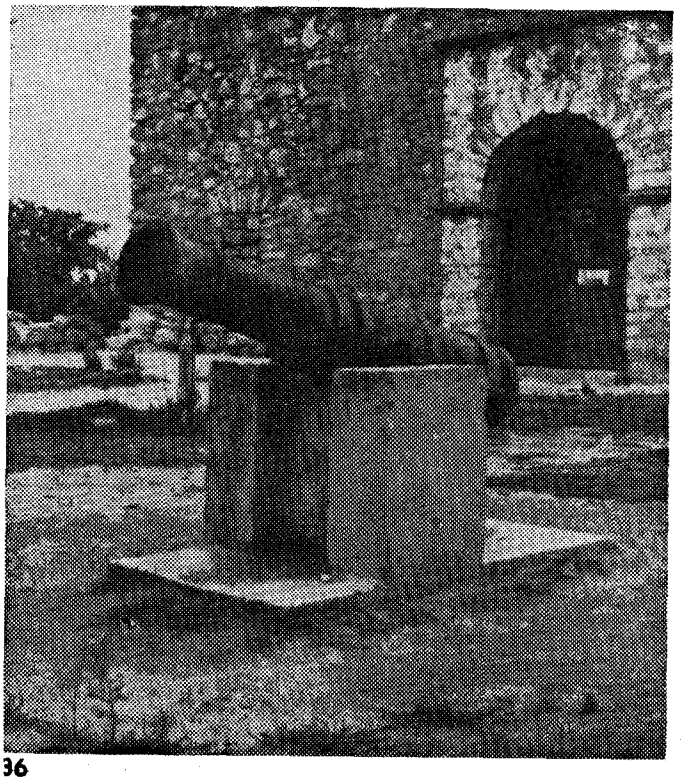


Colonel Fannin just before the mass execution was confined in the room (above). Below is the courtyard in which the Colonel was executed after the Mexicans had promised he and his men would be returned to New Orleans and safety.



Perhaps it was unfortunate that James Bonham happened to be the first messenger requesting assistance for the Alamo. He and Fannin had once bitterly opposed each other in political battle. It is a fact that Fannin considered Goliad more important to hold than the Alamo. He told Bonham as much and refused assistance.

It was during that period that Fannin exhibited a loss of self-confidence. In a letter to the acting Governor of Texas, he wrote, "I am not, practically, an experienced commander . . . I do not desire any command, and particularly that of chief. I feel, *I know,* if you and the council do not, that I am incompetent." In another letter written on February 21st, he wrote, "I hope you will soon release me from the army, at least as an officer." Later he wrote, "I am a better judge of my military abilities than others and if I am qualified to command an army, I have not found it out."

A week later, February 25, the first written message arrived from the Alamo advising that the Mexicans were already occupying the town of San Antonio just outside the Alamo, and that assistance was urgently required. This time Fannin didn't refuse. He ordered his men to prepare to march, and sat down and wrote another letter to Lieutenant Governor Robinson. He wrote that although he considered it militarily unsound to reinforce the Alamo, he could not refuse the urgent appeal of Travis and Bowie.

In the afternoon of the following day, Fannin left Goliad with a force of 320 men. Captain Westover and his company were left behind to guard the fort. It was a cold afternoon and everything seemed to move slowly. Two hundred yards from the town, the first wagon broke down. When it was repaired they continued on to the San Antonio River. More wagons broke down, and even more difficulty was had in getting the artillery across.

THE crossing was completed near sunset. On the following morning it was discovered the oxen had wandered off during the night. Everyone by this time was discouraged by the cold and by the repeated breakdowns. When a council of war convened, it seemed apparent to the cold, discouraged officers that the march was more militarily unsound that originally supposed. The purpose of the march was to relieve the Alamo, but now it seemed more as if they were abandoning Goliad. So preparations were made to return to Goliad.

On the day after Fannin's return to Goliad, a messenger arrived from San Patricia, 50 miles to the south. He reported that the Mexican general Urrea had defeated the Texan garrison there and was in possession of the town. The most significant part of his report was the telling of how the Texan prisoners-of-war were treated. They were marched out of town, he said, and shot.

Colonel Bonham arrived the following day to appeal again for aid for the Alamo. Fannin was even more firm in his refusal this time. At Gonzalez, to the north, three relief companies were joining the march to the Alamo. When a messenger arrived in Goliad to inform Fannin of this, Fannin suddenly changed his mind. On March 2nd he ordered his men to start packing again. The walls of Goliad echoed with their loud cheers.

There were no cheers the next morning. Only groans could be heard when Colonel Fannin announced that he had changed his mind and that the men were to unpack — *again.* The exact reason for Fannin's action is not known, but it may have been the news of the massacre of Captain Grant and his Texans at Agua Dulce Creek the day before.

After the disappointed Bonham left Goliad, the conscienceplagued Fannin wrote a bitter letter to Lieutenant Governor Robinson. He wrote that if provisions could not

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be sent to Goliad more frequently, he would appreciate orders to evacuate.

On Sunday morning March 6, 1836, while General Santa Anna's army was literally hacking up the Texans in the Alamo, Lieutenant Governor Robinson answered Fannin's fiery letter. That afternoon, as the Alamo defenders' bodies were piled up, sandwiched between logs, Lieutenant Governor Robinson gave the letter to a messenger to deliver to Fannin.

Later that day another messenger from the Alamo arrived, imploring assistance. This messenger was unique. Although he didn't know until a week later he was the last Texan to leave the Alamo alive. Twelve hours after he left for help, no help was needed any more. When Fannin turned him down, he needn't have felt so downhearted, because Travis, Bowie, Crockett and the 179 other men in the Alamo were beyond help by then.

Word was out now all over Texas that the Mexican armies were advancing, killing, plundering. The colonists were leaving their homes in droves, fleeing eastward for their lives. The mass evacuation later became known as the "runaway scrape." However, in the little town of Refugio, Texas which lay immediately in the path of General Urrea's advance toward Goliad, lived the Ayres family. Although the town had been evacuated by all the other Texan families, the Ayres' hung on in the hopes that the Mexicans would pass them by or perhaps, they thought, the whole business was a gross exaggeration. Nevertheless, whatever the reason, their staying was another factor that altered the course of history.

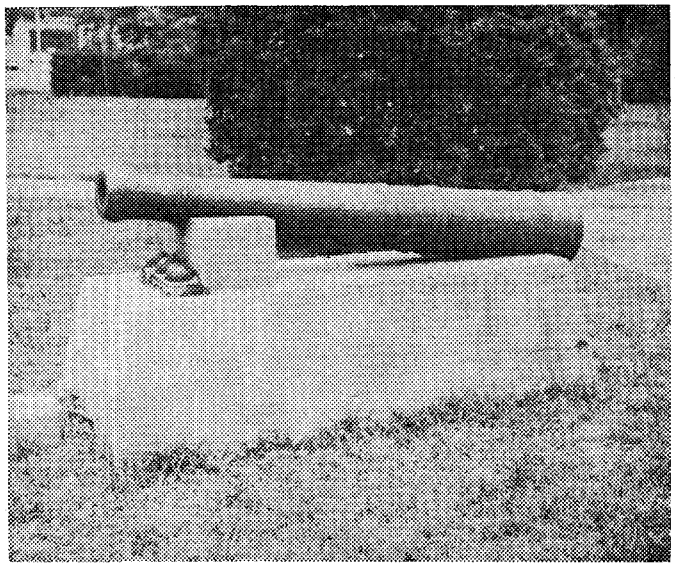
A messenger arrived in Goliad March 12th with a message from Mr. Ayres urgently requesting assistance in moving his family out as the Mexican army was already making appearances near his ranch. Still unaware of the fall of the Alamo six days before, Fannin sent Captain King and 23 men to the aid of the laggardly Ayres. He sent them almost directly in the path of the Mexican army.

Less than 24 hours later King sent back a dispatch requesting aid as he expected to be attacked by a superior force. Fannin responded by sending 170 men under Captain Ward to aid him. Captain King and his men never reached Refugio. Shortly after leaving Goliad they became lost, wandered all night and then found themselves at the Malone rancho the next morning. They quickly realized, however, that the Mexicans were there too.

That same morning a messenger arrived at Goliad with the first message from the new commander-in-chief with the news of the fall of the Alamo. In it, General Houston ordered Fannin to evacuate Goliad and proceed to Victoria as soon as possible, to travel as lightly as practicable, leaving all heavy artillery, and to blow up the Goliad mission behind him. Later that day, Captain Horton and 30 cavalry men arrived at Goliad to join Fannin.

Two priceless days slipped by while Fannin waited at Goliad for word from Captain Ward. Meanwhile, General Urrea and his army marched two days closer. Finally, his patience at an end, Fannin sent Captain Hugh McDonald Fraser to search for Captains Ward and King. Fannin and his men spent an anxious day before Fraser returned with the news, of King's capture at Malone's and how the following day he and his 14 surviving men were marched a few hundred yards in the direction of Goliad and then shot. He also told them that Ward and his men never reached King, but made contact with the Mexicans some miles north and were quickly surrounded. They held off the Mexicans until nightfall when they managed to slip by them and scatter.

The following morning, March 18th, Fannin started the men preparing to evacuate Goliad, four days after receipt



One of Fannin's heavy cannon which should have been left behind. Because they weren't, Fannin's army was repulsed. Below is the statue of Senora Alvarez, the Angel of Goliad, whose heroic acts saved some American lives.

of Houston's urgent orders. Finally, by midmorning the wagons were loaded and the oxen hitched to the heavy artillery that Fannin was ordered to leave behind. Just then one of the scouts rode in to report seeing a small party of Mexican cavalry a short distance outside the fort.

Captain Horton let out a whoop. He and some of his men leaped on their horses and rode out to meet them. Few of the men in Goliad had ever seen a Mexican soldier, or for that matter, any kind of soldier. Within a few minutes, they had abandoned the wagons, artillery, oxen and lines along the mission's walls where they had an excellent view of Colonel Horton and his men riding to meet the enemy. A few short miles behind this small Mexican cavalry unit was General Urrea and his army marching steadily toward Goliad. *(Continued on Page 69)*

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HOW THE BUFFALO DIED

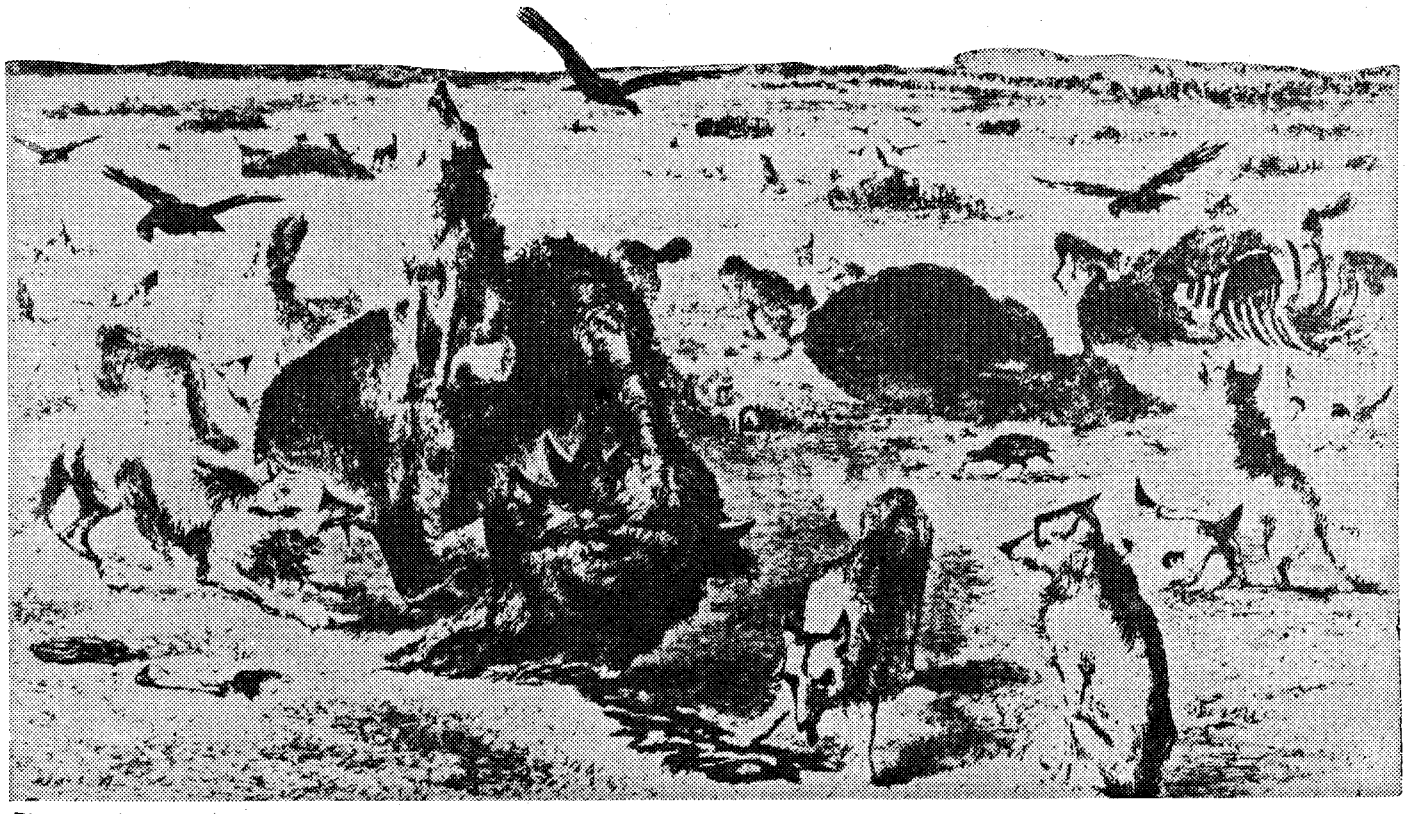

Photo credit: Smithsonian Institution

(Much has been written and published about the buffalo and the tragic death that came to these shaggy animals. But this article, written in 1877 by Colonel Richard Irving Dodge, tells what we believe to be the most brilliant and accurate story of the American Bison that has ever been written.)

By: Colonel Richard I. Dodge

I suppose I ought to call this animal the "bison"; but, though naturalists may insist that "bison" is his true name, I, as a plainsman, also insist that his name is buffalo.

The general appearance of this animal is well known to all. His enormous bulk, shaggy mane, vicious eye, and sullen demeanor give him an appearance of ferocity very foreign to his true nature. Dangerous as he looks, he is in truth a very mild, inoffensive beast, timid and fearful, and rarely attacking but in the last hopeless efforts of self defense.

The domestic cattle of Texas, miscalled tame, are fifty times more dangerous to footmen than the fiercest buffalo. He is the most unwieldy, sluggish, and stupid of all plains animals. Endowed with the smallest possible amount of instinct, the little he has seems adapted rather for getting him into difficulties than out of them.

If not alarmed at sight or smell of a foe, he will stand stupidly gazing at his companions in their death throes until the whole herd is shot down. He will walk unconcernedly into a quicksand or quagmire already choked with struggling, dying victims. Having made up his mind to go a certain way it is almost impossible to divert him from his purpose. He is as timid about his flanks and rear as a new recruit. When travelling, nothing in his front stops him, but an unusual object at his rear will send him to the right-about at the top of his speed.

THE winter of 1871-72 was unusually severe on the Arkansas. The ponds and smaller streams to the north were all frozen solid, and the buffalo were forced to the river for water. Their retreat was to the northward. The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad was then in process of construction, and nowhere could the peculiarity of the buffalo of which I am speaking be better studied than from its trains. If a herd was on the north side of the track, they would stand stupidly gazing, and without a

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symptom of alarm, although the locomotive passed within a hundred yards. If on the south side of the track, even though at a distance of one or two miles from it, the passage of a train set the whole herd in the wildest commotion. At full speed, and utterly regardless of consequences, it would make for the track on its line of retreat. If the train happened not to be in its path it crossed the track and stopped satisfied. If the train was in its way, each individual buffalo went at it with the desperation of despair, plunging against or between locomotive and cars, just as its blind madness chanced to direct it. Numbers were killed, but numbers still pressed on, to stop and stare as soon as the obstacle had passed.

LATE in the summer of 1867 a herd of probably 4,000 buffalo attempted to cross the South Platte, near Plum Creek. The water was rapidly subsiding, being nowhere over a foot or two in depth, and the channels in the bed were filled or filling with loose quicksand. The buffalo in front were soon hopelessly stuck. Those immediately behind, urged on by the horns and pressure of those yet farther in rear, trampled over their struggling companions, to be themselves engulfed in the devouring sand.

This was continued until the bed of the river, nearly half a mile broad, was covered with dead or dying buffalo. Only a comparatively few actually crossed the river, and these were soon driven back by hunters. It was estimated that considerably over half the herd, or more than 2,000 buffalo, paid for this attempt with their lives.

When travelling unmolested the buffalo is extremely careful in his choice of grades by which to pass from one creek to another; so much so indeed that, though a well-defined buffalo trail may not be a good wagon road, one may rest well assured that it is the best route to be had. He seems to have a natural antipathy to the exertion of going up or down steep places. In crossing streams his instinct deserts him. He plunges in anywhere, without fear or care, and shows less sense in extricating himself from the difficulties incident to such action than any other animal, wild or tame.

His indisposition to travel over bad ground is by no means to be taken as inability to do so. When frightened he will, with perfect impunity, climb banks or plunge down precipices where it would be impossible, or certain death, to a horse to follow. I have elsewhere spoken of his liability to stampede, but, even when impelled by the madness which overpower the stampeded animals, such is his strength and power of resistance, that he is rarely seriously injured by tumbles which would disable if not kill any other animal.

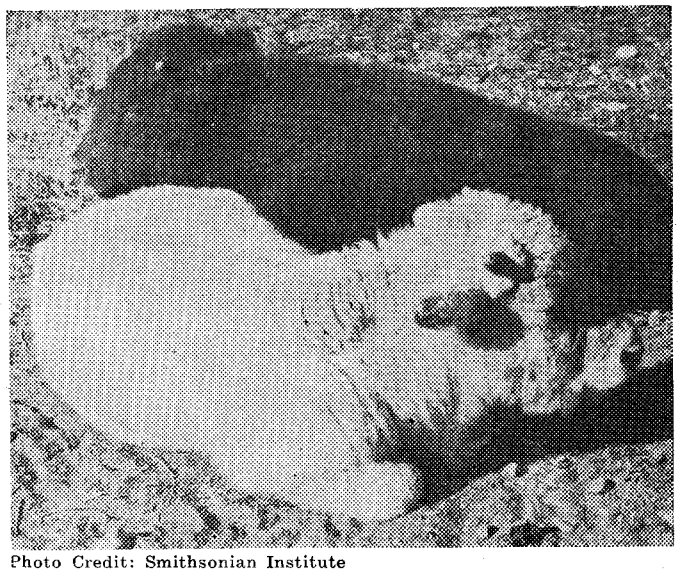

Photo Credit: Smithsonian Institute

This white buffalo calf was so rare that when fully grown its hide could bring a thousand dollars or even more.

THE habits of the buffalo are almost identical with those of domestic cattle. Owing either to a more pacific disposition, or to the greater number of bulls, there is very little fighting, even at the season when it might be expected. I have been among them for days, have watched their conduct for hours at a time, and with the very best opportunities for observation, but have never seen a regular combat between bulls. They frequently strike each other with their horns, but this seems to be a mere expression of impatience at being crowded.

The small herds, of which I have spoken as comprising the great herd, have each generally more bulls than cows, seemingly all on the very best terms with each other.

The old bulls do undoubtedly leave the herd and wander off as advance or rear guards and flankers, but I am disposed to believe this to be due to a misanthropic abnegation of society on the part of these old fellows, to whom female companionship no longer possesses its charm, rather than to their being driven out by the younger bulls, as is generally believed.

The habitual separation of the large herd into numerous smaller herds seems to be an instinctive act, probably for more perfect mutual protection. It has been thought, said, and written by many persons that each small herd is a sort of community, the harem and retainers of some specially

A buffalo hunter's camp near Sheridan in Logan County, Kansas. The hanging buffalo meat was main food for camp.

Photo credit: Kansas Historical Society

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Photo credit: Kansas Historical Society

Drying and curing buffalo hides for shipment east was a hard job. Even piles of buffalo bones in background were sold.

powerful bull who keeps proper order and subjection among them. Nothing is farther from the truth. The association is not only purely instinctive, voluntary, free from the domination of power, of sexual appetite, or individual preferences, but is most undoubtedly entirely accidental as to its individual components.

I have, unobserved, carefully watched herds while feeding. I have seen two or more small herds merge into one, or one larger herd separate into two or more. This done quietly, gradually, and as it were accidentally, in the act of feeding, each buffalo seeming only intent on getting his full share of the best grass.

The cow and calves are always in the center, the bulls on the outside. When two feedings herds approach each other and merge into one, the only perceptible change — and this is so gradual as scarcely to be noticeable — is that the bulls on the sides of contact work themselves out towards a new circumference, which is to enclose the whole, and when a large herd breaks by the same gradual process into smaller ones, the bulls instinctively place themselves on the outside of each.

When pursued the herds rush together in one compact plunging mass. As soon as the pursuit is over, and the buffalo are sufficiently recovered from their fright to begin feeding, those on the outside of the mass gradually detach themselves by breaking into small herds, until the whole large herd is in the normal condition. If each dominant bull had on such occasions to run through the whole great herd to look up his lost wives, children and dependents. his life would not only be a very unhappy but a very busy one.

Special trains stampeded buffalo for hunters to slaughter

Photo credit: Smithsonian Institute

THERE is one very marked and curious difference between buffalo and domestic cattle. The buffalo cow seems to possess scarcely a trace of maternal instinct, and, when frightened, will abandon and run away from her calf without the slightest hesitation. The duty of protecting the calves evolves almost entirely on the bulls. I have seen evidence of this many times, but the most remarkable instance I have ever heard of was related to me by an army surgeon, who was an eye-witness.

He was one evening returning to camp after a day's hunt, when his attention was attracted by the curious action of a little knot of six or eight buffalo. Approaching sufficiently near to see clearly, he discovered that this little knot were all bulls, standing in a close circle with their heads outwards, while in a concentric circle at some twelve or fifteen paces distance sat, licking their chaps in impatient expec-

(Continued on Page 61)

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GOSPEL ON HORSEBACK

The lot of the Ministers in the old West was hard and frustrating, but at times help came from unexpected quarters.

By: Jan Young

THE gospel frequently was ladled from horseback when the itinerant preachers could find no more convenient pulpit in the gold camps they visited. In those days there was more interest in large nuggets, and salvation was given short shrift.

Reverend Long was sent forth by his church into Columbia to save a few of the wandering souls there. He immediately established a tent between the gambling hall and a fandango tent, reasoning that his sermons would be getting a fair shake with the Devil on both sides. At first the ringing of the church bell would bring flocks to hear his Sunday talks, but gradually attendance dropped off until the congregation was virtually nil.

One Sunday morning the miners poured from their tents when the ominous toll of the fire bell began. As they pulled on their trousers, dropped their cards, or put down their drinks, the excitement mounted. But when they reached the assembly point, the Reverend Long was there to meet them.

To their excited query of, "Where's the fire?" the good minister replied solemnly, but with a wry smile:

"There's a fire in Hell waiting for all of you, if you don't take church more seriously. And that'll be one bell ringing you'll all answer for sure."

The men looked sheepish, and silently filed into Reverend Long's tent, where the attendance was good until the Columbia gold streams petered out.

Realizing the need for preachers in the mines, the master of the river boat plying between San Francisco and Sacramento offered free transportation upriver to all ministers of the gospel. Immediately an army of riders surged to take advantage of the offer, all bent apparently for the gold mine of soul salvation.

Quickly the captain posted notices that proper credentials would have to be displayed before the transportation would be provided. The number of ministers promptly diminished to the former number of riders:

Two other instances provide sidelight on the tribulations faced by the sky pilots in the diggings.

Two ministers arrived in San Francisco with $750 between them to provide for board, lodging, and necessities for an entire year, along with establishing a suitable church. Full of hope and enthusiasm they located a four room house in which to house the church and parsonage. Rent was set at $500 per month.

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Photo credit: Oregon Historical Society

THE INCREDIBLE JOAQUIN MILLER

Branded a great poet by some and a fraud by others, he kept the West in the throes of continued excitement.

By: A. Fitzgerald

SOME called him, "Sweet Singer of the Siskiyous." There were others, including such men as Bert Harte and Bill Nye, who saw no beauty in his poetry and called it terrible. But there was no question but that Joaquin Miller, called by his enemies (who were many), a wife deserter, a squaw man, a psychopathic liar, a deadbeat, an egimaniac, and various other character traits, kept the old West humming with excitement for thirty or forty years.

Born Cincinnatus Hiner Miller, in Liberty, Indiana, he adopted the name "Joaquin" when he became interested in the defense of the renowned Mexican brigand, Joaquin Murietta. It has been recorded that Miller's birth took place on February 17th. But there is some question as to the exact year. According to Miller's own writings, he was not certain himself whether he was born in 1841 or 1842. This evasive sort of vagueness was typical of Miller. Various biographers have said that he lied about this, as well as about other events in his somewhat stormy life, one of them placing the year of his birth as early as 1835.

As this early day writer phrased it, "No one expects a poet to tell the truth, even when he makes a pretense of doing so."

In any event, Miller was in his early teens when he arrived in Eugene City, Oregon, in the year 1854, having crossed the plains by covered wagon in the company of his parents and younger brothers and sisters. His was a plain living Quaker heritage. But Miller, destined to become a poet in the Byronic concept of all that a courter of the muse should be, exhibited symptoms of being an incurable romanticist at an early age.

The cry of gold still rang loudly throughout the western valleys upon his arrival in Oregon. Like most young men of that era, Miller contracted gold fever. The following year found him in the gold fields of California, eager to make a "strike." His book, UNWRITTEN HISTORY: LIFE AMONGST THE MODOCS, sometimes called PAQUITA THE INDIAN HEROINE, published in 1873, is an account of two years spent with this Northern California tribe.

Although it is generally known that Miller was a "squaw man" in his younger days, his own record of his marriage to a Modoc princess is sketchy, perhaps advisedly so, considering the attitude of the day toward men who mingled blood with an Indian wife. Some historians doubt that Miller was ever married to a Modoc of royal lineage. One such account accredits him with marrying a "digger squaw."

The *History of Siskiyou County, California,* published in 1881, came out with this blunt statement concerning Miller's

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marital status: "He claims to have married the daughter of a Modoc. He lived with a McLeod River squaw, who still gains a precarious livelihood in the cabin of another squawman who seems to have stuck to it longer than the poet."

An account of his California mining days in Miller's OVERLAND IN A COVERED WAGON, reveals that the poet was injured in a minor skirmish with the Modoc Indians while mining in the vicinity of Castle Rocks, north of Shasta City. Because the Modoc Indians had labeled him *Los bobo* (the fool) he alone out of a party of nineteen escaped massacre. An Indian woman took pity on him and cared for his wounds, patiently nursing him back to health. It is possible that his alliance with a feminine member of the tribe came about at this time. Miller himself advised his readers to "make allowance for poetic license," at the same time proclaiming his writing to be "literally true."

HOWEVER his marriage to an Indian maiden came about, and whosoever she may have been, a daughter was purportedly born of the union. But here again, the mystery typical of Miller's stormy life prevails. If his own account of his life among the Modoc is to be taken literally, Miller had left that section of California, leaving behind his Indian bride, before discovering that he was to become a father.

At a later date, he "pushed back over the mountains to my Indians. All were there . . . ."

The "all" included Pauquita, the fabled princess whom Miller was supposed to have married in a brief Indian ceremony. It was at this point in his life that the lovely halfbreed girl whom many claimed was Miller's daughter, entered the picture.

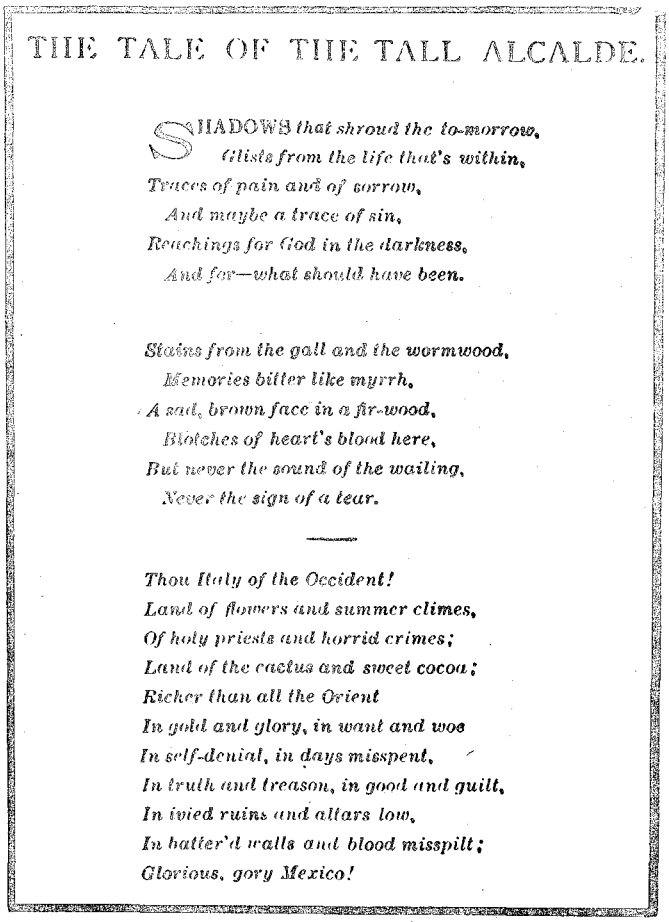
In his usual ambiguous and romantic style, Miller explained his return to Modoc Country. "Why have I returned here? The reasons were many and all sufficient. Among others, I had heard that another had come upon the scene. A rumor had reached me that a little brown girl was flitting through these forests; wild, frightened at the sight of man, timid, sensitive, and strangely beautiful. Who was she? Well, here is a little secret which shall remain hers. She is a dreamer and delights in mystery. Who she was, or who she is I have hardly a right to say. Her name is Calli Shasta."

Having satisfied himself that "another" had indeed come upon the scene, it didn't seem to bother Miller unduly to ride off, leaving his Indian sweetheart behind for a second time, as well as the mysterious and lovely little Calli Shasta who seems to have exhibited many of Miller's own romantic qualities. He didn't return again, until the child had reached her early teens.

The year 1857 found Miller once more in Oregon, living with his parents, and enrolled in Columbia College at Eugene City. His seems to have been an ominivorous mind, for at the time he was attending college classes, he undertook to teach himself law in his spare hours at home. He graduated valedictorian of his class, having written a poem for the occasion, which he later claimed to be his first published work.

Once more the call of gold rang out, and Miller, better prepared, now, with his education in law to supplement his miner's income, moved to the Idaho gold fields, in the vicinity of Oro Fino. Being a man of diverse talents, he spent a year riding the pony express between Walla Walla, Washington, and Millersburg, Idaho, before returning to his parents with enough money to build them an impressive new home and to buy himself a newspaper.

It was while he was editor of the Democratic Register at Eugene City that he became acquainted with the writings of Minnie Myrtle Dyer, "Poetess of the Coquille." Miller



THE TALE OF THE TALL ALCALDE.

SHADOWS *that shroud the to-morrow,*
Glints from the life that's within,
Traces of pain and of sorrow,
And maybe a trace of sin,
Reachings for God in the darkness,
And for—what should have been.

Stains from the gall and the wormwood,
Memories bitter like myrrh,
A sad, brown face in a fir-wood,
Blotches of heart's blood here,
But never the sound of the wailing,
Never the sign of a tear.

Thou Italy of the Occident!
Land of flowers and summer climes,
Of holy priests and horrid crimes;
Land of the cactus and sweet cocoa;
Richer than all the Orient
In gold and glory, in want and woe
In self-denial, in days misspent,
In truth and treason, in good and guilt,
In ivied ruins and altars low,
In batter'd walls and blood misspilt;
Glorious, gory Mexico!

Photo: credit: New York Public Library

Sample of Miller's poetry that thrilled Western women.

wrote stories for several weekly papers, published in Oregon under the pseudonym, Giles Gaston. Described as "wild, weird and sometimes blood thirsty" by his readers, it was in one of these that he made known his desire to meet the "singer of the Coquille." Consequently, Miss Dyer sent Miller her address.

Being something of a ladies' man, Miller wrote her an appreciative letter in return, enclosing a tintype photograph of himself. An eccentric man in his dress, as well as his behavior, Miller sported a massive growth of sandy colored beard that blended into his long hair. The unkempt appearance of this strange, rather crude man — for all of his romantic visions — who was in the habit of drinking his whiskey from a tin cup or a jug slung carelessly across one shoulder seemed not to intimidate Minnie Myrtle. Shortly after they began corresponding, Miller journeyed to Port Orford to meet the "Singer of Coquille," in person. He found her to be "tall, dark, and striking in every respect, this first Saxon woman I have ever addressed."

Joaquin Miller's wooing of Minnie Myrtle Dyer was a whirlwind affair. He arrived in Port Orford on Thursday. The following Sunday, they were married.

"Oh, to what else but ruin and regret could such romantic folly lead," was Miller's later comment on this fireball courtship, for theirs turned out to be a star-crossed marriage.

IN September of 1862, Miller's Democratic Register was suppressed because of its strong Southern sympathies. Miller immediately revived the paper under a new name, the Democratic Review, continuing to edit it until news of a new mining camp in Canyon City, Oregon reached him in 1863. *(Continued on Page 59)*

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TRAGIC SAGA OF THE BABB FAMILY

(Continued from Page 13)

He joined the Indian boys in catching, riding and breaking wild horses. On horseback he chased deer, antelope and buffalo, and learned to kill with bow and arrow. The white boy's quick intelligence and wiry quickness soon attracted the attention of Pernerney, brother of Chief Horseback. The sub-chief claimed the youth as his own and began his training as a Comanche warrior.

One of Chief Pernerney's most prized possessions was an old cap and ball six-shooter. One day he loaded the ancient gun and handed it to Babb. Then, after painting and be-decking himself in fierce war array, he ordered the boy to follow him into the nearby sand hills. Shaking a heavy shield and lance and mounted on a fiery horse, the chief told Dot that when he charged, the boy was to take careful aim and shoot at his body. When he turned his back in retreat, Dot was to shoot at his back. The boy, well aware of the circumstances if he killed Pernerney, was nevertheless afraid to disobey. The chief swooped toward him in a headlong charge, the heavy shield held before him.

DOT aimed and shot. But the thick shield made from the skin of an old buffalo's neck and re-enforced with heavy buckskin, turned the bullet. Then the chief turned in retreat, swiftly shifting the shield over on his back. Again Dot took careful aim and fired. But the shield was practically impenetrable. In all, the chief charged four times and Dot shot six times, hitting the shield each time. Pernerney permitted himself a faint smile of pride when the lesson was over.

"You good shot," he grunted. "You make good warrior."

The months passed swiftly. As Dot's training progressed, he was allowed to accompany his "brothers" on raids. On one occasion he and 15 warriors under Pernerney headed in a southeasterly direction. Dot felt sure they were going to Texas and he determined to escape if possible. But the raiding party had only been out six days when they surprised seven Indians hunting on the Washita River. Pernerney screamed a command: "Kill all of them. They are Caddos."

The Comanches soon overtook and killed six of the Caddos. But the seventh, having an extra good horse, led the Comanches on a long chase of 10 or 12 miles. At last, however, Pernerney caught up with the fleeing warrior. The chief shot the Caddo twice, tumbling him from his horse.

Indian camp where Dot Babb and his sister were held prisoners for brief time.

Returning to the Comanche camp, the Caddo scalps were proudly exhibited as trophies of war, and a war-dance was planned in celebration. The scalps were placed on poles set in the earth. Then the warriors danced around them making medicine. As they circled in a half-crouching position to the beating of rudely fashioned drums, they emitted shrill yelps which Babb likened to the composite yap of a coyote and wail of a panther. The white boy joined in the savage celebration with cold shivers running up and down his spine. A strange exhileration and pride flowed through his twisting body as he stomped and whirled in the wild dance.

Young Babb was never allowed to accompany raiding parties into Texas for fear he might escape. But he joined in two forays into Mexico. On each raid Babb and the Comanches secured a number of horses. On the last raid they killed seven Mexicans and captured two Mexican girls and a boy. The children, ranging in age from eight to ten years, were adopted into the tribe.

Dot had now been with the Comanches almost two years. Deeply bronzed by the sun, he could scarcely be distinguished from a full-blooded Indian warrior. He had mastered the limited Comanche vocabulary. In many ways he thought and even dreamed like a Comanche. The savage, carefree life strongly appealed to the youth who was just entering manhood. He found himself admiring and sympathizing with the Indian way of life. But then a sudden opportunity came to renounce his savage citizenship.

DURING the long period of Dot's captivity, his father had never relaxed efforts to get some trace of his lost son and daughter. But, ironically, it was to another Comanche chief that young Babb was to owe his release.

Chief Esserhaby was in many ways one of the most remarkable of all Comanche leaders. Of splendid stature and appearance and intelligent, the chief had a reputation among his brothers as well as the white men for daring, valor and firmness whether in camp or battle. The fierce and aggressive chief was such a dreaded warrior that in 1864 Governor J.W. Throckmorton of Texas arranged a council in Austin for a large Indian delegation headed by Esserhaby. As a result of this historic meeting, a treaty was entered into by which Esserhaby and his followers would become the white man's friend. One stipulation was that the Comanches would release white captives.

Chief Esserhaby pleaded young Babb's case with Chief Horseback. He spoke feelingly of the treaty of friend-

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ship with Gov. Throckmorton. Later he visited Fort Arbuckle in Indian Territory where Mr. Babb was making his home. He told Dot's father where and by whom his son was held. An understanding was then reached that Esserhaby would journey to Horseback's headquarters and attempt Dot's recovery.

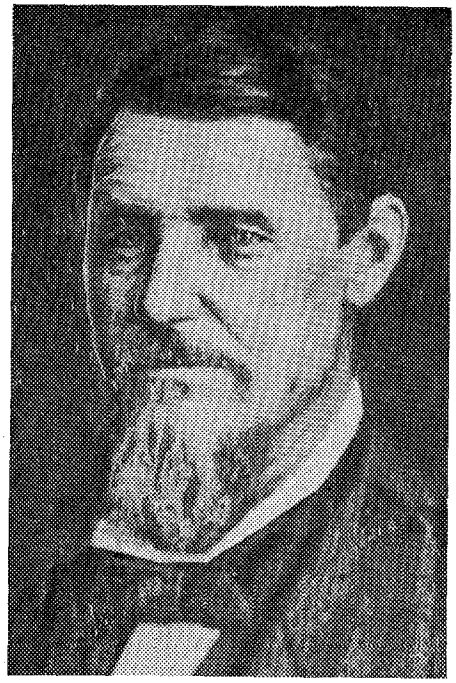
Esserhaby was a guest at Horseback's camp for five weeks. During this time there were frequent councils discussing whether to return the white boy to his people. Chief Horseback proved stubborn, but it was finally agreed that Dot would be permitted to choose between remaining a warrior or rejoining his father. Horseback and many of his band were confident that the white boy who had been their comrade would elect to remain a Comanche warrior. Dot's decision was instant.

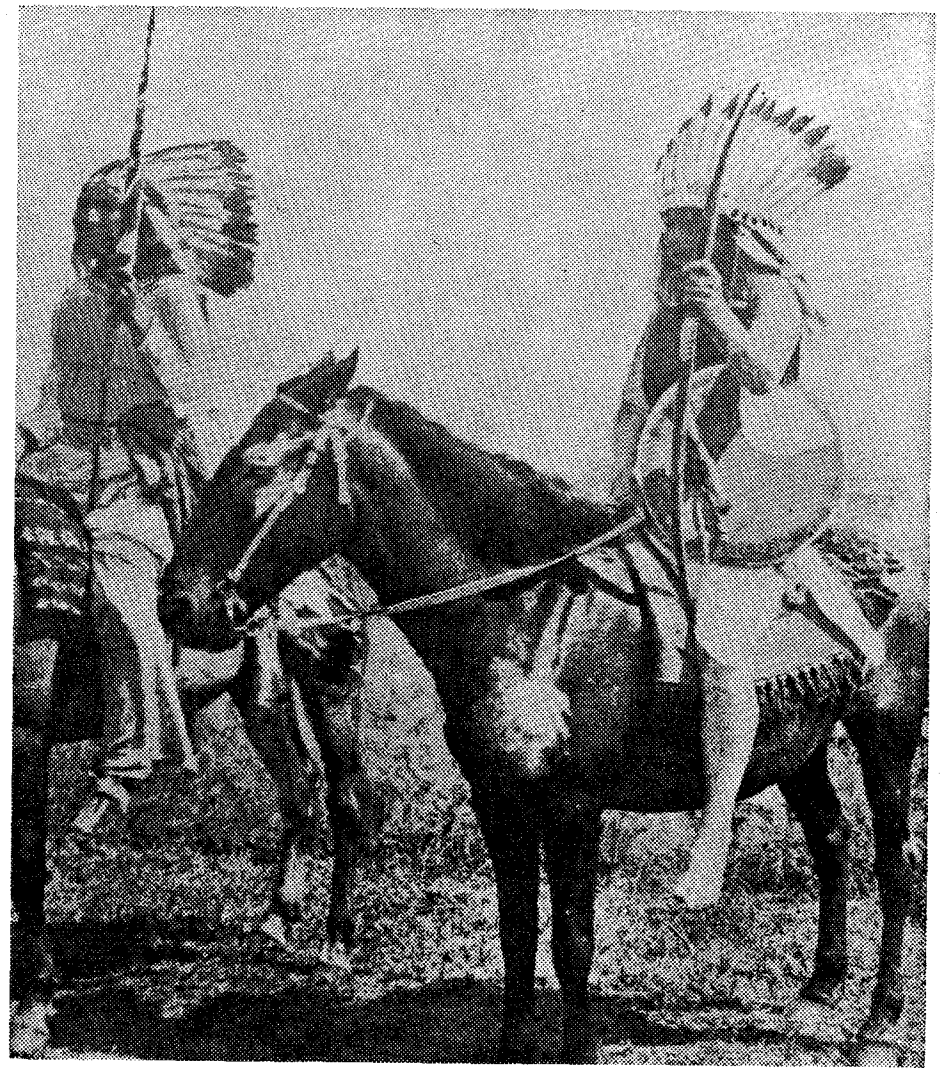
"I want to return to my father and kin," he said flatly.

Preparations were made at once for Babb to return with Esserhaby to Ft. Arbuckle. But it was a sad parting for all. The likeable boy had made many strong attachments almost as sacred as family ties. The squaws and children reacted loudly to Babb's departure with many lamentations and cries of sorrow, while the braves scowled sadly. In turn, Dot could scarcely restrain his deep and sincere emotion when time came for the final good-bye.

Chief Esserhaby in effecting Babb's release not only had to plead for weeks, but had to ransom the white boy as well. Horseback received several fine horses and numerous saddles, bridles, blankets and other valuable gifts in return for his captive. The ransom was furnished by Mr. Babb.

Throckmorton aided Dot and sister.





Typical Indian warriors in Texas at time of capture of Dot Babb and sister.

The white youth and Chief Esserhaby, together with numerous squaws and a few warriors, at last departed toward Ft. Arbuckle. Despite Babb's impatience, Esserhaby could not be hurried and the journey took six weeks.

Soon after crossing the Washita River, they sighted a group of white men in the distance. Among them was Dot's father who, in his anxiety, had come to meet the party. Mr. Babb, racked with emotion, ran to embrace his son, crying: "This is my long lost darling boy." For many moments a convulsive joy near hysteria enveloped both father and son. Dot's joy was heightened when he learned that little Bianca had recently been recovered from another band of Indians, and awaited at Ft. Arbuckle safe and sound.

Later the re-united Babb family returned to Texas where they attempted to re-establish their torn family ties and forget the bitter memories of the past. But, for Dot, those memories were always hauntingly laced with happiness

Many years later Theodore Babb, now married and with a family, visited Fort Sill and the Comanche and Kiowa reservation. There he renewed friendship with many of his former captors. The white man and the Indians relived the thrilling times of Indian raids and exploits when a white boy rode as a Comanche warrior. In 1900 Babb's Indian friends urged him to move to Indian Territory, contending that he was, by captivity and adoption, a Comanche, and had as much right in the Territory as the rest of the tribe.

Acting on this suggestion, Babb received permission from the Indian agent to make his home among his Comanche friends. Within a year, however, a new agent reviewed his case and ruled that Babb was not eligible to receive Comanche allotments and must leave the Territory. Many great old chiefs, including Quanah Parker, advised Babb to ignore the order. But Mrs. Babb pointed out the advantages of returning to civilization among which were better school opportunities for their children. With her persuasion, the Babbs abandoned the fine home Dot had built, and returned to Texas.

But the former boy-captive always felt a little ill at ease in the rush of

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the white man's world, and in his heart there remained a special tenderness for his Comanche "brothers".

"They were considerate and tolerant (within the tribe)," he often said wistfully, "and did not fall out, fight and kill each other as the white men do."

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Additional research by Mrs. Dorothy Williams, Librarian, Oklahoma Historical Society, Oklahoma City.

Note: T.A. Babb apparently relied upon his memory to a great extent when he wrote *In the Bosom of the Comanches*, almost half a century after his captivity. In the book are certain statements which are apparently in error when compared to papers written soon after he was taken captive. Among these are:

Babb refers to Mrs. Roberts as "Mrs. Luster". Other, more official papers, give her name as Mrs. Lizzie Roberts. His younger sister's name is given as "Bankuella" (a misprint?). Other papers name her as "Bianca"

Babb says he was captured in September of 1865. Official Army letters give the date as 1866. -- FH

RW

BLOODY DEATH IN LITTLE HIGH ROCK CANYON

(Continued from Page 18)

Indian massacre. Lanterns feebly lighted the death scene while Dr. Morrison conducted his autopsy. The intense cold had frozen the bodies stiff; they remained in the grotesque positions assumed when thrown into the snowdrift. Morrison's grisly work completed, the bodies were carried on stretchers to level ground, and, from there, a horse-drawn sled slowly, sadly hauled them home.

The bodies of the murdered men were laid out in Eagleville's community church. Blood oozed and ran on the floor as frozen flesh thawed, leaving stains still visible 40 years later. A few days later the saddened, bereaved citizens held a common funeral for their friends. And then the grim death search began. An urgent telegram to the Secretary of War requested federal troops to help run down the Indians. The request was refused.

The posse gathered at Denio's ranch on February 18, 1911, and prepared for a grueling chase. The posse members were: Police Superintendent Donnelly and three troopers, Sheriff Ferrel of Washoe County, Sheriff A.E. Smith of Modoc County, California, two skilled Indian trackers and 14 cowboys. Donnelly tried to deputize the volunteer manhunters, but was quickly told off by their leader, a grizzled old cowhand, who belligerently said. "You go plumb to hell with yer deputizin' Buster. We don't need no badge to track down them thievin' murderers. If you don't like our way of doin' things jest set right here, an' we'll run them Injuns down ourselves an' take 'em in, or kill 'em!"

Snow and bitter cold hampered the posse, and they got off to a slow start. The trackers picked up the trail in Little High Rock Canyon, and shortly thereafter located a second hastily abandoned camp. Here they found scraps of the murdered men's clothing and a saddle from one's horse. The wind and cold cruelly punished the lawmen, but to the thinly clad, hurrying Indians it was even more cruel. Their horses, excepting the four captured ones, were exhausted. The squaws and children suffered from frostbite; their food was almost gone. Donnelly dispatched a rider to wire for help when he found the Indian's trail headed east.

At this point, Sheriff Ferrel left the posse and traveled by train to Elko where, aided by civic authorities, he formed a second posse. Ferrel led his new men in a wild 50 mile ride to block the Indian's escape to the reservation. A third posse was enlisted at Winnemucca by Sheriff Lamb of Humbolt County. And a group of miners and ranch hands rode forth from Tuscarora led by Constable Harvey Young.

Doggedly the lawmen followed the trail, but cagey old Mike did well at covering his tracks. The trackers were often at fault, the posse fell behind, and the trail grew cold. Finally, at Willow Point, some 120 miles and eight days from the site of the massacre, Donnelly halted his men to parlay. The trackers thought the Indians far ahead and nearing the reservation. But Donnelly, judging from the weariness of himself and his men, believed the Indians had holed up to rest. His hunch was correct. At noon of the tenth day, Sunday February 26, 1911, Skinny Pascal, a skilled Paiute tracker who was drafted from the Imlay City Jail, spotted the quarry. From a high ridge the Indians could be seen camped beside Rabbit Creek.

Pascal was sent into the camp. "Tell them we have many guns and many men; we will kill them all if they do not surrender," ordered Donnelly. The Paiute repeated the order to the Shoshones, and the old chief snarled, "We no quit, we fight!"

Mike and his braves had made their choice. They would die fighting rather than be taken back to the reservation where they would get a perfunctory trial and then be pulled up with the rope. To them, hanging was a horrible way to die. The choking rope prevented the spirit from getting out and going to the "Happy Hunting Ground".

They painted their faces, began the death chant and dance, and prepared to die honorably. Again the Paiute was sent to Mike's camp, but this time his proposal was greeted by bullets! And,

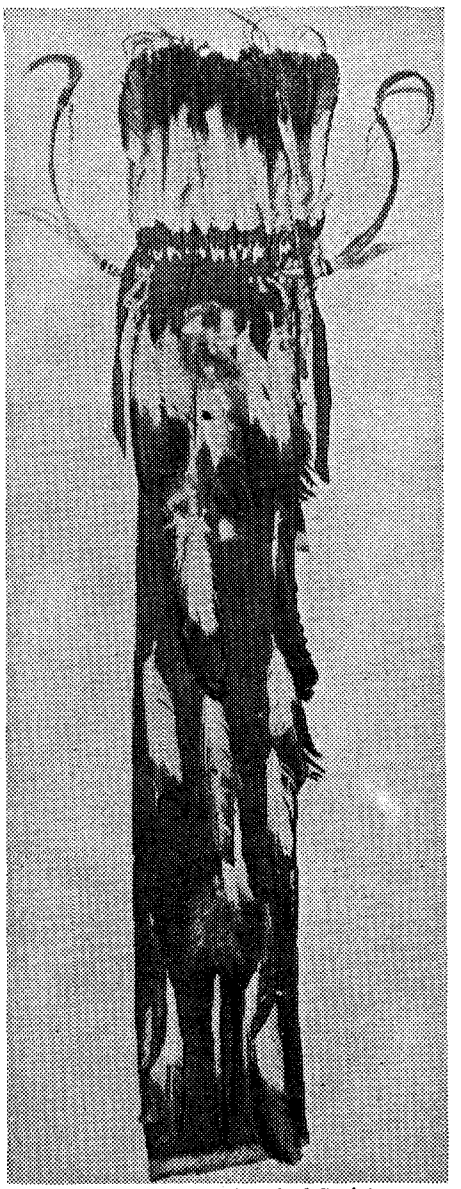

Photo credit: Nevada Historical Society

Shoshone Mike's feathered head dress.

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like a bullet, the Paiute dived behind a friendly rock screaming, "Fire. They no give up."

With a thunderous roar the iron-shod hoofs pounded the frozen earth as the posse charged down the hill into the canyon. The Indians held their ground and began firing. Donnelly slid off his horse, dived headlong behind a rock and bellowed to his riders: "Hunt cover, boys, and give 'em hell!"

Old Mike was hit as the fight started by a bullet from the rifle of the tracker, Skinny Pascal. The old chief fell but bounced up immediately, grabbed his rifle and disappeared into the brush to direct the fighting. For a while, the Indians kept the posse pinned down, and the fight was nip and tuck. Then superior numbers and firepower began to tell, and the Indians began falling back slowly along the creek bank. The Shoshones ran out of ammunition, but stubbornly continued to fight with bows and arrows and make-shift spears. But the end was inevitable, and they were picked off one by one by the posse members.

Photo credit: Nevada Historical Society

Cambron and his men after being tossed in snow drift by the killers.

TWO days later a correspondent at Golconda for the Reno Evening Gazette reported this eye witness account of two posse members: "The Indians fought like demons, the squaws taking part and selling their lives no less dearly than the bucks. In the last party they used every possible weapon of defence (sic) after their ammunition had been exhausted'." Old Mike held out to the last. Cut to pieces by a dozen wounds he lay weak and bleeding on the frozen ground when Donnelly and a trooper found him. Glaring at the lawmen with eyes of hate the old renegade faced them defiantly. He struggled to his knees.

"Me chief. Me Shoshone Mike," he gritted and raised his empty rifle. Then his eyes glazed, and the rifle fell clattering as the old fellow collapsed and died.

The Indians had given a good account of themselves; they had not suffered all the casualties. Rancher Edward E. Hogle of Eagleville, California, took a slug through the heart from the .38 automatic taken from Harry Cambron. Three others were hit, none seriously, and one was stabbed by a makeshift spear.

In addition to Mike and his three warriors, the posse had been forced to kill two of the fighting squaws, and two children were accidently shot. Four survivors were taken prisoner. One, a 16-year-old squaw named "Snake" fought like a tiger, and succeeded in stabbing one of her captors with a crude spear before being subdued. The others were ragged, half-starved children clothed in remade garments taken from the massacre victims. The eldest, a boy

This is type of reservation Shoshone Mike and his renegade followers escaped from to murder and pillage until captured.

Photo credit: Spokane Public Library

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of 8, ran like a deer, leading a pursuing rider a two-mile chase before run down. The pursuer, rancher Jack Ferguson said, "the little devil throwed rocks at me, kicked my shins and, after I'd dragged him onto my horse, tried to beat out his brains on the saddle horn."

A girl of 6 was found crouching like a scared rabbit, under a rock. Another two-year-old girl, screaming hysterically, was untied from the back of her dead mother, shot trying to kill a lawman with bow and arrow. The still raging Snake and the children were taken that night to the nearby Kelly ranch. They were transferred to Golconda's City Jail the next day, where Snake, finally, calmed down and related the story of the Shoshone's odyssey.

She said the Indians had slain Elko County rancher Frank Dopp, the Chinaman, and three other white men. She said old Mike had decided to kill Cambron and his men fearing they were the law after them for rustling. The band had lain waiting until the stockmen rode into a narrow canyon, then shot them down behind rocks and bushes.

Snake and the three children were later sent to the U.S. Indian School at Stewart, near Carson City. The younger Shoshones have dropped from sight. But Snake, at last report, resided in Cedarvale, California, a respected citizen of that community.

Rancher Ed Hogle's remains were taken to Anderson, California and interred. But the eight Indians slain in the fight were treated less respectfully. A shallow trench was blasted in the frozen ground, and the Shoshones were buried where they had fallen. Getchel Mine engineers, in 1942, found Indian bones and artifacts scattered on the ground in the vicinity of the carelessly dug grave.

Most of the original posse members have long since passed on. The exact route of the long chase is unmarked, and few know the site of the battle and Indian grave. A few faded photographs, Shoshone Mike's headdress, and old newspapers remain in the museum of the Nevada Historical Society as evidence of the last U.S. Indian massacre and the last Indian battle.

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Records of the Nevada State Historical Society, and I have a letter from Marion Welliver of the Society who states that my article is authentic.

RW

GOSPEL ON HORSEBACK

(Continued from Page 41)

When they counted the proceeds from the first collection, they decide to strike out for more lucrative fields. The plate contained twenty-seven dollars.

A little more ingenious was one sky pilot who mined by day, and preached the gospel at night. He was a man with great strength of conviction, and would go to any length to see that the Word was spread. He was extremely gratified, then, when a group of miners lured him into a small mining camp in Northern California, guaranteeing him a salary along with a slant-sided shanty for church and home. Happily he preached for six months without salary, and was down finally to beans for a three-times-a-day menu.

Desperate when he received nothing substantial to his requests for sustenance as promised, he announced he would have a message of vital importance for the next Sunday.

CURIOSITY got the better of most of the miners, and the sky pilot was preaching to a full house. As the ritual proceeded, a hymn was announced, and there was some shuffling among certain members of the congregation, taking up positions before each window and door.

With hands lingering menacingly near their weapons, the guards glowered at the trapped congregation. Then the sky pilot explained.

"Brethren, it's been mor'n six months since I took over the task of trying to lead you on the straight and narrow gospel trail. I've tried to ladle out the square truth as I'd caught it in my skirmishes with the Holy Writ.

"But now comes the time when I've got to talk business before I drive ahead with today's sermon.

"I've stationed a few of the faithful at each of the doors and windows, who are, incidentally, all big bruisers as you can see. And the first impertinent sinner who tries to sneak out will be the leading character in a lively incident which he will remember for the few remaining minutes of his miserable life.

"As the collection will now be taken up, and as I call out the names, I want to see the men pull out his poke and share some of the dust he has gathered in his un-Godly ways and days."

The forthright minister then called out names and amounts of strikes, asking for a whacking portion for the tithe. And with the threatening faithful

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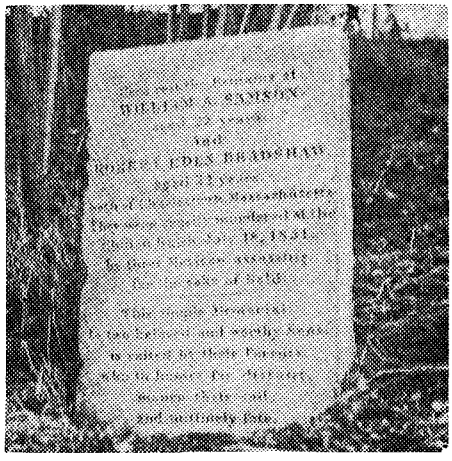
still standing at the doors, each man complied as his name was sung out.

Beaming with the results of his collection for the day, the Reverend signalled his faithful to leave off guarding the inner church, and sanctimoniously cleared his throat. He folded his hands benignly, then announced:

"The sermon text for today brethren is, somewhat appropriate:

" 'I hungered and ye fed me.' "

But those weren't the only problems faced by the good Reverend. As the town took on substance, money was raised to build a church which, in time, needed a paint job. There was, of course, some resistance and those who were willing to contribute money or effort wanted a credit for their interest in the House of God. There was jawing back and forth and the pastor finally came up with a solution that resolved the question.



The entire church was to be marked off into squares, each with a parishioner's name painted in the square. (Unless he had made a large enough contribution to not have to do any painting.) The names weren't to be painted in until two weeks had passed so that if other chores occupied them they could save face.

Hank Candless was as lazy as sand and merely smiled when some of the names were painted in. But when Hank's name appeared and his buddies began snickering, Hank climbed the roof one night and obliterated his name.

Sadly shaking his head, Hank said: "There are many ways of serving the Lord, I guess, but I never knowed pushin' a paint brush was one of 'em."

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RW

WHAT SAVED MRS. GOWANLOCK?

(Continued from Page 21)

knife blades. They passed a bottle from hand to hand. Presently they went out. In a little while I was taken to the tent of Pritchard, the interpreter, and was overjoyed to find Mrs. Delaney there.

"Under the command of Wandering Spirit, the Indians, crazed with firewater, put the bodies of the eleven white men into the church and set it afire." (See church photo)

"Thus began my two months' captivity in Big Bear's band. The day after the massacre, Chief Factor McLean and his wife and family from the captured Hudson's Bay Fort Pitt, were added prisoners. Mrs. Delaney and I took over much of the work in the prisoner's camp. At night, haunted by dread of what might happen to us we never both slept at once. One sat and pillowed the head of the other, while she slept."

"Twice a young brave entered and ordered us to leave the tent with him. But we sat motionless. The second night he caught my shawl. Then suddenly a change of expression came over his face and he stalked out of the teepee. After that we were never molested."

"Ever since the second day following the massacre Big Bear's encampment had been on the move, going farther into untravelled wilderness as they knew the soldiers would be after them, and they must go far to escape them.

"In the camp was a very old squaw. Her predictions that terrible things would overtake the band for their share in the killing of the priests unnerved the Indians. Then one morning a young brave, with an axe in his hand, led the old woman away. He returned alone.

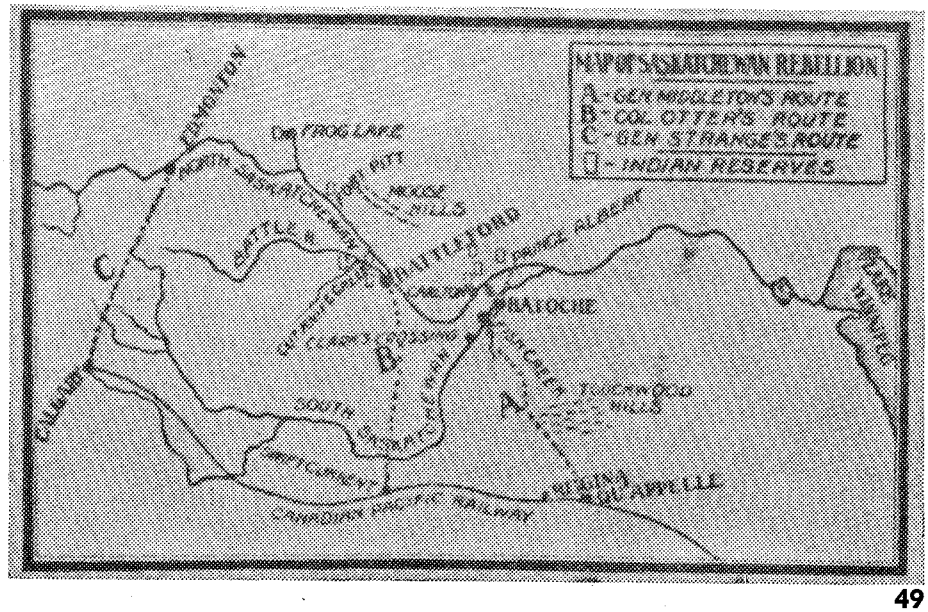
"Late in the afternoon some days after this, toward the end of May when we had been captive eight weeks, as Mrs. Delaney and I were inside the lodge, we heard cries of consternation outside. We ran out to see all the band staring in fright at the sky. There in a break among low clouds was a representation of a church resembling that at Frog Lake burned down nearly two months ago with the bodies of the priests and the other white men. As we gazed a priest on a white horse appeared approaching the church. Reaching it he dismounted, stretched out his hand as if in blessing. The summer clouds closed in, and the vision faded away."

"Fear possessed all in the camp. The warning of the murdered old woman was recalled. The squaws, wearied by two months of extra labor of continually moving camp set up a wailing. The warriors had lost the last of their courage. Even the evening meal was untouched. And now the headmen began accusing the young braves of having caused the trouble. The camp did not move again.

"The end had come. A troop of soldiers travelling fast surrounded the camp two days later. Under a flag of truce the officers and the Chief met, and the Indians surrendered. Big Bear was made prisoner.

"Mrs. Delaney and I took the steamer Northwest, which carried supplies from Winnipeg. At Battleford we stayed with the Lauries in the barracks, as they had lost their home by the Indians. Some weeks later when travelling was considered safe, I went back to Tintern, Ontario and Mrs. Delaney to

This map shows route taken by Riel rebellion and the area pillaged by Riel.



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Big Bear tried to prevent the massacre, and was kind to women prisoners. For this he was given light sentence.

Ottawa." So recorded Mrs. Gowanlock.

THE affect of Theresa Gowanlock's experience laid upon her a profound melancholy; she lived 13 more years. She was buried at St. Ann's Ontario, where a monument stands to her memory.

And now to return and review more fully this mysterious phenomenon, unexplained after 77 years.

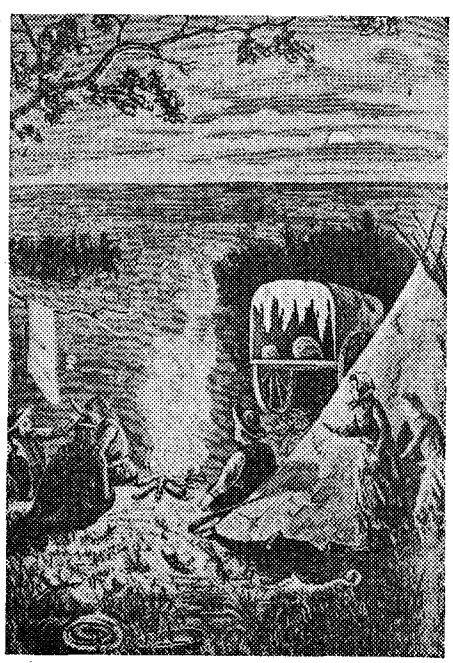
What was this frightening reproachful vision in the sky which appeared late in the afternoon toward the end of May, 1885, amid low hung clouds over the Indian encampment of Big Bear, Cree chief and his band?

For eight weeks the band had been constantly on the move in northern Canada fleeing the military and Mounted Police for its participation in the Frog Lake Massacre, April 2nd. In addition to the 70 Indians and Metis, women and children, were the two captive white women, Theresa Gowanlock and Theresa Delaney.

The entire band and the two white women saw enacted a scene in the sky which so powerfully affected the Indians that it instantly ended their rebellion so that they ceased fleeing to surrender to the soldiers under General Strange.

Seventy-seven years later the story of this strange apparition is still talked about by children of the pioneers in that part of Saskatchewan. Only the other day, while this version was in the course of writing, a lady of 86, Mrs. Mary Larom, a child in the area at the time, now living in B.C., recalled vividly to the writer her memory of hearing it.

Mrs. Gowanlock's drawing of prison camp.



What that band of Indians and the two white women prisoners witnessed has never been explained. Persons of devout turn of mind deem it a miracle. It seems difficult to doubt that which was seen resembled or was a replica of a fearful happening which took place eight weeks previously. Thus this vision could not have been a mirage, which is a sky reflection of something existing at the moment; that also is not open to question. Furthermore, objects of a sky mirage are usually, if not always, inverted. This frightening reproachful sight, appearing briefly, yet clearly in a break in low hanging clouds, remains today a mystery; it remains also the most amazing incident of the Second Riel Rebellion.

Bibliography:
Research sources are included in body of article.

RW

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JEFF TURNER INDIAN KILLER

(Continued from Page 19)

old horse gently with his spurs, whereup Pepper-Pod exploded in a mighty leap and hit the ground at a dead run. "He hates 'em almost as bad as I do," declared the Indian hater.

"I know every water-hole from here to the Rio Grande," said Turner, his eyes glinting, "especially those used by Indians in their coming and going."

"Aren't you afraid to travel alone so much in this country?" the rancher asked.

Jeff grinned, sort of sickly, as his fingers clutched the handle of the tomahawk and his eyes danced.

"No, the Indians are more afraid of me than I am of them. If they knew that I was way-laying a certain trail, they would go 40 miles out of the way to give me a wide berth."

Then, suddenly cackling, "The trouble is, they never know where to find me. Right now I got 46 scalps at my camp in Chicolite — but I aim to get 100 before I die."

DISGUISED STAGE DRIVER

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 31 1879 — A person known for the last 25 years as Charles Parkhurst, who has led the life of a stage driver and farmer during that time, died last Sunday near Watsonville, when it became known for the first time that the deceased was a woman.

As the years passed, Jeff Turner, the Indian hater, became a legend around the sparse settlements of South Texas. Every few weeks he rode back to civilization to stock up on supplies and ammunition; and each time there were four or five new scalps dangling from his saddle. Then he again vanished into the wilderness to stalk and kill with all the patience and cunning of a lobo wolf.

But at last the inevitable happened. One day he rode out — and was never heard of again. The settlers said that he was finally caught napping. They were also sure that he died the slowest, most agonizing way Indian vengeance could devise.

But one thing was sure. Jeff Turner had more than achieved his goal of 100 scalps. Most people said he was ready to die.

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RW

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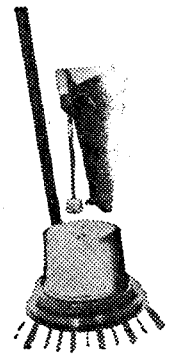

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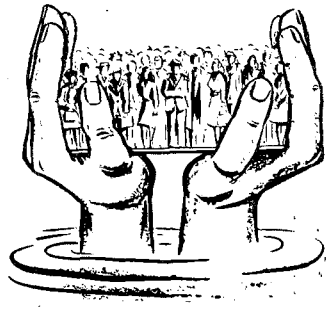
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LITTLE JO'S STRANGE SECRET

(Continued from Page 7)

One of the hands was engaged in breaking a wild horse. Noting that Little Jo was watching him intently, the man asked jokingly, "Hey little fellow, like to have a whirl on this mustang? He's greased lightening."

"Yes sir," cried Little Jo, "I love horses."

The cowhands gathered to see the show, a blasted sheep herder astride a wild bronc. "Brother, is this gonna be a show?" laughed one of the trail drivers." I only hope he don't bust his blamed neck on that cayuse."

The hands witnessed a show all right but it was a different one than they had expected. Little Jo swung upon the mustang. At first the bronc sunfished, snorted and then ran the length of the corral. Then suddenly under the influence of Little Jo's gentle touch and soft voice, he quivered and then quietly quit. Little Jo rode him back to the group of men.

"I swear," declared one of the men. "I ain't never seen anything like it. Say little fellow, would you consider chuckin' that sheep herdin' job and comin' to work for me, as a bronc buster?"

Little Jo beamed. "Yes sir, I'd like it for as I told you I love horses."

And so Little Jo became a bronc buster. He was a fine one for there was no horse too ornery or savage to be tamed by his gentle touch.

He remained with the outfit for a year, saved his money and then acquired a herd of his own. He joined a drive going to the railroad. Around the camp fires the cowboys talked of their families and homes in the East but Little Jo never mentioned his past and no one knew from whence he came nor why he came West. He liked to sing and the cowboys liked to hear him so he often entertained them. "Reminds me of when I was a kid going to church," one hand said, "he's got a voice like a choir boy."

JO learned that it was advisable to carry a gun so he purchased one in Ruby City and carried it with him on his next trip to the railhead. Again the men laughed at him and warned him not to hurt himself. When he returned no one laughed for Little Jo could shoot as well as any man in Ruby City.

"Some fellows from Texas that I met on the drive showed me a few tricks," he explained modestly.

Although Jo hadn't an enemy in all the vicinity he formed a close friendship with only one man, a mine superintendent many years his senior. His silence regarding his past provoked much speculation in Ruby City. Men in their cups spun many legends about him, one being that he was a train robber hiding from the law. "Shucks, you're dead wrong," one miner told the group, "he's a sin killer. He had a big church up East until he caught his brother sparking his wife. Then Little Jo killed his brother and come out here. That's why he don't drink, smoke or cuss or have any truck with women. He's got 'parson' written all over him."

Little Jo lived frugally and saved his money which he gave to the mine superintendent to hold for him. His trust in the old man was sadly misplaced for one day the superintendent left town, bag and baggage taking Jo's heard earned dollars with him. Indignant citizens of Ruby City formed a posse to hunt down the thief but were unsuccessful. The man had disappeared completely.

Stone broke Little Jo obtained work with a Ruby City livery stable. Again he saved his money but this time he kept it and after a few years moved to nearby Rockville and staked a homestead claim. He built a saw mill which was a success from the beginning. Soon Jo acquired a herd. The ranch home he helped to build was spotlessly clean with curtains on the windows. Those who visited him were served on china. He raised chickens and accumulated a hundred head of horses. For his livestock he used as his brand, the letters JM.

The century turned and the rough edges began to wear off the rough frontier. Idaho grew by leaps and bounds. Jo was an accepted and substantial citizen of the vicinity who voted in every election.

As the years began to catch up with Jo he hired a Chinaman to cook for him. Several years later when the servant died Little Jo became a recluse, never visiting any of his neighbors and traveling to Rockville only when he needed supplies. He seemed quite content to live alone and work his ranch.

Neighbors worried over the little man who had grown gray and stooped with the passing years. Fred Palmer, a rancher who lived nearby became his close friend. When Palmer rode by Jo's spread he would yell out a greeting to Little Jo who would wave and yell back.

Then one day, after one of the worst blizzards in history had swept the area, Palmer rode past the Monoghan spread. No smoke was issuing from the chimney and Palmer, with apprehension, broke a trail to the ranch house. He found the stock untended. Palmer, sure by now that something had happened to Little Jo threw his shoulder against the cabin door and broke it in. He found Little Jo unconscious in his bunk.

Holding the slight figure in his arms Palmer rode to Barney Malloy's ranch nearby on Succor Creek. Little Jo died in a few hours without regaining consciousness.

Sadly Palmer and Malloy carried Little Jo's body to a funeral home in Rockville. Then they repaired to the nearest saloon to drown their sorrow for they were genuinely fond of the gentle little man who had lived among them so long. Shortly the undertaker burst through the swinging doors, his face paper white, his lips working soundlessly.

Palmer looked at him in astonishment. "Man, what in the name of God is wrong? Surely you've handled enough dead bodies not to let one upset you even if it was our friend, Little Jo."

The undertaker tried to speak once more but failed. His hands shook violently. Suddenly he slumped down on a bar stool. "Here, man, you need a drink but bad," cried Mulloy pouring a generous slug of red eye in his glass. The undertaker gulped it in one swallow. Then he gasped, "Boys, Little Jo — he warn't no man atall. He war a woman!"

AFTER laying Little Jo to rest in Rockville, Palmer and the ranchers who had known Little Jo returned to his empty cabin and there under his bunk found a small suitcase. They broke it open and learned that Little Jo was really Miss Josephine Monoghan, daughter of a wealthy and socially prominent family of Buffalo, New York.

Her story read like a dime novel the type of literature so popular in that day. Soon after her debut in Buffalo she met a dashing young playboy who seduced her and then deserted her to bear his nameless child. She fled to New York City where her child was born. She secured work as a waitress and placed the boy, Laddie by name, in a boarding house to be cared for. But her salary proved not enough to support herself and the child so she gave the baby to her younger sister and headed west, dressed in man's attire as she didn't want to cross the country as " a woman alone".

In the suitcase were several letters from her sister wrote in detail of Laddie and his doings and was quite properly horrified at the rough life Jo was leading in the mining camp. She also wrote that in accordance with Jo's wishes she had told Laddie his mother was dead.

One letter dated some twenty years after Jo's arrival in Ruby City recounted the details of Laddie's graduation from Columbia Law School and his admission to the New York State Bar.

The last item in the suitcase was a

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faded daguerreotype of Little Jo when "he" made his debut in Buffalo. The eyes of the men were suspiciously damp as they looked at it. One blew his nose loudly and said, "Well, no matter what he war, he war shore a man to ride the river with."

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RW

MY GRANDFATHER DICK PREECE

(Continued from Page 24)

Dick's platoon closed it out on the crisp night of February, 5, 1858. Quietly, like stalking panthers, the Rangers approached the hidden mart of the Comancheros. Three Indian sentries were instantly put out of commission by sudden pistol-butt blows on unsuspecting heads. At a signal from grandfather, the Texans readied for battle. Leaving Little Will in charge, grandfather crawled on hands and knees in the direction of a covered wagon halted at the far end of the plain.

Cedar flares were burning in a tub of pitch tar for illumination. Standing in the vehicle's rear, the boss Comanchero was offering one weapon at a time in the tribal language which he spoke fluently. A suitable bid was followed by immediate delivery of the gun at the hands of Bart Jones, long on the uncaught list of the Texas Rangers

Edwards reached from his stock to display a rusty firepiece that had seen service in the Mexican War, ten years before. "A brave gun for a brave warrior!" he declaimed. "It will bring its warrior many coups." His heavy paw fondled the barrel. "What am I offered?"

A Comanche sub-chief arose holding a tin cup brimming with firewater. "Ten buffalo hides," he shouted thickly. "Ten hides and a —"

From the thicket, Little Will took dead aim on the cup. His bullet entered one side of the cheap vessel and came out the other. The chief stood holding it in a bleary daze as the raw liquid splattered to the ground. The wagon started rolling with Mr. Edwards still clutching the outmoded rifle.

The Comanchero turned in amazement. A young fellow dark as the tribesmen but wearing ranch jeans instead of breech clout, was holding the doubled reins of the horses. His head was half-turned toward the startled Comanchero.

Recognition was immediate. "Dick Preece!" the gun runner screamed. "You god damned Cherokee breed." He reached toward his holstered gun. But the draw of "the Cherokee breed" was faster.

Lark Edwards, worst of the hill country Comancheros dropped across his stacks of condemned U.S. army rifles with a bullet from a Colt .45 in his guts. He squirmed once and gasped twice before his business career ended with his life.

Little Will's command charged on foot into the encampment. Rifle butt crashed against tomahawk. Half-drunk warriors proved to be half-fighters. One dead Comanche fell squarely across the open demijohn. It sagged and spilled its contents on the grass along with the corpse. Grandfather wiped the blood from a bullet scratch, Then he lashed the horses to speed the contraband hardware and its expired owner toward the command post of his outfit further down the San Saba River.

When he arrived, he noticed a dozen Comanche prisoners taken in the battle of the plain. All of them had been among the soused customers of the late Mr. Edwards. Grandfather was destined to collect a near reward for bringing in the gun peddler long wanted dead or alive, but preferably dead. He learned, however that Bart Jones had escaped during the surprise raid.

Grandfather said to the Ranger captain, playing another of those shrewd hunches, "Captain, that polecat made off with the warriors we didn't catch. He couldn't do anything else because any settler would shoot him on sight."

Then he added, "I'll go get Mr. Jones."

He made good his word. He led his platoon toward the ancient Indian "paint mine" on lengthy Jim Ned Creek in what is now Taylor County, Texas. Actually the site was not a mine at all, but a series of colored rock outcroppings from which the tribes extracted the gaudy "paint" with which they smeared their faces.

A week after the slaying of Lark Edwards, the Texans came upon a large party of Comanches camped by the "mine." Women and children were in the band. A Ranger, Jim Rogers, later dishonorably discharged, began aiming at the youngsters as the corps charged into the cluster of teepees.

Dick raised his winchester and spurred his horse toward this fellow whom he'd never rated as Ranger material, "Damn it, Jim Rogers!" he shouted. "I'll blast your addled brains out if you so much as draw on another young un."

Twenty women and tots were captured by the outfit. These would be

William Preece, Jr. made a name for himself on the Texas Ranger rolls.

exchanged later for white captives known to be held by the Comanches. As fifty braves rode away hotly pursued by Rangers, grandfather spotted a white man hiding in a cluster of mesquite trees. He fired a warning shot and called.

"Come out, Bart Jones. Come out unless you want me to go in and bring you out."

Sobbing and quivering, the Comanchero emerged from the mesquite grove.

His neck was doomed as he made the surrender. But grandfather and his comrades were out of the Texas Rangers by the time that he swung from a gallows in San Saba town.

The platoon returned to camp. There they received not congratulations, from a new commander, but final pay and orders to turn in their commissions.

IN another shift of volcanic Texas politics, all pro-Union men were being discharged from the Rangers. For these were fighters respecting the flag of an indivisible United States as well as the flag of Texas. And there was no more articulate Unionist in the whole Ranger establishment than Dick Lincoln Preece.

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Stunned and saddened, the Preece brothers rode homeward through settlements which they had helped free of the Comanche scourge. As they journeyed, grandfather kept hearing drums of war echoing in those keen ears of his.

Yet this time it wasn't the Comanche drums he had listened to so often from some place of concealment in grass patch or canyon. They were the drums of domestic warfare: of country man butchering countryman, of one half of America locked in furious combat with the other half.

But Texas, that young and most peculiar state of the Union, was half-slave and half-free. Cotton country and slave labor country it was in its fertile and low lying eastern half. Cow country and free labor country it was in its western and mountainous section.

But it prairie men clashed with mountain men over the issues splitting the country, the Comanches would stage an orgy of blood across both prairies and mountains.

By 1859 most of the wild tribesmen had been driven to a reservation set aside for them by the federal government in the Wichita Mountains of eastern Territory. By 1860 only a few roving bands remained in the remote, unsettled Texas panhandle.

By 1861-

That year the Union fell apart. And so did Texas. Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated as president of the crumbling nation. That ugly shambles we call the Civil War began. Across Red River, into their old domain of the Lone Star state, rode the Comanches.

County after county in the western half of Texas voted against secession including Travis County of the Preeces and of Austin, the capital. Thousands of Union men, including distinguished ex-Rangers like Dick Preece, refused, from principle, to fight in the armies of the foredoomed southern Confederacy. But grandfather and other loyalist leaders hoped that all Texas, whether Unionist or Confederate, might unite in common defense against the new onslaught of the returning Comanches.

The dice rolled differently.

Grandfather with his outstanding Ranger record found himself a fugitive from men wearing the Ranger badges. That many of these wore it unworthily is now generally admitted. Giving grandfather the most trouble was a pathological character named Jeff Maltby who had his special sick reason for hating the Preeces.

Maltby was a native of Springfield, Illinois, where he had known and feared the town's leading citizen, Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln, it is said, had once re-

Elizabeth Preece, wife of William.

presented a man who had beaten the hot tempered sadist Maltby, in a lawsuit. After coming to Texas, the unpopular drifter had reputedly tried to enlist time and time again with the Rangers. He blamed grandfather for blocking the way.

Three months after Fort Sumter, grandfather who'd tacked up reward posters for so many wanted men, was seeing billets with his own name tacked on the trees of the hill country. "A deserter from conscription" — he was branded. The designation made him feel proud even when he had to keep shifting his residence from one Bull Creek cave to another.

May Preece, wife of grandfather.

Yet from other such "deserters"-and lots of them ex-Rangers he found one of the most effective of the Loyalist resistance groups springing up in the rebellious south from Virginia to Texas. "The Mountain Eagles" his corps was called because the eagle was the emblem of the American republic to which its members would not foreswear allegiance.

Time and time again Maltby, the northern-born leader of Confederate irregulars, invaded the hills looking for boys to conscript in the Confederate armies and stock to be requisitioned for the confederate state "home guards." Time and time again, grandfather, the southern-born chieftain of Unionist irregulars, blocked him.

Maltby scored some triumphs, but he never conquered that detached, unsurrendering patch of the United States which was Bull Creek. Grandfather, the very symbol of the Loyalist counter rebellion, turned caves into citadels which belched death on the mounted thugs every time they rode into the hills. Within the dense caverns he cached stocks of rifles and ammunition supplied to him through the widespread Unionist underground operating from Mexico, across the far away Rio Grande River, but honeycombing western Texas with clandestine political organizations and bands of sure trigger bush fighters

Grandfather became one of the finest sharp shooters and best scouts in a Unionist regular outfit, the First Texas Cavalry of the Federal Army, after the Mountain Eagles were drafted into official service by Colonel Andrew J. Hamilton appointed by President Lincoln to head a sort of a state government functioning underground from ranch to ranch in far western Texas.

BUT while Unionist Texans and Confederate Texans slew each other on common battlegrounds in swampy Louisiana, the Comanches were once more burning and slaughtering. They crossed Red River from Indian Territory in boisterous phalanxes of death. They rode and burnt and raped over a quarter of the state. And if little actual Yankee-Confederate fighting took place on Texas soil, the state knew the far greater horror of renewed Indian warfare.

Two years grandfather had served as a Unionist regular, two years as a Unionist guerilla, when Lee's courageous, weary Confederate remnant surrendered at Appomattox on April 9, 1865. Grandfather was 33. It was an age when a man should be thinking of building for himself a home and a family. But safety for wife and child and doorsill required the absence of Comanches.

In 1866, grandfather married a pretty

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girl, Kate Shannon, from a family of Missouri Unionists which had emigrated to Texas. Then grandfather went about performing his last great service for Texas helping to quell the last, long desperate invasion of the Comanches.

He rode on patrol after patrol to track down the tribesmen roaming the Texas hills till they would be driven north on their final trek across the old Comanche Trail in 1871. Four years later, the last Comanche hold-outs under the mixed blood chief, Quanah Parker, would capitulate in the Panhandle.

As the years went by, grandfather's family multiplied like his herds of cattle and goats and horses. The Comanche Trail faded. But a spur of the Texas Trail, which connected with the Chisholm Trail of the longhorns ran near his ranch.

He became one of the main suppliers of horses for the big drives of Texas cattle to Kansas. Each spring, his boys rounded up herds of wild ponies in the canyons and cedar brakes, broke them and sold them to trail bosses.

Wounds suffered during the Civil War kept Uncle Dick, as everybody called him, from riding the longhorn trails and this was a sore grievance to him. But many a fledgling Texas Ranger dropped off at his ranch to seek instruction in the law of outlaw trails. Two of his brothers, Frank and Little Will, became county lawmen.

He was a distant cousin by marriage of the infamous bandit, Sam Bass, killed at Round Rock, not far from his Travis County ranch, during July of 1878. And it was he who kept some of his hot headed, romantic young nephews from "avenging" Sam's death at the guns of Texas Rangers.

"Sam Bass ain't no kinfolks you boys can be proud of," he said firmly. "He was a bad man and the Rangers did nothing but their duty when they gunned him down."

Grandfather lived on till 1906 when he succumbed to pneumonia. The news spread across the West that Dick Preece, another hero of the Union, was dead. Ex-Confederates who'd ridden with him after gunslingers, white and red, sorrowed with ex-Unionists. By order of Governor Sam Lanham, the Lone Star Flag was lowered at half-mast over the imposing modern capital in Austin.

"Uncle Dick Preece was a great Ranger and a great pioneer," said Governor Lanham, himself a Confederate veteran. "He stretched the Boone Trail from Kentucky to Texas."

RW

SIBLEY'S ARMY OF THE DEAD

(Continued from Page 28)

blasting hell out of the Texans when two important changes took place.

First, Gen. Sibley, staggering from his medicine and illness, retired to an ambulance and turned his command over to Col. Thomas Jefferson Green at 1:30 in the afternoon. Sibley was once described as an officer "whose love of liquor exceeded that for home, country or God."

Second, Col. Canby arrived on the scene to personally direct the Union forces.

The two sides were roughly parallel to each other on the east bank of the river, the Union troops with their backs to it. Canby's first order was to move McRae's battery to the left, with the idea of crushing the Texas flank and pushing it into the center. Good strategy, but it didn't work.

While the Union troops galloped around in general confusion the Texans quietly formed behind a ridge of sand. 250 Rebels prepared to charge the two howitzers on the Union right, while 750 prepared to take the more dangerous guns. McRae's. They were not quite unseen, but it was close enough.

The two guns on the right were guarded by dismounted cavalry and infantry, including Paddy Graydon's spy company and Kit Carson's New Mexican Volunteers. They turned back the mob of charging Texans, inflicting heavy losses. Only a few of the New Mexican Volunteers ran, and they were shot by Kit Carson.

ATTENTION was centered on that fight when a pack of 750 shouting Rebels charged McRae's guns. Stopping only to fire their shotguns and rifles they swept toward McRae in a surging mass before reinforcements could get near. Clubbing and slashing with rifles and Bowie knives, the frenzied Rebels overran the guns, killing the gunners.

Major Lockridge, leading the charge, found himself face to face with Captain McRae, who was standing with one hand on the cascabel of his cannon. His other arm hung limp, shattered by a bullet.

"Surrender, McRae," shouted Lockridge. "I don't want to kill you!"

"I won't leave the guns," said McRae, grabbing his pistol.

Lockridge fired quickly and immediately was hit by a bullet himself. Both bodies slumped across the cannon, their blood flowing together along the barrel. At the time it was thought that they had killed each other, but it was later found that McRae's pistol had not been fired. Someone else had hit Lockridge. This cannon, after the campaign, was on display in El Paso for many years. It was "borrowed" for use during a Mexican revolution but returned to its place in El Paso. It was scrapped during World War II. The blood stains of McRae and Lockridge were reported still visible as late as 1905.

The Rebels quickly reversed the cannons and used them on the Yankees who were advancing. One Texas Lieutenant, caught without a ramrod, substituted a flagstaff.

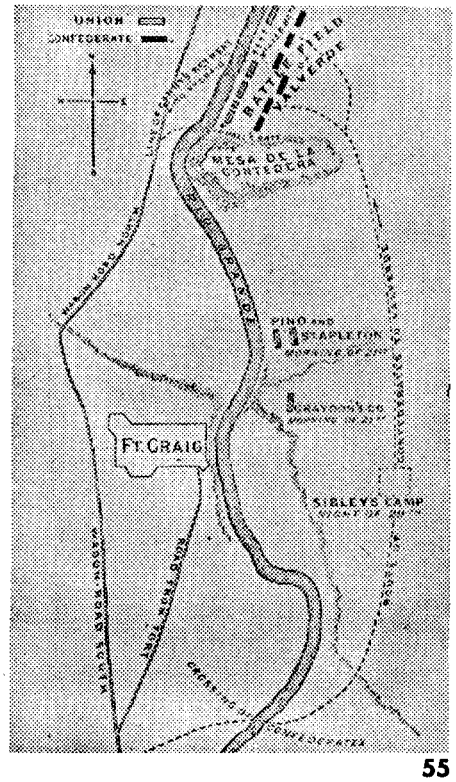
Canby, shaken by the loss of the cannons and the defeat of his troops in that area, sounded retreat.

Many of the volunteers had fled pell-mell toward the river, taking some panicky regulars with them. Canby blamed his defeat on the failure of the New Mexican Volunteers.

At the same time, however, regulars and New Mexican Volunteers were in hot pursuit of the Texans at the other end of the battlefield. Those who had turned the charge pursued the Rebels, shooting and slashing until the Texans were "making a regular Ranger rush to the rear." The Yankees were about to make the slaughter complete when they heard the bugle signal retreat and looked back to see the rest of the troops leaving the battlefield.

Cursing Canby, they abandoned their own fight and carefully moved back. They made fine targets in the chest-high Rio Grande as they crossed under heavy Rebel fire.

Map showing route of Sibley.



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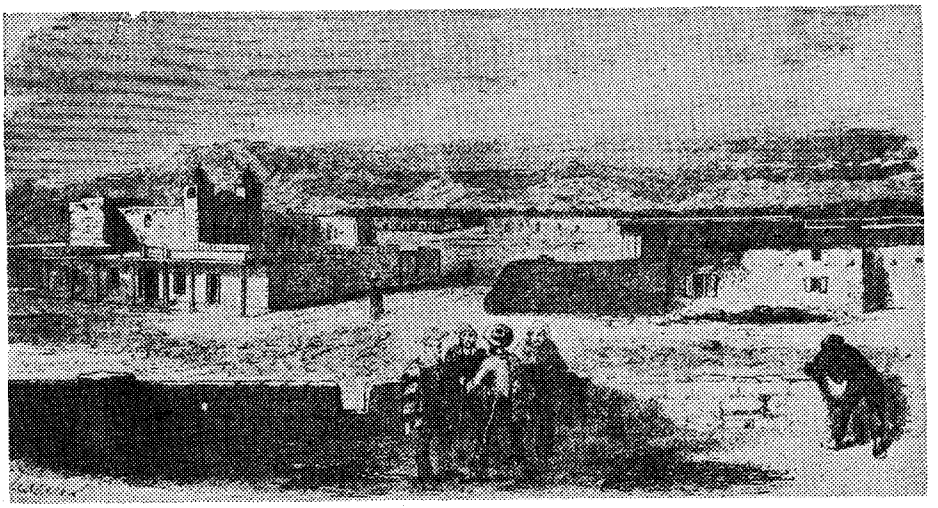


The Plaza in Albuquerque where Sibley hoped to capture food and supplies easily.

UNDER a flag truce, the two forces paused to bury their dead, patch their wounded, and wonder what had gone wrong.

Most of the officers agreed that if Canby had stayed in Fort Craig the Confederate invasion of New Mexico would have ended with that battle. Canby had lost six cannons, 58 men, and most of his personal prestige. He also listed 160 wounded, 35 missing and one horse shot out from under him.

Rebel losses were 36 dead, 150 wounded, and one missing. Most of the troops also noticed why their commander had been missing during the battle. Tired and hungry, they were in no condition to attack Fort Craig. Since most of Canby's men bottled up there Sibley decided to move up the river.

Canby's problem in the battle had been that both regulars and volunteers had failed him on the left, but won victory on the right side. He was aware that he was being blamed for the defeat, but he was still in command. Now he could retreat to Craig and wait for reinforcements or move north to cut off the Rebels again. He sat tight at Fort Craig.

A detachment of militia were guarding Socorro. As the Texans approached the town, the defenders disappeared like ghosts until only a few were left. Sibely convinced the Union commander that any resistance would be suicide, and Socorro became Confederate territory. The militiamen crawled out and surrendered.

The decision to take Socorro was a necessary one, the Confederates had been carrying only five days rations. The Socorro supplies would carry them up the river to Albuquerque, where more was stored.

Looting and pillaging their way north, the Army of New Mexico found very few friends among the civilians. Most of the native New Mexicans didn't care for the Union, but they hated Texans.

As the Rebels approached Albuquerque they stopped and stared, cursing. A column of thick black smoke rose from the town. They spurred their horses forward and dashed into the plaza to find clothing, forage and other stores burning merrily. A number of townsmen were dashing away with their arms loaded with goods. The Captain in charge of the Federal quartermaster stores had loaded as much as he could and sent it to Santa Fe, then burned the rest. His few troops had watched helplessly while the locals looted what they could, knowing that what they took would have to be hidden from the Texans.

But there was welcome news from the west. Southern sympathizers had captured a Union depot and sent in 25 wagon loads of food, arms, ammunition and medical supplies. Next, 23 wagons of supplies for Fort Craig were captured east of Albuquerque. Then two brothers, local merchants, offered $200,000 worth of goods. With all this and what Sibley confiscated from other businessmen, his army was set for a three month campaign.

Happily, the Army of New Mexico pushed on unmolested to Santa Fe. There was a little luck there. Some stores had been burned and the rest sent to Fort Union, but at least there was hay for their horses. It had been piled so close to other houses that to burn it would have fired the town.

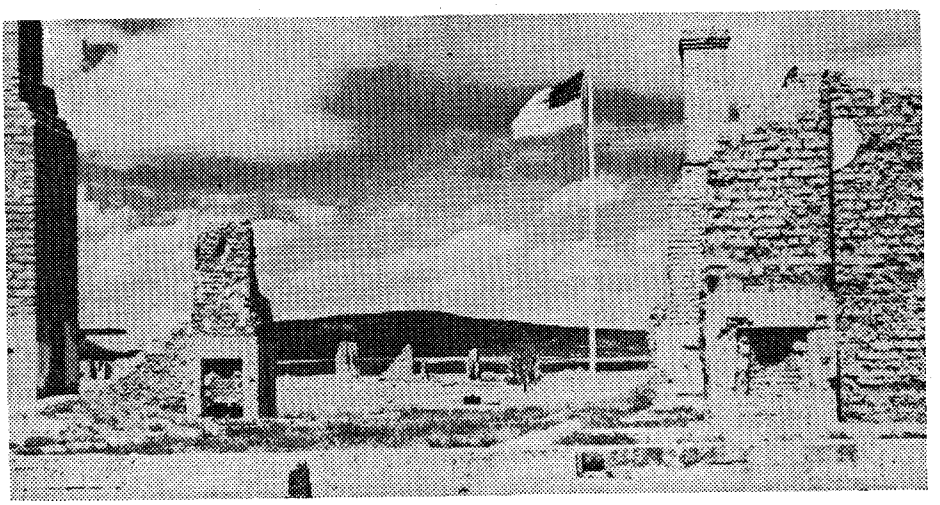
The Governor and all Union troops had retreated to Fort Union, where Canby had ordered them to sit tight.

The Texans were now virtually in control of New Mexico. With Sibley's knowledge of Fort Union, and most of the Union soldiers still at Fort Craig, the last Federal stronghold in the territory should topple easily.

Singing joyfully, the Texans rode up the Santa Fe Trail, headed for the complete conquest of New Mexico, Colorado, California, and victory for the Confederate States of America.

Did they win? Read the next issue of REAL WEST for the exciting and unbelievable climax to this wild plan of General Sibley.

Fort Union, as it looks today, was important goal for Sibley in his battle plan.



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SAN FRANCISCO BAY'S GOLDEN TREASURE

(Continued from Page 29)

Yerba Buena means "good herb" in Spanish. It is also the name given to Spanish mint. This particular type mint grew in profusion on the island and across the bay on the opposite shore where the little pueblo of Yerba Buena was built. It was not until 1847 that the alcalde changed the name of this little pueblo to San Francisco.

General Vallo, whose rancheros were located near the bay, chanced to be floating some horses thru the strait on a raft, when a fine white mare jumped into the water and swam to a nearby island. Thus, the fourth island, Isla de Yegua (Mare Island) was named.

In 1834 Angel Island was granted to John Reed as part of the Rancho Corte Madera, now in Marin County. Concerned with the defense of California, the federal government took over the island in 1852. Angel Island was established as a military post called Fort McDowell with 50 cannons mounted at strategic points. In later years, a detention station for immigrants entering San Francisco was established here.

ALCATRAZ, (which is Spanish for Pelican) sometimes called Bird Island and White Island, is a solid rock, much like a battleship, one quarter mile long, 525 feet wide, and 140 feet high. Governor Pio Pico granted this island to Julian Workman in 1846. Workman soon sold it to a man named Temple, who in turn sold it to Colonel Fremont (acting as a United States representative) for $5,000 in 1849. Fremont did not pay Temple for the island, but the government refused to relinquish it. Most likely they later agreed to a settlement with Temple. Construction of fortifications was begun by the government in 1853. The first lighthouse on the West Coast flashed from Alcatraz Island in 1854. During the Civil War, a military prison was established on the island, and has since been converted into a penitentiary for desperate criminals.

Yerba Buena Island, early considered the most important of the islands; was settled on, bought, sold, traded, and explored. After 20 years of arguments, fights, and court suits, the island was turned over to the Navy Department in 1867. A naval school was established a short while later.

Originally, this island had been populated by dense forests of oak trees. The majority of these had been cut, and used as fuel for ships and homes in the late 1840's and early 1850's.

Strange incidents are reported to have taken place on this island. At one time the skeletal remains of a huge, prehistoric mastodon were discovered. In later years the burial grounds of a very ancient people were uncovered. To make this incident even more remarkable, a well preserved skeleton of a male measuring 6 feet 7 inches was brought to light, indicating that these ancients inhabitants of Yerba Buena Island may have been a race of giants

Then in the year 1875, an old West Indian called Charles Stewart, appeared in the bay area, and told close friends a story that caused a furor, and perhaps led directly to much secret digging being conducted on the island.

Stewart's story was that in 1837 he had signed on a outbound whaler sailing for the Artic Ocean. The ship chanced to put into Callao, Peru for provisions and water at the precise time a local revolution had been born.

A short time after the ship anchored, a boat approached from the direction of the beach. In the boat were two barrels, an iron bound chest, and four people, evidently representatives of the wealthy class.

DISCREETLY, they privately informed the captain that the barrels were filled with gold, and the chest with jewels. This was their entire fortune, and they had no desire to allow it to fall into the hands of the revolutionists. They begged the captain to take their wealth on board the ship and keep it in safety until the revolutionists had been put down. This would only be a day, two at the most, they assured him, and for this small service the captain would be amply rewarded in gold.

Inasmuch as the captain was never adverse to gold, honest or otherwise, an agreement was reached, and the crew loaded the heavy barrels and chest aboard the ship. The people in the boat returned from whence they came, and the captain settled down to wait for the revolution to end. Several days passed, and as the impatient captain could detect no signal from shore, he weighed anchor and sailed.

The whaling ship moved north along the coast of California until it reached San Francisco Bay. The ship's captain knew well the perils that lay before a whaling voyage into the frozen waters of the Far North. And because he knew, he decided to hide the treasure where he could conveniently retrieve it on the return trip.

He chose four men from the crew, loaded the treasure into a boat and rowed to the nearest island (Yerba Buena). The men carried the treasure as far inland as possible, then buried it under earth and rocks. Carefully marking the spot in his memory and on paper, the captain made the four men swear a terrible oath of secrecy. Charles Stewart had been one of the four men chosen to hide the treasure.

As the whaler had continued its voyage into the North, the captain could not forget the vast treasure he had buried in San Francisco Bay. The unlimited power that such wealth could buy tortured his thoughts. His greed and impatience made life aboard ship intolerable for the crew. He was particularly cruel and unjust to the four seamen who shared his secret, and they believed he secretly planned the death of all of them in order to attain the entire treasure for himself.

Unable to continue under such terrible conditions, the four deserted, and started the long, perilous journey south. They reckoned without the insane fury and greed of the ship's captain. Abandoning the voyage, he pursued the four men who knew the secret of the treasure. The deserters were quickly overtaken and the captain killed one of them; but in his haste allowed the other three to make good their escape. It is possible he believed that all four had perished rather than one. The captain, the ship, and none of the crew were ever heard from again, and it is almost a certainty the ship and all hands found an icy grave in the frozen reaches of the Far North.

History has no further record of two of the three men who knew the story of the treasure. It is not known where Fate led them from this point. They were never known to appear again. The third man, Charles Stewart, after a considerable lapse of time returned to the bay area. Though he would never admit it, he was probably personally responsible for a good many of the mysterious holes dug on Yerba Buena. Stewart never revealed the exact location of the treasure, and if he knew it, the secret went with him in death in 1878. It is presumed he had relied on his memory of landmarks to locate the treasure, but after 38 years he had either forgotten, or the landmarks had changed so that they were useless in finding the correct spot.

No indication has ever been pointed to the fact that anyone ever found any part of the treasure. However there are a few things that may have happened to it.

The treasure may not have ever been disturbed, and may still lie in its hiding place even to this day.

Or it may have been picked up and deposited in the depths of the ocean in the enormous amount of dirt and rock moved in the giant maw of the

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steam shovels when the Bay Bridge abutments were placed on Yerba Buena in 1936.

And, too, it may have been removed in the 287,000 tons of rock and 20,000,000 cubic yards of earth that went into the construction of Treasure Island. If this is true, then the treasure may now repose on this man made island in San Francisco Bay.

Accept any explanation, and there is still the likelihood that an enormous treasure of Peruvian doubloons and jewels of South American grandees, lies hidden in a comparatively small area of San Francisco Bay waiting . . . . .

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This article was written from material supplied by the Bancroft Library and the California State Library.

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SAGA OF LITTLE FORT NENDLE

(Continued from Page 25)

Gordon area. In fact, it was these two Wolf Creek pioneers who supplied the data for this account of the old Fort Nendle days.

Other homesteader families and single young men of the Wolf Creek area who often congregated at the Fort were the Charlie and Henry Dortons, Ed Dorton, the Ed Paddocks, Woods brothers, the Jack Truaxes, Clark Cutlers, and Milo Spauldings. Mail was carried by team and buggy from the Albany post office off to the east to Appleton, and young Ed Dorton was the carrier. His father, John Dorton, was the postmaster at the Appleton post office in their home and his youngest sister Anna (Mrs. H.J. Coon) was the assistant postmistress.

For the most part, Fort Nendle was occupied only at night. Bunks were built along the wall, with upper and lower berths, and these were used by the women and children. The only light in the big cave was furnished by lanterns, the homesteaders' real friend, and an old wood-burning stove furnished the warmth. The men slept in their blankets in the above ground structure, taking their turns at guard. Luckily for them, that December of 1890 was very mild, so they did not suffer much from the cold. On the night following the tragic Wounded Knee Massacre of December 29th, however, some snow fell, winds whipped it over the prairie, temperatures dropped sharply, and winter descended in earnest.

Several days later the over 200 Indian men, women, and children killed at Wounded Knee in the unfortunate clash with troops of the 7th U.S. Cavalry were gathered from the battlefield and intersecting canyons and draws by a detail of troopers and civilians, loaded into lumber wagons, and buried in a mass grave in the form of a long trench on a high hill overlooking the battlefield. By this time the cold had become so intense that the bodies were frozen stiff and presented gruesome spectacles as they were loaded into the wagons and hauled to the mass grave on the hill.

Meals were eaten mostly at the sod and log homes of the settlers during the several weeks' occupation of Fort Nendle. Sometimes all would gather at a few of the closer homes and have supper or breakfast together, and now and again picnic lunches would be served at the Fort.

SIMILIAR civilian forts were also erected and used by the homesteaders in the Albany and Larabee Creek communities. Located so near to the south border of the Pine Ridge Indian reservation, danger from the disgruntled, irritable, restless, "ghost" dancing Sioux in the forms of raids or massacres semed very real to the homesteaders, and they were taking no chances.

Wild rumors grew and multiplied, ever increasing the pressure on ragged, frayed nerves, bringing some, especially among the women, near to the breaking point. Sleepless nights and worry sapped their strength and energy, making them nervous and jumpy . . . It was a period of turbulent fear, restlessness, suspicion, and distress, ever fed by wild rumors and fertile imaginations . . . Some were beginning to feel that an Indian attack would be a relief from this prolonged waiting and suspense . . .

While no Indian attack was ever made on Fort Nendle or any of the homesteaders' claims, several incidents occured which brought real "scares" to its defenders. One evening just after sunset a herd of ponies was spotted out on the prairie, being driven by several riders toward the Fort. As dusk drew on with their nearer approach, the Fort was at once alerted, the women and children slipping into the cave while the men took their stations behind the breastworks.

Some wild yelling by the drivers as they swung the pony herd near the Fort nearly resulted in their undoing and in grim tragedy. Only at the last instant, when nervous fingers were tightening on triggers, did the defenders discover that the several riders were homesteaders and not "Injuns". Luckily for them that the discovery was made in time!

One bright moonlit night one of the guards detected what he thought was a party of Indians some distance away, and he quickly alerted the others. Although he swore that he saw movement out there in the bright moonlight, some of the others quickly verified that his "Indians" was merely a clump of trees . . . Loose horses and cattle suddenly appearing near the Fort in the darkness also brought brief alarms in a few instances.

Spindler and wife, authors of article.

On that memorable mid-morning of December 29th, the heavy firing of Gatling guns was suddenly heard by some of the homesteaders, and excitement ran riot. Henry Dorton had pulled out early that morning with a wagon load of cord wood for the Corder store at Pine Ridge. Realizing his brother's grave danger, Ed Dorton quickly mounted his fastest saddle horse and made a swift ride to overtake him before he came too close to the Indian agency.

Young Henry Dorton did not scare easily, however. He, too, had heard the swift, steady firing of Gatling guns off in the direction of Wounded Knee, but had continued on his way with his load. Nor could Ed persuade him to turn back when he overtook him, so they continued on together to Corder's Indian trading post.

When they arrived at the store with their wood, Mr. Corder did his best to get them to seek the shelter of the big store, but they would not heed his grave warning. They did leave their load of wood on the wagon, however, and Henry mounted one of his horses, led the other, and hit out with Ed for home without delay. Although they encountered many Indian wagons and horsebackers, as well as white scouts for

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the cavalry and dispatch riders, both ways, they were not molested and reached their homesteads safely.

The final culmination of this period of Indian troubles, fear, unrest, and suspense that marked the old Fort Nendle days was the Wounded Knee Massacre, which occured on Dec. 29, 1890, while troops of the 7th U.S. Cavalry were attempting to disarm a band of Sioux under Chief Big Foot at Wounded Knee on the Pine Ridge Indian reservation. It has gone down in history as the last armed conflict between the mighty Sioux and the U.S. troops. Somewhat over 200 Indian men, women, and children and 31 soldiers were killed and many more wounded on both sides in the ill-fated affair.

A monument dedicated to the fallen Indian victims was erected by the Indians by the side of the long mass grave many years ago. In 1930 a much higher and better base was added to the monument and the mound of the mass grave was leveled off and sided with a wall of cement entirely around it. Plans are still in progress for making the old Wounded Knee battlefield and burial ground a national monument, as it is one of the most historical spots in the state.

While the Wounded Knee Massacre was a shameful, tragic affair, it ended all organized Indian armed rebellion against the United States and brought peace at last to the great plains area — the last stronghold of the mighty Sioux.

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Material for this article was obtained through interviews with many of the old timers who stood guard at the Fort. Also for thirty years I was Indian agent for that district and naturally learned about Fort Nendle.

RW

THE INCREDIBLE JOAQUIN MILLER

(Continued from Page 43)

He set out at once for this new gold field, taking his wife and baby and an assortment of friends and relatives. In his writings, he gave himself credit for having planted "the first orchard in all of Eastern Oregon." He was appointed Judge of Grant County, and served in that capacity for four years.

His first book, SPECIMENS, was printed in Portland during this period of his life. His second book, JOAQUIN, ET AL, followed shortly.

"I want five hundred copies of each," he told the printer. The cost was $96 for the first, and $192 for the second, plus an additional $100 for fancy binding.

"Miller was very abrupt and business-like in his manner," the printer who set up Miller's books, said about him later. "He was very shabbily dressed, with an unkempt appearance. And his manuscripts were raw. The poet didn't write a legible hand. I had to guess at a great deal of what he had written."

His books were not well received. Miller's friends regarded them as somewhat of a joke. And Bret Harte, writing for The Overland, was out and out derogatory concerning Miller's talents. The books were displayed in the store of S.J. McCormick, Miller's formal publisher, at a price of 50c for SPECIMENS and $1. for JOAQUIN, ET AL. Small attention was paid to them. When the store burned in 1872, half of the books, still unsold, went up in flames with it.

Shortly after his second book came out, Miller divorced Minnie Myrtle Miller. Three children had been born of their union, a daughter, Maud, and two sons. Miller, seeming to care little for anyone but himself, simply left them to fend for themselves as best they could, while he set out for England and the continent to meet and talk with other poets. In Scotland, he knelt at the grave of Burns, and "saw more than 100 books by Ayrshire poets."

Having lost the poet's favor, Minnie Myrtle stayed behind, living in poverty, and bitterness, excluding herself from the world, for a time, in her new role of the woman scorned. It seemed unfair to her that her husband had gone forth unshackled from their marriage to make a name for himself, while she must remain behind, her own talent crushed by the cares marriage had thrust upon her.

Minnie Myrtle had many loyal friends. There were those who considered her to be a better poet than Joaquin. A general belief arose in Oregon that much of the poet's work had been plagiarized from his wife. In her role of wronged woman, Minnie Myrtle fostered this assumption through her poetry, cleverly accusing her ex-husband of boldly lifting lines and stanzas from her writings for his own use.

In the meantime, Joaquin Miller was "discovered" by the British, when his SONGS OF THE SIERRAS was published by a well known London publishing company. Reviews were more than generous. The "Singer of the Siskiyous" became an overnight sensation, both in England and on the continent.

AS reverberations of his fame reached Oregon, Minnie Myrtle, supported by her friends, the women of Oregon, and the press itself, set out to undermine the pedestal of fame upon which the poet found himself. She considered it her duty to let the world know the kind of blackguard Miller *really* was.

In the fall of 1872, Minnie Myrtle Miller, attired in modest and genteel black silk, with white lace at her throat, and virginal white gloves encasing her slender hands, gave a series of lectures on the poet's private life. Needless to say, she was less than kind. Hers was a clever, sarcastic wit, sharp and cutting, when she spoke of her deserter husband. Ill feeling against the poet ran rampant in the wake of Mrs. Miller's appearances. The resulting articles, appearing in Oregon and California newspaper didn't mince words.

The Eugene City Guard reprinted an editorial from the Albany Democrat, which referred to Miller as a "first class bilk, who, besides other injuries he has inflicted upon his unhappy wife, has filched from her literary jewels, and published them as his own."

In this article, the editor took it upon himself to remind his readers that Miller had published no poetry prior to the date of his marriage. "But up to that time, people of this state had been charmed by verses of Mrs. Miller, then 'Minnie Myrtle.' Minnie Myrtle's poetry left off where Miller's began," was the editor's caustic comment.

Miller was further denounced as a "money getter, devoid of affection for his family." "A brute," the Democrat's editor called him. Miller, to all outward appearances, remained unscathed by these attacks upon his character. He returned to Oregon and San Francisco, striding forth with his usual conspicuous vigor.

"A man who never has clique or clan, but lives within himself, and asks nothing and answers nothing," Miller said of himself.

It must have been at approximately this period in his life when he returned to the Modoc Country of Northern California to take his halfbreed daughter, Calli Shasta, from the wilderness, to San Francisco. He placed her with a foster mother, where she lived for seven years, acquiring at least an outward patina of civilization. There is a brief mention of the girl's marriage, which ended in failure, as had her father's. She then went to live with Miller in his home on "The Hights" above Oakland, and died shortly afterward.

"Talk is cheap, but it takes money

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to buy whiskey," Miller was often heard to remark.

THE poet made money from his books, to supplement his income from the law practice which he carried on in the Blue Mountains — enough to travel widely. During the late 1870's, he journeyed once more to London, on the Continent, and to Egypt and Palestine. Upon returning to the United States, he lived in New York City and Washington D.C., taking himself a new bride, one Abbie Leland.

"A sister of the well known Lelands of New York Hotel fame," was the way Joaquin introduced her.

The new Mrs. Miller bore him one child, a daughter named Juanita.

Shortly after his marriage to Abbie, the poet returned to California to settle in his home on "The Hights," where he had monuments erected to the three men who had become his heroes — John C. Fremont, Robert Browning, and Moses. Mingled with the monuments was a macabre funeral pyre, erected as the scene for his final, pagan farewell to the world.

His newly acquired spouse did not share this home with him, perhaps out of disapproval of Miller's latest cause, the advocacy of free love. Whatever her reasons, Mrs. Abbie Miller chose to live elsewhere, until shortly before her husband's death.

At the age of fifty six, Miller became bored with life at "The Hights" and embarked on another journey, this time to the Klondike, under the auspices of the Hearst papers in San Francisco and New York, representing them as correspondent. He carried the barest necessities to sustain him in this northern wilderness — a knapsack filled with hardtack, bacon, tea, his flute, and the tools of his trade, a notebook and pencils.

His newspaper benefactors relied on him to report the hard, cold facts surrounding the discovery of gold in Alaska. However, the poet in Miller won out over common sense. The dispatches he sent to the states during the summer of 1897 hardly amounted to more than flowery descriptions of the terrain, embellished by rambling reports on the beauty of the flora and fauna. There was little, if any mention of the hardships involved. As a result, the men who flocked to the Klondike expecting life there to be a bed of roses, as based on Miller's reports, met with a sudden and harsh awakening. Yet, most of them were willing to admit, after the first flush of indignation, that they had come to the Klondike to search for gold, rather than to view a pretentious landscape.

Miller had intended to return to the states in the fall of 1897, but the steamers failed to arrive. Rather than spend the winter in Dawson, the "Singer of the Siskiyous" decided to walk 220 miles to Circle City. He was caught in an early blizzard, and had to turn back.

It took him thirty grueling, frostbitten days to reach Dawson. With his feet severely frozen, it was necessary for him to crawl the last few miles. The Sisters of St. Ann took him in and treated his tortured flesh. The immense beard, that was so much a part of his eccentric appearance, had offered some protection from the extreme cold. He lost only one toe, and an ear, as a result of his exposure. The loss of his toe became a joking matter to Miller.

"I'm the most no-toe-rious poet in America," he remarked.

Back in the states, the poet turned his energies to a new talent, becoming a vaudevillian overnight. Clad in parka, mukluks and mittens, he regaled his audiences with wild tales of his adventures in the Yukon.

Although this theatrical venture netted him enough money to live comfortably for the rest of his life, the following year found Miller in China, as a newspaper correspondent, reporting on the Boxer War.

He next came into the limelight in 1905, when he was a key figure at the Lewis and Clark Exposition in Portland. The Oregon Journal Souvenier View Book of the fair carried a full page spread depicting Miller in typical garb — flowing beard and hair, boots and Prince Albert coat.

In 1907, the Singer of the Siskiyous revisited Canyon City. His was a cool reception. Old acquaintances cut him dead on the streets, proving that although Minnie Myrtle Miller had been dead for a number of years, her cause against her poet husband had not been a total loss.

During his last years, Miller lived quietly at his home on "The Hights." Upon his death, which occurred on the date of his birth, in 1913, his remains were cremated, and ashes strewn over the vast slopes of Mount Shasta, where he had spent his youthful days in fond dalliance with his Indian Princess.

Belatedly, Canyon City decided to honor the famed poet who had once lived in the small gold town. In 1922, his cabin there was turned into a Joaquin Miller Museum. "Keepsakes for Papa's cabin" were donated by his daughter, Juanita — his quill pen, some of his manuscripts, and his last whiskey jug.

In 1932, the last of his books, A ROYAL HIGHWAY OF THE WORLD, was published posthumously in Portland, Oregon.

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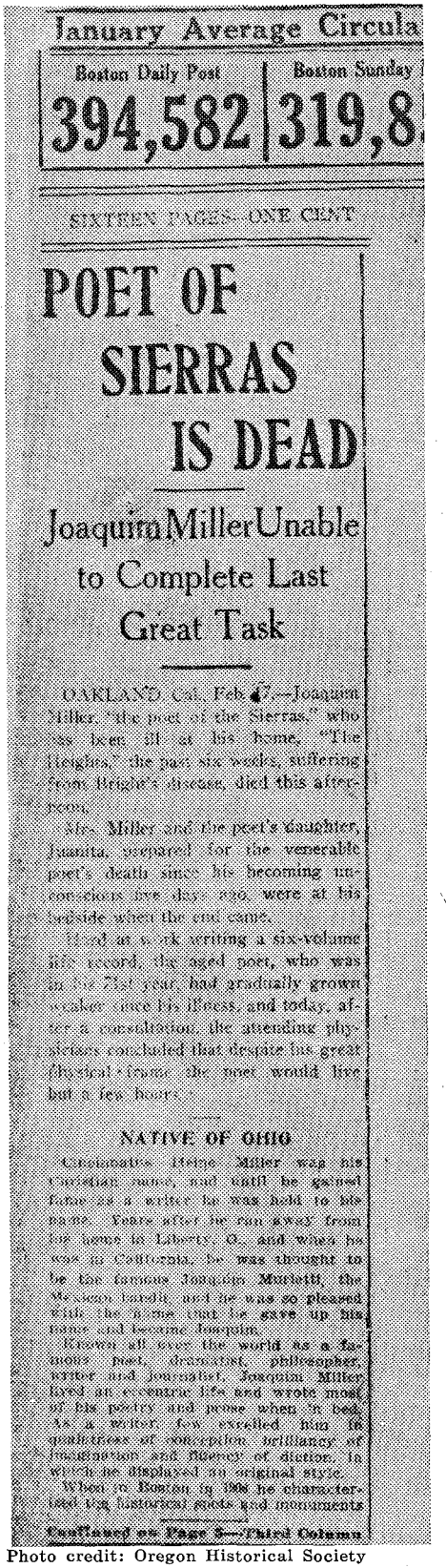

January Average Circula

Boston Daily Post	Boston Sunday
394,582	319,8

SIXTEEN PAGES—ONE CENT

POET OF SIERRAS IS DEAD

Joaquin Miller Unable to Complete Last Great Task

OAKLAND, Cal., Feb. 17.—Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the Sierras," who has been ill at his home, "The Heights," the past six weeks, suffering from Bright's disease, died this afternoon.

Mrs. Miller and the poet's daughter, Juanita, prepared for the venerable poet's death since his becoming unconscious five days ago, were at his bedside when the end came.

Even at work writing a six-volume life record, the aged poet, who was in the 71st year, had gradually grown weaker since his illness, and today, after a consultation, the attending physicians concluded that despite his great physical frame, the poet would live but a few hours.

NATIVE OF OHIO

Cincinnati, Heine Miller was his Christian name, and until he gained fame as a writer he was held to his name. Years after he ran away from his home in Liberty, O., and when he was in California, he was thought to be the famous Joaquin Murieta, the Mexican bandit, and he was so pleased with the name that he gave up his name and became Joaquin.

Known all over the world as a famous poet, dramatist, philosopher, writer and journalist, Joaquin Miller lived an eccentric life and wrote most of his poetry and prose when in bed. As a writer, few excelled him in qualities of conception, brilliancy of imagination and fluency of diction, in which he displayed an original style.

When in London in 1896 he characterized his historical spots and monuments

Continued on Page 3—Third Column

Photo credit: Oregon Historical Society

Newspaper notice of death of Miller.

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HOW THE BUFFALO DIED

(Continued from Page 40)

tancy, at least a dozen large grey wolves (excepting man, the most dangerous enemy of the buffalo).

The doctor determined to watch the performances. After a few moments the knot broke up , and, still keeping in a combat mass, started on a trot for the main herd, some half a mile off. To his very great astonishment, the doctor now saw that the central and controlling figure of this mass was a poor little calf so newly born as scarcely to be able to walk. After going fifty or a hundred paces the calf lay down, the bulls disposed themseves in a circle as before, and the wolves, who had trotted along on each side of their retreating supper, sat down and licked their chaps again, and though the doctor did not see the finale, it being late and the camp distant, he had no doubt but that the noble fathers did their whole duty by their offspring, and carried it safely to the herd.

WHEN the calves are young they are kept always in the center of each small herd, while the bulls dispose themselves on the outside. When feeding, the herd is more or less scattered but on the approach of danger it closes and rounds into a tolerably compact circular mass.

Although there is not a particle of danger in approaching such a herd, it requires in a novice an extraordinary amount of nerve. When he gets within 300 yards, the bulls on that side, with heads erect, tails cocked in air, nostrils expanded, and eyes that seem to flash fire, even at that distance, walk uneasily to and fro, menacing the intruder by pawing the earth and tossing their huge heads.

The enemy still approaching, some bull will face him, lower his head, and start on a most furious charge. But alas for brute courage! When he has gone twenty or thirty yards Mr. Bull thinks better of it, stops, stares an instant, and then trots back to the herd. Another and another will try the same game, with the same result and if, in spite of these ferocious demonstrations, the hunter still approaches, the whole herd will incontinently take to its heels.

This bullying proclivity, combined with his natural indisposition to get out of the way, has been the cause of the death of thousands at the hands of men to whom buffalo killing was no novelty, who needed no meat, and who would not have gone fifty yards out of their way to kill, but in whom opportunity so roused that spirit of murder which is inherent in every sportsman's breast, that the temptation was too strong to be resisted.

BUFFALO hunting on horseback is a very different thing, and, to a novice, full of excitement. A buffalo can run only about two-thirds as fast as a good horse but what he lacks in speed he makes up i bottom or endurance, in tenacity of rpose, and in most extraordinary vitality.

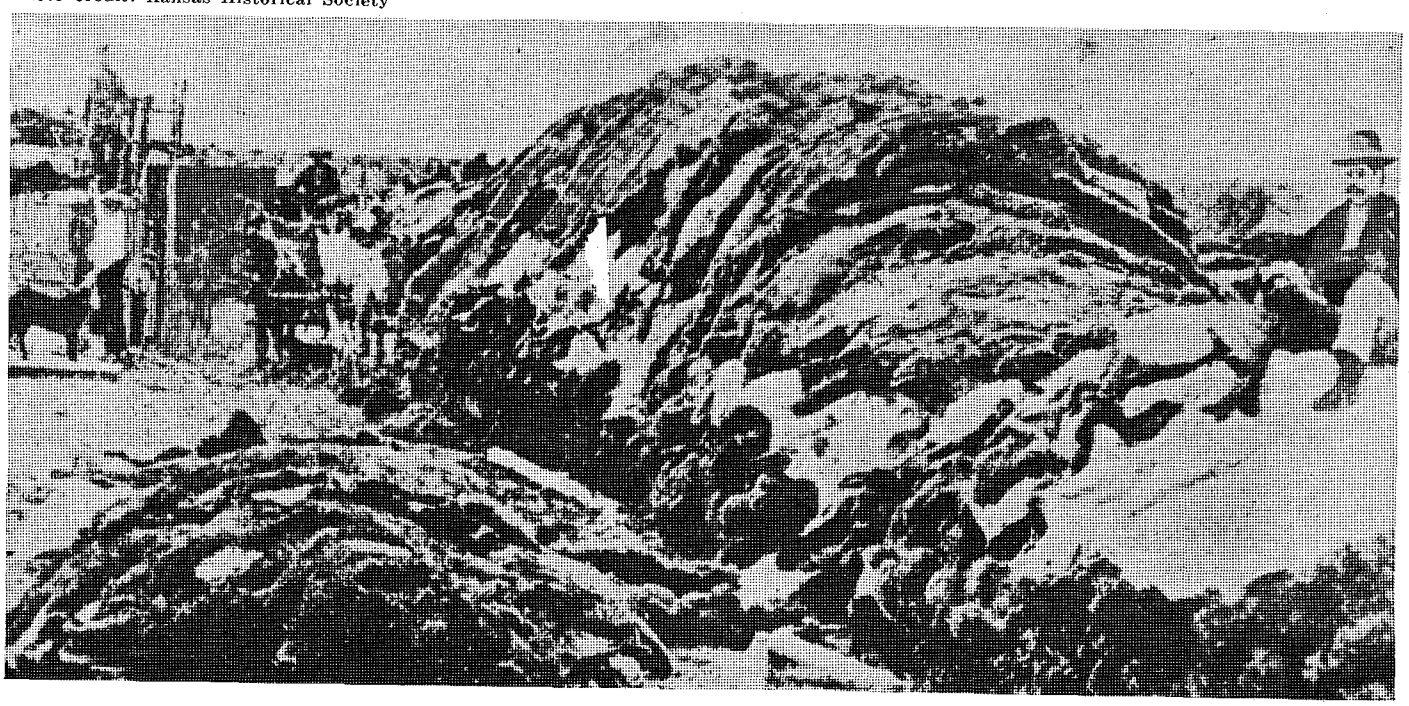
A herd will stand staring at an approaching horseman until he is within about 300 yards. It will then begin to move off slowly, and, when he is within about 250 yards, it will probably break into a gallop. This is the sportsman's moment. A good horse ridden by a man who knows his business will be among them before they have gone 200 yards, to shoot and slaughter at his pleasure. A poor horse, or careful rider, and the hunter will find to his sorrow that 'a stern chase is a long chase.' If a herd is not overtaken in 500 or 600 yards the chase had better be abandoned, if any regard is to be had for the horse. The difficulty in this hunting is that the herd is enveloped in a cloud of dust, which prevents very careful aim. The explosion of the pistol creates a turmoil, confusion, and change of places among the flying animals, rendering it almost impossible to shoot at any individual buffalo more than once, and their vitality is so great that it is an exceedingly rare exception when one is brought down by a single shot.

THE danger is not so much from the buffalo, which rarely makes an effort to injure his pursuer, as from the fact that neither man nor horse can see the ground, which may be rough and broken or perforated with prairie dog or gopher holes. This danger is so imminent that a man who runs into a herd of buffalo may be said to take his life in his hand.

I have never known a man hurt by a buffalo in such a chase. I have known of at least six killed, and a very great

Part of the 2,000 nides Wright and Rath shipped east. When the number of shipped hides increased the price fell.

Photo credit: Kansas Historical Society



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many more or less injured, some very severely, by their horses falling with them.

The knowledge of the danger, the rush of the horse, the thundering tread of the flying brutes, the turmoil, the dust, the uncertainty, and, above all, the near proximity and ferocious aspect of the lumbering throng, furnish excitement enough to set wild the man who is new to it. There is, however, a sameness about it which soon palls, and an old buffalo hunter rarely runs buffalo. It is very good for an occasional "flyer", but frequent repetition is like eating quail on toast every day for a month — monotonous. However ardent the sportsman, however eager for this especial sport while new to it, two or three seasons will dull the edge of the keenest appetite.

The running is very different under different circumstances. A single buffalo offers very little sport even to an enthusiastic novice. He is generally an old fellow whom solitary life has rendered self-reliant. He has little disposition to run from any enemy and, when he does start, he runs so slowly and wastes so much time in "gibing and filling" to watch his pursuer, that he is generally a prey so easy that, after the killing, the murderer's conscience smites him, and his self respect is gone.

"I'd as lief shoot an ox," has often been the report, in a lachrymose, self-abashed tone, of a beginner whom I had sent off in a fury of excitement after a solitary old bull.

THE pursuit of a small herd of bulls is equally unsatisfactory. A race after a small herd of twenty or thirty cows and six months' calves gives to the hunter a much more ample compensation for his time and trouble. When from three to six months old, the calves run like the wind, and to dash into such a herd, single out a calf, pursue and bring it to bag, is a feat worthy of record for the novice. This selection of the animal is the beauty and perfection of buffalo hunting. On account of the confusion of numbers and the dust, it can scarcely be done in a large herd, except by first splitting it up into small herds.

This is much more easy than would appear. When a hunter rushes into a large herd, the buffalo on each side of his horse push from him laterally. As he gets farther into it the buffalo passed do not close in his rear, but being now able to see him more clearly, press farther and farther away. The consequence is that the hunter finds himself riding in a V, the point of which is only a little in advance of his horse's head. By going completely through the herd it is not only split, but the leading buffalo on each side, now clearly seeing the position of the foe, immediately diverge from him, and consequently from each other.

The herd is now two herds, which run off in different directions. Pursuing one of these it is split again and again, until the hunter is enabled to select his animal from the diminished numbers.

ALL this requires an excellent horse, a cool and skillful rider, and, what is difficult to find on the plains, good ground and plenty of it. Among steep ravines or very broken ground the buffalo can travel better than the best horse

In 1840 the buffalo ranged from the plains of Texas to beyond the British line; from the Missouri and Upper Mississippi to the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Every portion of this immense area was either the permanent home of great numbers of buffalo, or might be expected to have each year one or more visits from migratory thousands.

Hunters' tradition says that the first great break in his regular irregularity occurred about the winter of 1844-45 in that portion of country now known as Laramie Plains. That whole section was visited by a most extraordinary snowstorm. Contrary to all precedent, there was no wind, and the snow covered the surface evenly to the depth of nearly four feet. Immediately after the storm a bright sun softened the surface, which at night froze into a crust so firm that it was weeks before any heavy animal could make headway through it.

The Laramie Plains, being entirely surrounded by mountains, had always been a favorite wintering place for buffalo. Thousands were caught in this storm and perished miserably. Since that time not a single buffalo has ever visited the Laramie Plains.

WHEN I first crossed these plains in 1868, the whole country was dotted with skulls of buffalo, and all apparently of the same age, giving some foundation for the tradition. Indeed, it was in answer to my request for explanation of the numbers, appearance, and identity of age of these skulls, that the tradition was related to me by an old hunter, who, however, could not himself vouch for the facts.

The next great break occurred at a comparatively recent date. The great composite tribe of Sioux, driven by encroaching civilization from their homes in Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, had crossed the Missouri and thrust themselves between the Pawnees on the east and south, and the Crows on the north and west.

A long-continued war between these tribes taught at least mutual respect, and an immense area, embracing the Black Hills and the vast plains watered by the Niobara and White Rivers, became a debatable ground into which none but war parties ever penetrated. Hunted more or less by the surrounding tribes, immense numbers of buffalo took refuge in this debatable ground, where they were comparatively unmolested, remaining there summer and winter in security. When the Pawnees were finally overthrown and forced onto a reservation, the Sioux poured into this country, just suited to their tastes, and finding buffalo very plentiful, and a ready sale for their robes, made such a furious onslaught on the poor beasts, that in a few years scarcely a buffalo could be found in all the wide area south of the Cheyenne and north and east of the North Platte.

This area, in which the buffalo had thus become practically extinct, joined on the southwest the Laramie Plains country and there resulted a broad east and west belt from the Missouri to the mountains which contained no buffalo.

IN 1870 the original great buffalo range had become pemanently divided into two ranges. The Southern buffalo ranged from Northern Texas to about lat. 41 degrees 30'. The Northern ranged from about lat. 43 degrees, through what is known as the Powder River country, into the British possessions. Of the numbers and position of the Northern buffalo but little is known.

We will see what has come to the Southern.

Their range was as described above, but their most prized feeding ground was the section of country between the South Platte and Arkansas Rivers, watered by the Republican, Smoky, Walnut, Pawnee, and other parallel or tributary streams, and generally known as the Republican country. Hundreds of thousands went south from here each winter, but hundreds of thousands remained. It was the chosen home of the buffalo.

In 1872 some enemy of the buffalo race discovered that their hides were merchantable, and could be sold in the market for a goodly sum. The Union Pacific, Kansas Pacific, and Atchison Topeka and Santa Fe Railroads soon swarmed with "hard cases" from the East, each excited with the prospect of having a buffalo hunt that would pay. By wagon, on horseback, and afoot, the pot-hunters poured in, and soon the unfortunate buffalo was without a moment's peace or rest. Though hundreds of thousands of skins were sent to

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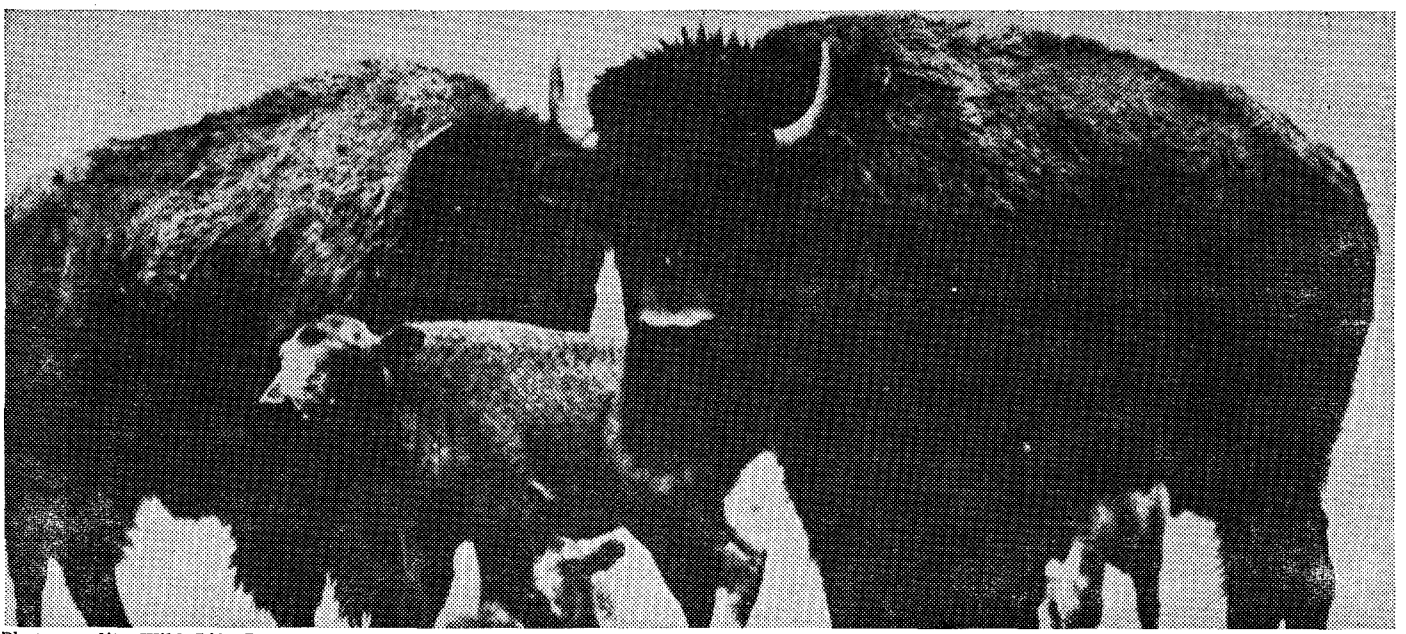

Photo credit: Wild Life Bureau

Buffalo cows with calves at Wichita Mountains Wild Life refuge in Oklahoma where protected herd is increasing.

market, they scarcely indicated the slaughter. From want of skill in shooting, and want of knowledge in preserving the hides of those slain, on the part of these green hunters, one hide sent to market represented three, four, or even five dead buffalo.

THE merchants of the small towns along the railroads were not slow to take advantage of this new opening. They furnished outfits, arms, ammunition, etc, to needy parties, and established great trades, by which many now ride in their carriages.

The buffalo melted away like snow before a summer's sun. Congress talked of interfering, but only talked. Winter and summer, in season and out of season, the slaughter went on.

The fall of 1873 saw an immense accession of hunters; but by this time the local merchants, recognizing its importance, had got the trade pretty well into their own hands. Most of the hunting parties were sent out by them, and were organized for even a greater destruction of buffalo, and with more care for the proper preservation of the hides and meat. Central depots were established in localities where buffalo were plentiful. Parties were sent out from these which every few days brought back their spoil. Houses were built for smoking and corning the meat, and, though the waste was still incalculable, the results would be incredible but that the figures are taken from official statistics.

IN 1871-72 there was apparently no limit to the numbers of buffalo. In 1872 I was stationed at Fort Dodge, on the Arkansas, and was out on many hunting excursions. Except that one or two would be shot, as occasion required, for beef, no attention whatever was paid to buffalo, though our march led through countless throngs, unless there were strangers with us. In fall of that year three English gentlemen went out with me for a short hunt, and in their excitement bagged more buffalo than would have supplied a brigade. From within a few miles of the post our pleasure was actually marred by their numbers, as they interfered with our pursuit of other game.

In the fall of 1873 I went with some of the same gentlemen over the same ground. Where there were myriads of buffalo the year before, there were now myriads of carcasses. The air was foul with sickening stench, and the vast plain, which only a short twelve-months before teemed with animal life, was a dead, solitary, putrid desert.

We were obliged to travel southeast to the Cimarron, a distance of ninety miles, before we found a respectable herd. Even there we found the inevitable hunters, the southern line of the State of Kansas being picketed by them. They were wary of going into Indian territory, where they might be arrested, but an unfortunate herd no sooner crossed the line going north than it was destroyed. In October 1874 I was on a short trip to the buffalo region south of Sidney Barracks. A few buffalo were encountered, but there seemed to be more hunters than buffalo. The country south of the South Platte is without water for many miles, and the buffalo must satisfy their thirst at the river. Every approach of the herd to water was met by rifle bullets, and one or more buffalo bit the dust. Care was taken not to permit the others to drink, for then they would not return. Tortured with thirst the poor brutes approach again and again, always to be met by bullets, always to lose some of their number.

But for the favouring protection of night, the race would before now have been exterminated. In places favourable to such action as the south bank of the Platte, a herd of buffalo has, by shooting at it by day, and by lighting fires and firing guns at night, been kept from water for four days, or until it has been entirely destroyed. In many places the valley was offensive from the stench of putrefying carcasses.

At the present time the Southern buffalo can hardly be said to have a range; the term expresses a voluntary act, while the unfortunate animals have no volition left. They are driven from one water hole to meet death at another. No sooner do they stop to feed than the sharp crack of a rifle warns them to change position. Every drink of water, every mouthful of grass, is at the expense of life, and the miserable animals, continually harassed, are driven into localities far from their natural haunts, anywhere to avoid the unceasing pursuit. And this marked the beginning of the end for the buffalo.

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BLOODY VENGEANCE OF THE PUEBLOS

(Continued from Page 15)

and finished it by shooting him to death with arrows. His body was thrown out, and the hogs had eaten part of it when Mrs. Beaubien, the Spanish wife of Judge Beaubien, learned of it and had some men bury the remains.

Meanwhile the Beaubiens were in very real danger. There had been at their house another member of the La Clede Rangers, Robert Cary by name, but he had gone to Santa Fe on the day previous with Judge Beaubien. The Indians, supposing him to be there were met by Narcissus Beaubien, the judge's son, a promising youth of twenty, who had just finished his education in the States.

They murdered him, probably mistaking him for Cary. They also murdered Pablo Harvimeah, a friendly Mexican. General Elliot Lee, of St. Louis, was in Fernandez at the time. He fled to the house of a friendly priest, who concealed him under some sacks of wheat. The Indians searched for him some time before they discovered his hiding-place. They were then about to drag him forth and kill him, but the priest interceded and persuaded them to go away. They returned several times, but the Padre succeeded in saving him. The only other American who escaped from the place was Charles Towne. His father-in-law, a Mexican, mounted him on a swift mule and he brought the news of the massacre to Santa Fe.

The insurrection was now under full headway. Messengers were sent in every direction to urge the people to rise against the Americans. The Rio Abajo (the lower river country, as distinguished from the Rio Arriba, or upper river country) was especially called on for aid. On the evening of the same day eight Americans were captured, robbed, and shot by the insurgents, on the road near Mora, a town of some 2000 inhabitants, situated about seventy-five miles east of Santa Fe, near the road to the States.

They were Romulus Culvem, L.I. Waldo, Benjamin Praett, Louis Cabano, Mr. Noyes, and three others in the company. On the same day also two Americans were killed on the Colorado, and shortly afterwards several grazing camps were attacked, the guards killed, and the cattle run off.

These outrages were by Mexicans. Capt. Hendley, who was stationed near Mora, attacked the Mexicans there on January 24. He was killed and his force repulsed. On February 1, Captain Morin, with 200 men, attacked and destroyed the town, with everything in it; but Cortez, the Mexican leader there, escaped.

Let us return to Indians. Twelve miles above Don Fernandez the road through the *Valle de Taos* crosses the Arroyo Hondo (Deep Creek. Arroyo means a small river, but is commonly used in the West to indicate any land subject to overflow, from a dry gulch to a river bottom). At this place Simeon Turley, an American, had established a mill and a distillery. These buildings, with the stables and outhouses, were enclosed in a square corral. On one side, at a distance of about twenty yards, ran the stream; on the other the ground was broken, and rose abruptly at a short distance, forming the bank of the ravine.

At the rear was a little garden, to which a small gate opened from the corral. Turley was not apprehensive of danger, and had little cause to be. He had married a Mexican woman. He was well-known and generally liked. He was celebrated for his generosity and humanity. No needy man was turned unaided from his door. He had even been warned of the intended revolt, but had paid no attention to the warning.

On the morning of the 19th one of his employees, named Otterbees, who had been to Santa Fe on an errand, rode up to the mill at full speed. He reined his panting horse only long enough to tell Turley that the Indians had risen and massacred Governor Bent and others.

Even then Turley did not anticipate any molestation, but there were eight white men, mostly American trappers, at the mill, and on their insistance the gates of the corral were closed and preparations made for defense. In a few hours a large crowd of Pueblos and Mexicans, armed with guns, bows, and lances, made their appearance, and, advancing under a white flag, demanded the surrender of the place and the men.

THEY told Turley that they would spare his life, but that the other Americans must die, that they had killed the governor and all the Americans at Fernandez, and not one was to be left alive in New Mexico. It was a hard choice for Turley. On one side was his life, his family, and his property. On the other were the lives of eight of his countrymen.

He did not hesitate for an instant. His answer was: "I will never surrender my house or my men. If you want them you must take them." The enemy drew off, consulted for a few minutes, scattered, and began their attack. Under cover of the rocks and cedar bushes,

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which were abundant on all sides, they surrounded the corral and kept up an incessant but ineffectual fire on the mill.

The defenders did better. They had blocked the windows, leaving only loopholes, and from each one of these there sped a ball with unerring aim at every assailant who showed himself. During the day several of the attackers were killed. Nightfall brought no material change in the condition of the besieged. They wasted no ammunition in the dark, but passed the night in running bullets, cutting patches, and completing the defenses of the place. It was the last night on earth for all but two of them.

The attacking party originally numbered about five hundred and was constantly growing. They kept up a continual fire during the night at the upper part of the buildings, while a part of them effected a lodgment in the stables and outbuildings. One squad reached a shed which joined the main building and attempted to secure an entrance by breaking through the wall, but its combined strength of logs and adobes resisted all their efforts.

When morning broke, this party still remained in the shed, which proved disappointing as a point of attack. Finding that they could not injure the besieged from that position, they began running across the open space to the stables beyond, and several had done so in safety before the men in the mill noticed them. The next who attempted to cross was a Pueblo chief. He was dropped dead in his tracks near the centre of the open space An Indian at once dashed out and attempted to drag his body in. A rifle cracked the Indian leaped into the air and fell across the body of his chief, shot through the heart. A second followed and a third, only to meet the same fate.

Then three Indians rushed to the place together. They had laid hold of the chief's corpse by the head and legs and lifted it up, when three puffs of blue smoke came from the loopholes, three rifles rang out, and three more bodies were added to the ghastly pile. Then a great shout of rage went up from the besiegers and a rattling volley was poured into the mill. Until then no one in the mill had been injured, but from this volley two men fell mortally wounded. One was shot through the loins and suffered great agony. He was removed to the still-house and placed on a pile of grain, which was the softest bed at hand. The conflict then lulled a little.

In the middle of the day the assailants, growing more furious at their baffled attempts, renewed the attack more fiercely than ever. The little garrison stood to their defense as coolly

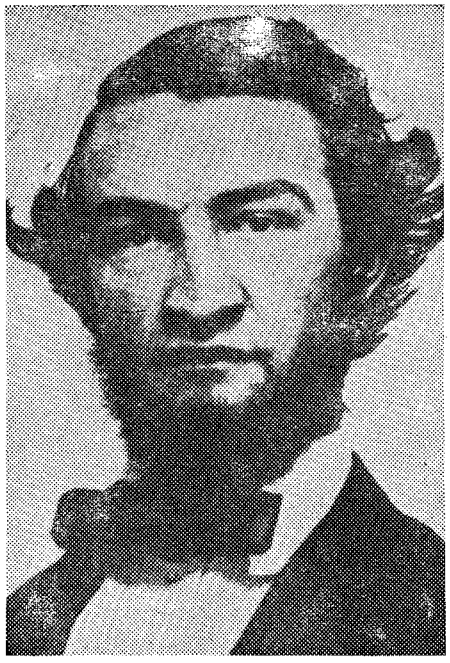


Photo credit: Kansas State Historical Society

Ceran St. Vrain who played part in war.

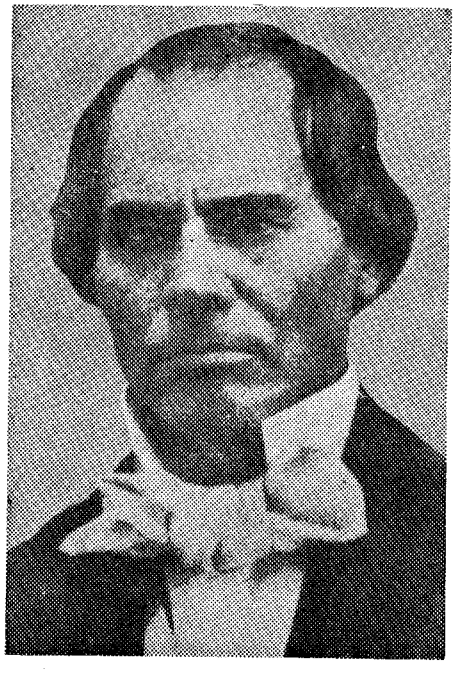
and bravely as before, and their rifles spoke death to every Indian or Mexican who exposed himself. But their ammunition was failing, and, what was worse, the enemy had succeeded in firing the mill. It blazed up fiercely and threatened entire destruction, but the inmates succeeded in quenching the flames.

While they were thus occupied the assailants entered the corral and vented their rage by spearing the hogs and sheep, which had been gathered there for protection. As fast as the flames were extinguished in one place they broke out in another.

The assailants were constantly in-

Governor Bent was victim of Pueblos.

Photo credit: Smithsonian Institute



creasing in numbers. It was evident that a successful defense was hopeless. The besieged therefore determined to fight until night and then each one attempt to make his escape as best he could. Just at dusk two of the men ran to the wicket-gate that opened into the garden in which were a number of armed Mexicans. They rushed out at the same time and discharged their rifles full in the faces of the crowd. In the confusion that ensued one of them threw himself under the fence, and from there he saw his companion shot down and heard his cries for mercy, mingled with shrieks of pain, as the assassins pierced him with their knives and lances.

He lay motionless under the fence until it was quite dark and then escaped to the mountains. After travelling day and night, with scarcely an hour's rest, he finally succeeded in reaching a trader's fort, half dead with hunger and fatigue. Turley also succeeded in reaching the mountains unseen. There he met a Mexican with whom he had been on intimate terms for years. He was mounted. Turley offered him his watch for the use of the horse, the animal itself not being worth one third as much, but he was refused.

STILL the mounted hypocrite affected compassion for him and promised to bring him assistance if he would remain at a certain rendezvous. He then proceeded to the mill and informed the Indians of Turley's whereabouts. A large party of them hurried to the place and shot him to death. One other man made his escape and reached Santa Fe in safety. The others, Albert Turbush, William Hatfield, Louis Tolque, Peter Roberts, Joseph Marshall, and William Austin, perished at the mill. Everything about the place that the victorious party desired they carried off, and the rest was burned. On the morning of the 21st all that remained of Turley's mill was a smouldering ruin — the smoking ashes of a bloody funeral pyre.

The news of the murders at Don Fernandez was brought to Colonel Price on the 20th, and on the same day he intercepted some of the messengers sent by the insurgents to the Rio Abajo, on whom were found letters which showed their plans in full. All the Americans in Santa Fe were thrown into a fury of excitement and indignation when they heard of the horrible treatment of their universally beloved governor. Colonel Price reviewed the troops, and announced to them that he would inflict summary punishment on the guilty.

He at once sent orders to Major Edmonson to come up from Albuquerque with his regiment of mounted Missouri volunteers and Santa Fe garrison.

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Captain Burgwin, who was at the same place with two companies of dragoons, was instructed to leave one company at Santa Fe and join Price in the field with the other. Felix St. Vrain, Bent's partner, organized a company of mounted volunteer "avengers", which was joined by merchants, clerks, teamsters, and mountaineers, to the number of fifty. Without waiting for the troops from Albuquerque, Price marched for Taos on the 23rd, with 353 infantry, four 12-pound howitzers, and St. Vrains' company.

On the next day they met the insurgents near La Canada, about 1500 strong, seemingly anxious for a fight, but a brief cannonade and a gallant charge put them to flight. A detachment of them undertook to destroy the wagon-train, but Captain St. Vrain's force beat them off. On the 28th the command reached Luceros, and was there joined by Captain Burgwin with two companies, one mounted, and Lieutenant Wilson of the 1st dragoons, with a 6-pounder, increasing the command, rank and file, to 479 men.

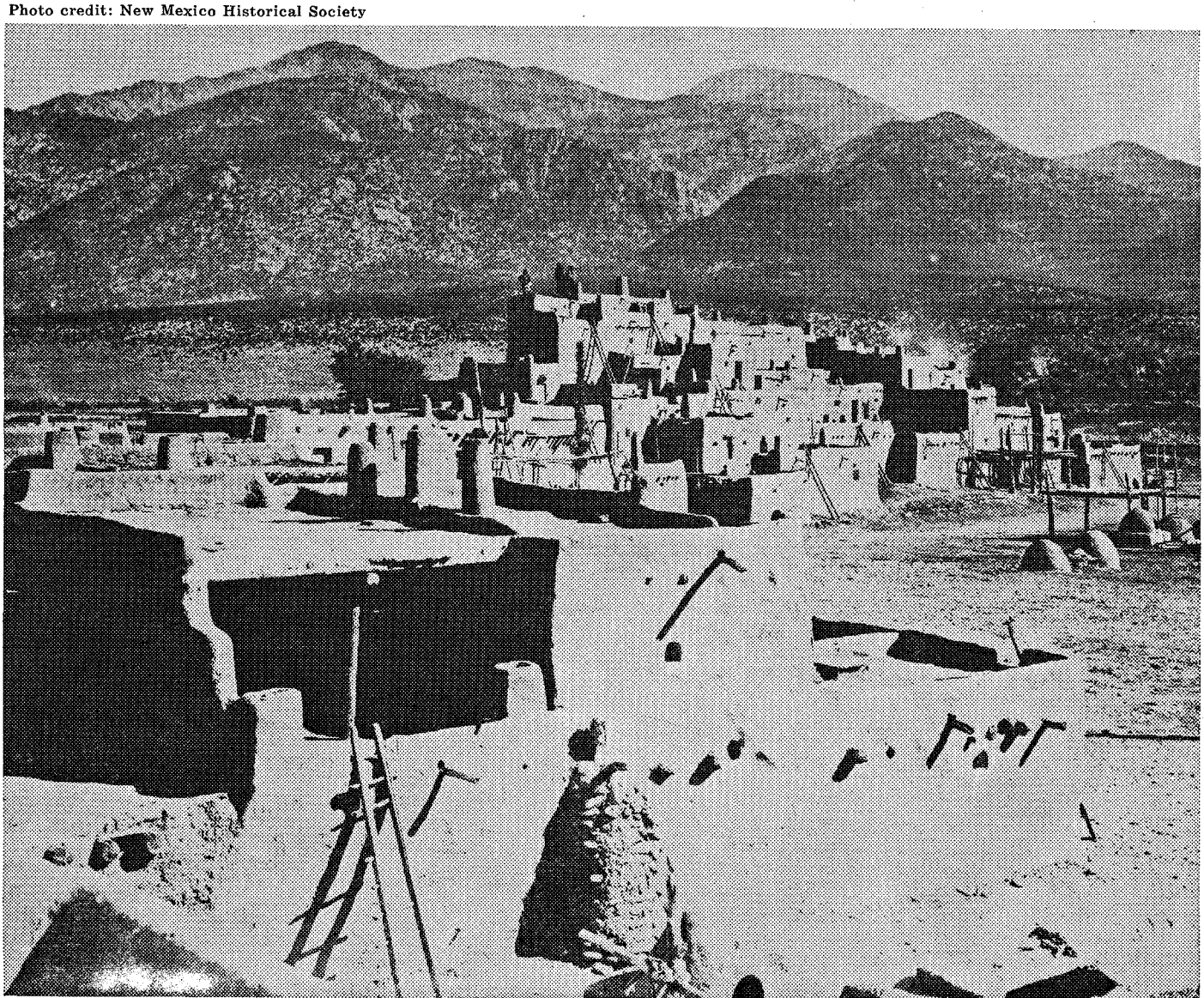
The succeeding day it was learned that the enemy, 650 strong, were posted in the canyon leading to the town of Embudo. As the road through the canyon was impassable for artillery and wagons, a detachment of 180 men, under Captain Burgwin, including St. Vrain's volunteers, was sent to dislodge them. This detachment reached the enemy's position and found them posted on both sides of the narrow gorge, screened by forests and masses of rock. The Americans dismounted and charged up both sides of the canyon, in open order, firing rapidly. The enemy broke at once and fled towards Embudo, with a speed which made pursuit vain. The detachment occupied Embudo that night, and rejoined the main body at Trampas on the 31st.

Their loss at Embudo was one killed and one — Dick, the colored servant of the late governor — severely wounded; the insurgents had twenty killed and sixty wounded. The march from Trampas was one of great hardship, the road being up Taos mountain and down into the valley beyond. The troops had to wade through deep snow, two and three feet of it at the summit, and break a road for the wagons. They had no tents, and their blankets were carried on their backs. They bore their trials with the uncomplaining patience of veterans, although many were frostbitten, and all were jaded. The exposure of this march proved to be as fatal as the arms of the enemy, for numbers contracted fevers which resulted in death. Among these were Lieutenants Lackland and Mansfield.

The command marched up the valley, passing through Don Fernandez de Taos without any opposition until, on the afternoon of Feb. 3, they reached

The tribe retreated to this pueblo when the army had themoutnumbered. Here surrounded, many of them were killed.

Photo credit: New Mexico Historical Society



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the pueblo, where the enemy was strongly fortified. The village was entirely surrounded by adobe walls and strong pickets, the enclosure being almost a rectangle in shape, about 250 yards long and 200 yards wide. In the northeast and southeast corners were the two large houses, or pueblos proper, rising like pyramids to heights of seven and eight stories, and capable of sheltering 800 men each.

In the northwestern corner was the large adobe church, opening to the south in a corral. Between each of these buildings and the walls was an open passage-way. There were also a number of small buildings within the enclosure, mostly to the north of the small stream which enters near the southwest corner and passes out on the east side. The exterior wall and those of the buildings were pierced for rifles, and every point of the exterior wall was flanked by projecting buildings at the angles.

The little army halted before this ancient stronghold. Its inhabitants hurled their jeering defiance from the housetops, or peered with curious eyes through their narrow windows at the deluded foe who had expected to injure them. They were face to face; the oldest civilization of the United States and its newest; the one confident in its numbers and its massive walls, the other in its engines of war, its discipline, and its valor. The artillery was unlimbered and played on the west side of the church for two hours and a half, but with no perceptible effect.

At the end of that time, as the men were suffering from the cold, and the ammunition-wagon had not come up, the Americans retired to Fernandez for the night. Colonel Price, in the meantime, had thoroughly reconnoitred the village, and decided on his plan of attack. The Indians on the housetops mistook the withdrawal for a retreat, and, with insulting gestures and epithets, told the Americans to come on if they wanted to be killed. The invitation was accepted early on the following morning, the village being surrounded and work begun in earnest. Captain Burgwin, with the dragoons and two howitzers, was stationed on the west side, opposite the church. Captains Slack and St. Vrain, with the mounted men, were placed on the east side, to prevent the escape of fugitives to the mountains.

THE balance of the command was on the north side, with the remaining two howitzers and the 6-pounder. The batteries opened upon the village at nine o'clock, and continued firing till eleven. Finding it impossible to breach the walls with the cannon, the troops charged on the north and west sides. They gained the shelter of the church walls, and some began their attack on the thick clay barrier, while others mounted a rude ladder and fired the roof. The artillery meanwhile plied the village with grape and shell. The battle was becoming more exciting. The soldiers cut holes through the church walls and threw in lighted shells with their hands. The Indians and their allies maintained a rambling fire on them from the church and the bastions.

Captain Burgwin, with Lieutenants McIlvaine and Royall, climbed over into the corral at the front of the church, and tried to force the door. In this exposed position the captain received a bullet wound which disabled him, and from which he died on the 9th. The fatal shot is supposed to have been fired by a Delaware Indian desperado, well-known on the frontier as "Big Negro", who had joined the insurgents, and afterwards made his escape to the Cheyennes and Comanches. He claimed to have killed five Americans at the pueblo. The officers who followed Burgwin found their efforts fruitless, and retired behind the wall. At half-past three in the afternoon the 6-pounder was run up within sixty yards of the church, and in ten rounds made a practicable breach of one of the holes cut by the axe-men. The gun was brought within ten yards, and three charges of grape and a shell were thrown in.

Then the storming party poured in, under cover of the dense smoke which filled the church. They occupied it without opposition, no Indians being seen except a few who were hurrying out of the gallery, where an open door admitted the air. Another charge was made at once on the north side, and the enemy then abandoned the western part of the town altogether.

Some took refuge in the two large houses, while others tried to escape to the mountains on the east. They might better have tried any other place, for here were the "avengers", who were only desirous of an opportunity to earn their title. Fifty-one of the fugitives fell by their hands, and only two or three escaped. Among those killed was Jesus de Tafoya, one of the leaders, who was wearing Governor Bent's coat and shirt. He was shot by Captain St. Vrain.

When night fell, the troops moved quietly forward and occupied the deserted buildings of the Indians. In the morning the Indians, men and women, bearing white flags, crucifixes, and images, came to Colonel Price, and on their knees begged for mercy. They had had about 150 killed, besides the wounded, out of a force of some 650, and the Colonel thought that their punishment was almost enough. He granted their prayer, on condition that they surrendered a number of the leading offenders, especially their Chief Tomas, who has been mentioned in connection with Governor Bent's murder, and who had taken an active part throughout.

The principal Mexican leaders of the insurrection were Tafoya, Pablo Chaves, Pablo Montoya, and Cortez, the leader at Mora. Chaves was killed at Embudo, and Tafoya at the pueblo. Montoya, a man of considerable influence, who styled himself the Santa Anna of the North, was tried by court martial and hanged in the presence of the army, at Fernandez, on February 7. Tomas was shot by a sentinel while trying to escape from the guard-house at the same place.

Fourteen of the insurrectionists were indicted for the murder of Governor Bent, and tried at Taos. They were all convicted and executed. Antonio Trujillo and several others were sentenced to be hanged on convictions of treason, but were pardoned by the President on the ground that Mexican citizens could not commit treason against the United States while actual war existed between the two countries. The army returned to Santa Fe, and there, on the 13th, the bodies of Governor Bent and Prosecuting Attorney Leal were buried with civic, masonic, and military honors. After a third interment, the remains of Governor Bent now lie in the Masonic Cemetery at the New Mexican capital, beneath a handsome monument and honorable epitaph.

This was the only time the Pueblos attacked the Americans, and it was generally believed it was more the influence of the Taosans than the Mexicans that caused them to enter the insurrection. The savagery they displayed seemed completely out of character.

On the date of this insurrection the Pueblos numbered ten thousand. A few years later there were only eight thousand. Not only did their numbers diminish, but they deteriorated physically and much of their interest in cotton fabric died out. Authorities attributed their decadence to continuous intermarriage in the same Pueblos, the young men seldom going beyond their own village for a wife.

Whatever their reasons for attacking Americans, they showed a fiendish brutality comparable to the cruelty of the Mexicans and the Taosans. After this one outburst they retired to their pueblos, never again to show such savagery, which is one of the unexplained mysteries of this tribe.

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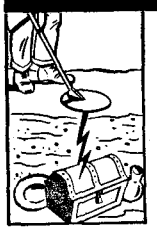

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INDIAN ART

The first, exclusively all American Indian Art Exposition ever held in the southeastern states will take place October 26th through 31st at Charlottetown Mall in Charlotte, North Carolina. The Exposition is being held for the establishment and benefit of the American Indian College Foundation, a non-profit institution to encourage and promote better education for Indian youth.

Though the Exposition does not take place until late October, invitations to exhibit have already been accepted from over 80 tribes and bands throughout the United States and Canada. Authentic Arts and Crafts will be displayed for judging. Mrs. Jeanne Snodgrass, Curator of Indian Art, Philbrook Art Center, Tulsa, Oklahoma and Dr. Frederick J. Dockstader, Director of the Museum of the American Indian, New York, New York, have accepted as jurors for this competition.

In addition to Arts and Crafts, extensive exhibits of historic Indian artifacts are being arranged through private collections, museums, and the Department of the Interior. Among the private collections is an extensive exhibit of 25 to 30 glass display cases containing hundreds of arrow and spear points, axes, hoes, knives, scrapers, all types of weapons, tools, and implements.

Activities will be scheduled on a continuous basis each day. Mr. George A. Owl, Sr., long prominent in Indian affairs and known to the many thousands who visit the Cherokee Reservation at Cherokee, North Carolina, has accepted an invitation to lecture several times daily on the American Indian. From Pawnee, Oklahoma, Mr. Sidney Moore (Brave Scout) will appear with four other Indian dancers in three appearances daily. Mr. Moore has long been active in Oklahoma tribal affairs and is planning to present dances seldom seen off the reservations. Beadwork will be demonstrated by Mrs. Julia E. Irving, Sioux, of Rapid City, South Dakota. Pottery-making will be done by Mrs. Arzada Sanders, Catawba, of Rock Hill, South Carolina. From Cherokee, North Carolina, here will be demonstrations of basket weaving and flint arrow head chipping. Confirmation of the names of individuals who will perform this work have not yet been announced but will be made known nearer the Exposition date.

The traveling Indian Art Show from Philbrook Art Center has been secured for exhibition during this event. In 1946, Philbrook Art Center invited Indian artists everywhere to enter their work in this first, museum-sponsored national competition exclusively for Indian Artists. The first exhibition was an immediate success and today this museum is the acknowledged leader in the field of Indian Art. Philbrook Art Center's aim and guiding principal is to foster the significant art expression of the contemporary Indian artist, to acquaint the world with Indian painting by offering the permanent collection for exhibition in leading domestic and foreign museums, to encourage the collecting of Indian painting by museums and individuals and to assist in the maintenance of high standards through the influence of competent juries for annual competition. It is from this permanent collection of award winning paintings that the traveling exhibit is comprised. Forty-four of these fine paintings will be hung for this Exposition.

From the U.S. Army there will be photographs of American Indian Winners of the Congressional Medal of Honor from the time of the Indian Wars to the most recent Korean conflict. A brief history of the battles will be exhibited with each photograph.

Registration cards are now being received for entries in the Arts and Crafts competitions. The foundation is most anixious that this Exposition prove highly successful, especially since all proceeds are for the benefit of Indian youth regardless of tribe. Success, it is felt, will depend on the quantity and quality of entries from individual artists and craftsmen. This is also an opportunity to acquaint the southeastern region of the United States with the culture and heritage of its first American citizens — the American Indian.

Inquiries for Exposition entries can be mailed to Mr. Orville N. Lane, American Indian Art Exposition, Charlottetown Mall, Charlotte, North Carolina. All inquiries will be answered promptly.

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COLONEL FANNIN'S GHASTLY BLUNDER

(Continued from Page 37)

When the small Mexican unit saw Colonel Horton and his men, they turned in retreat. In Goliad the men on the walls let out a mighty cheer. However, it wasn't more than a few minutes before they saw Horton ride back into Goliad with his men and quickly assembled all the men who owned horses. Together they rode back out and chased the Mexicans out of sight again.

The men at Goliad emitted more loud cheers, but the cheers tapered off into groans as Horton and his men came into sight again pursued by the Mexicans. This time Horton wasn't able to get back to Goliad but took refuge in a small outlying mission called Aranama, about a mile away. It was obvious now that Horton was in trouble, so Fannin sent Captain Shackleford and his "Red Rover" company to his assistance.

Fannin had trouble at San Antonio River.

Shackleford's and Horton's combined forces drove off the Mexicans and that evening were safely back inside the walls of Goliad. The results of the day's activities were: none killed, none wounded, Texan or Mexican.

On the morning of March 19th Fannin's men started leaving Goliad. It was an extremely foggy morning which was one reason the pace was so slow. The other, more outstanding reason for the slow pace, was the heavy loads the weakened oxen had to pull, including the nine heavy brass cannons.

No one thought to set demolition charges to the Goliad walls Houston had ordered, but this was considerably less serious than another oversight which was to become tragically apparent that evening. The column plodded along slowly for ten miles. Four horsemen who formed the Texan rear guard were still weary from the previous day's action and, in view of the slow pace and heavy fog, thought it perfectly safe to take a little nap and then catch up with the column.

They didn't nap long before they were awakened by the noise of galloping horses and voices shouting in Spanish. The four Texans leaped on their horses and fairly flew toward Fannin. Three of them, in terror, kept right on riding without a word or sign of what lay behind them. Fannin's entire column of men was puzzled at the sight of the three horsemen galloping by and out of sight for no apparent reason.

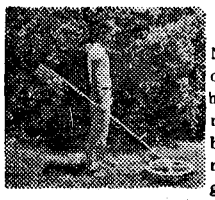
Herman Ehrenberg, the horseman who did stop, quickly advised Fannin of his contact with the Mexicans. Surprisingly, Fannin didn't seem disturbed. He turned some of the larger cannon toward the rear and fired a few shots, but kept the column moving. As the small army marched on, the Mexicans rushed forward and formed a wide horseshoe around them, but remained out of sight.

JUST as an additional mile was covered, the Texans over-loaded ammunition cart broken down. Although they were within a half mile of a wooded area which would have provided excellent cover, Fannin stopped his entire army to await repair of the wagon. Captains Shackleford and Duval stamped over to Fannin and strenuously objected to stopping at such an exposed position.

They pointed out that the surrounding terrain formed a natural soup bowl and they were in the middle. Fannin and some of the men within hearing smiled knowingly at the apparently nervous officers. Fannin patiently explained that only some Mexican scouts were nearby and that the main Mexican body was far behind.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the Mexicans closed in, shouting, firing muskets and blowing trumpets. The Texans were startled by the sudden attack, but only for a moment. and rear companies rushed to join the center, and in a matter of minutes they formed a hollow square and returned the fire to the Mexicans.

They reformed so fast that Able Morgan alias Thomas Smith, was left isolated about forty yards east of the Texan square with a wagon carrying three sick men and one cripple. The oxen had panicked in the excitement and Morgan had his hands full keeping them from pulling him to the Mexicans. When he finally got them headed back toward the Texan position, both oxen were shot in quick succession. Abe Morgan leaped off the wagon, ran into



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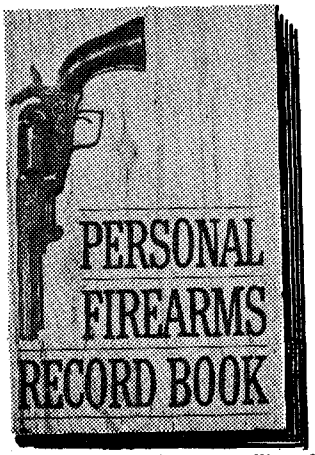

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the Texan square, grabbed a rifle and two packs of cartridges from the ammunition wagon and ran back out through whizzing musket balls to his wagon and the disabled men. His uncomfortable position soon became apparent to the Texans, and Privates Cash, Baker and Hughes rushed out, helped Morgan cut the dead oxen from the wagon, and pulled it inside the square.

The firing was heavy. Initially the Mexicans had about 500 men behind the knolls surrounding Fannin's position. In spite of their superior number and constant firing, the Mexicans at first inflicted only light damage to the Texans. However, the Texan casualties increased rapidly when a company of Maya Indians from Yucatan managed to crawl through the high grass close to the Texan position and pour in a deadly fire. They were eventually eliminated by a company of Texan sharpshooters, but not before they caused the most damage to the Texans of the entire battle.

Sergeant Harry Ripley, the nineteen year old son of the governor of Louisiana, had his thigh shattered by a musket ball early in the battle. But he was a recognized marksman, and at his request, was propped up on a wagon and kept supplied with loaded muskets. He fired coolly and deliberately, in spite of his agonizing pain, and each shot found a Mexican soldier. When another Mexican bullet tore through his arm, he groaned and in his near unconsciousness said, "You can take me down, now, mother. I reckon I've done my share."

Fannin's artillery was extensively used early in the battle, but after the death of the Polish artillerist Francis Petreisich and the wounding of most of the other artillerists, it became so ineffective that it was abandoned. The heavy cannon that should have been left behind was as useless as scrap iron for most of the battle.

Mexican reinforcements kept arriving all afternoon and by night, they numbered 1,000. The Mexican reinforcements brought additional artillery and by early evening artillery explosions had become concentrated in the Texan square. The few Mexican prisoners managed to secure some bayonets with which they dug foxholes for protection against the exploding shells.

At sundown the firing stopped. Seven Texans were dead and about sixty were wounded including Fannin who was shot in the thigh. Forty of the wounded were in serious condition and their groans were pitiful to hear. When the attending doctors called for water, another serious blunder was discovered. All the water, food and blankets had been forgotten back at Goliad.

It was a miserable night. The men were thirsty, hungry and cold and the wounded groaned and pleaded for water. Outside the camp the Mexicans rode horses back and forth and repeatedly blew "Centinela Alerto" on their trumpets to keep the Texans unnerved. In this they were successful. Since there could be no sleep for the Texans, they were put to work digging trenches and fortifying their position with wagons and dead oxen.

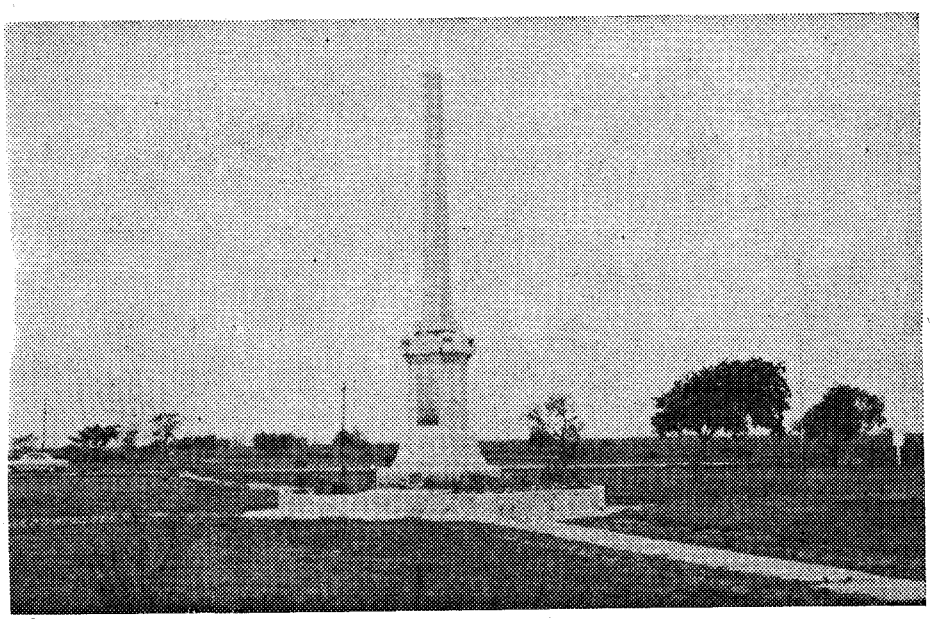
At the start of the battle that afternoon Horton and his cavalry were riding well in advance of the main body of Texans. At the first sound of shots, they rode back to investigate. When they saw the numerical superiority of the attacking Mexicans, they turned and galloped away eastbound toward Victoria. Perhaps they eventually caught up with the other three rear guard cavalry men who were also hurrying eastbound.

The next morning the Mexican force numbered about 1300 men and a sizeable number of cannon. The Texans, with the loss of the dead, wounded and Horton's cavalry, were reduced to about 200 effective fighting men. They were completely surrounded, without food or water and low in ammunition. Their position was hopeless. Fannin held a council of war and it was decided that surrender was the only sensible course. A flag of truce was flown, and as Fannin and his staff left to negotiate, he shouted to the men he would accept only an "honorable" surrender.

Colonel Fannin, Major Wallace, Adjutant Chadwick and the interpreter, Captain Dusaugue, carrying the white flag, walked out toward the Mexican line. About halfway between the battle lines, they met the Mexican truce team. After a short talk, they all walked back inside the Texan defenses where the composing and signing of the surrender terms took place.

The terms of surrender signed by Fannin and his officers, Wallace and Chadwick are still preserved in the archives of the Mexican War Department. They clearly state that the Texans surrendeed "as prisoners of war, subject to the disposition of the supreme government." However, when negotiations were completed, Fannin told his men that the surrender terms were generous. All private possessions of the men were to be untouched. Only their guns were to be surrendered and then to be returned and this the best part was that when the men were released at the Louisiana border. The Texans believed this and were relieved. The Mexican truce team, Colonels Holzinger and Morales, later testified that a verbal surrender agreement was made, similar to what Fannin told his men, but the Mexican General Urrea refused to put it in writing.

This monument has been erected to memory of the dead at battle of Coleto



FOR the remainder of that Sunday, March 20th, the Texan doctors were permitted to treat the wounded. As the Texans gave up their arms, the Mexican Colonel Holzinger, in his excellent English, said, "Well, gentlemen, in ten days you will be on the docks in New Orleans."

On the following day, the wounded were loaded on carts and the trip back to Goliad was begun. The long-gone Captain Ward and his men were also on the road back to Goliad that day, under Mexican guard, after his capture at Victoria. During their march back, Fannin and his men were cheerful. They were alive and would be set free very soon. Dr. Joseph Bernard of Chi-

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cago felt this exhilaration at first, but developed a feeling of foreboding as he walked beside Captain Dusaugue who had been present at surrender negotiation. This officer was extremely depressed and said something about being dead within a few days.

Goliad, sometimes a mission, sometimes a fort, was now a prison. That night Fannin's men were jammed into the chapel. Just how "honorable" the terms of surrender really were became apparent to the Texans during that miserable first night. The men were so crowded that they hardly had room to sit. Before the night was over, the heat caused their thirst to become unbearable and after much pleading, finally prevailed upon the Mexicans to bring a little water. All the next day they got neither food nor water and were kept crammed in the chapel. The second night was hotter than the first, but the men were so exhausted that many of them slept standing up jammed against each other. The following morning they got water for breakfast. At last, on Tuesday night, the famished men were given a bit of raw beef. Most of them started small fires and roasted their meat. One man boiled his in a cup and when it was finished it was the size of a turkey egg. Many of the men were too hungry to cook their meat and ate it raw.

Two days after the Battle of Coleto, as it eventually became known, an 80 man company of Tennessee volunteers under Colonel Miller, stepped off a ship at the port of Copano. A small Mexican force was already in possession of the port and as a result Miller and his men were pinned down on the beach as they disembarked.

On Wednesday, March 23rd, Colonel Fannin, in spite of his wounded thigh, was rushed down to Copano to help convince Colonel Miller to surrender Miller, upon hearing from Fannin himself of the fall of the Alamo and of the Mexican occupation of Goliad, realized he had no place to go. The excellent surrender terms finally convinced him to give up. It was then that the "Angel of Goliad" made her first appearance.

Senora Alvarez, the wife of one of the Mexican officers was aghast at the treament of Miller's company. The prisoners were in agony because the ropes that bound them were so tight their blood circulation was stopped. To the embarrassment of her husband, Senora Alvarez insisted the ropes be removed. Finally the men were untied and then marched to Goliad.

That day Captain Ward and the remnants of the Georgia Battalion were brought in, bringing the total number of prisoners to almost 500. What Travis

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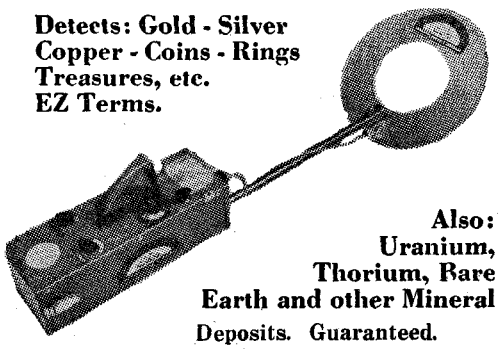

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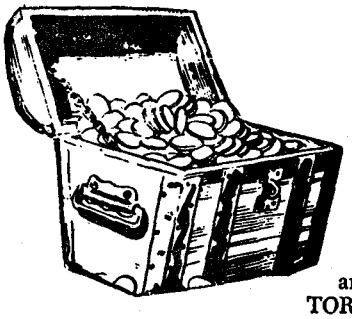

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could have done with 500 more men at the Alamo! Later, Doctors Shackleford, Bernard, and Field were permitted to treat the Texan wounded, but only after they had tended the Mexican wounded.

IT is a matter of record that the Mexican General Urrea did attempt to secure clemency for the Texan prisoners in a letter to Santa Anna. However, Santa Anna, in his answer, firmly told General Urrea that he had no authority to treat the Texan prisoners other than as pirates.

This was one of Santa Anna's serious errors in judgement. If he had taken the ragged and now sorry looking prisoners and dumped them in a body on the New Orleans docks for the American people to see, popular attitude to the Texas revolution would have been entirely different. It would have peen obvious that their surrender was not due to any deficiency in themselves, but to the incompetence of the makeshift Texas revolutionary government which allowed, even ordered, ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-equipped, ill-trained, ill-officered men to battle against a polished veteran numerically superior army.

The American people would have thrown up their hands and considered the possibility that the Texans were not yet ready for self government, and Santa Anna wasn't a bad fellow after all. Santa Anna, however, didn't see it that way and followed an entirely different course. His actions so inflamed the American people that they flocked to General Houston's aid. General Houston still with a numerically inferior army and in spite of the incompetencies of the Texan government, soundly defeated the Mexican Army in an eighteen-minute battle at San Jacinto some weeks later.

That Saturday night, Fannin returned from Copano and Doctors Bernard and Shackleford visited him in his corner room in the chapel. As they treated his thigh, he talked cheerfully about his family and his plans for the future. Just outside, several of the prisoners played "Home Sweet Home" on their flutes and more than one big tear rolled down a hardened suntanned cheek. About a hundred yards away, some tears rolled down the cheeks of the Mexican General Portilla as he read a dispatch concerning the prisoners that had just arrived from General Santa Anna.

The following day was Palm Sunday. It was a day of religious significance to some of the prisoners, but was to become a day of grave significance to them all. They were awakened much earlier than usual and told to fall outside the chapel and line up to be counted. Once outside they were divided into three groups. One group was to march to the lower ford of the river to get water led like unsuspecting cattle.

A second group was told they were to round up some cattle for slaughter. The third group, Captain Ward's men, cheered as they were told they were going to Copano to board a ship for New Orleans. As they left the walls of Goliad, several black shawled Mexican women mournfully muttered the words, "Pobrecitos, pobrecitos!" Only the handful of Texans who understood Spanish realized they were saying, "Poor fellows, poor fellows!"

The three groups of Texans were separated and marched in single file between two files of Mexican soldiers. Some of the men realized that it was an unusually heavy guard that accompanied them, but most of the men were too cheerful to be concerned. At least some of them were going home that day, they thought. All three groups were taken in different directions to about three quarters of a mile from the mission and halted. One group, to their bewilderment, was ordered to sit. At all three locations, one file of Mexican soldiers stepped through the file of prisoners, joined the opposite file of Mexican soldiers and with them cocked their muskets and proceeded to slaughter the prisoners.

Among the seated group of prisoners, Private Joseph Fenner of the "Red Rover" company jumped to his feet and shouted, "Boys, they are going to kill us. Die with your faces to them, like men." As the Mexicans opened fire, two others shouted, "Hurrah for Texas."

AT the river bank, Herman Ehrenberg, the loyal cavalryman, was sprayed by the blood of Lieutenant McManomy who was standing next to him. On the other side of him, Matten and Courtman were already dead. As he turned to run, a saber hit him across the head and knocked him down. Dazed, but still conscious, Ehrenberg got up and was stabbed through the arm with the same saber.

However, he managed to pull away, jump into the river and head downstream. His dog, which had been with him throughout the campaign, followed him into the river. Mexican bullets splashed the water all around Ehrenberg and missed him, but hit his dog. As the dog sank beside him, Ehrenberg felt the full depths of despair.

That morning, the Texan Doctors Bernard and Shackleford were taken to the Mexican Colonel Gerrier's tent to be hidden during the massacre. An hour after their arrival they were startled at the sound of shots. Their Mexican guard told them not to be disturbed as it

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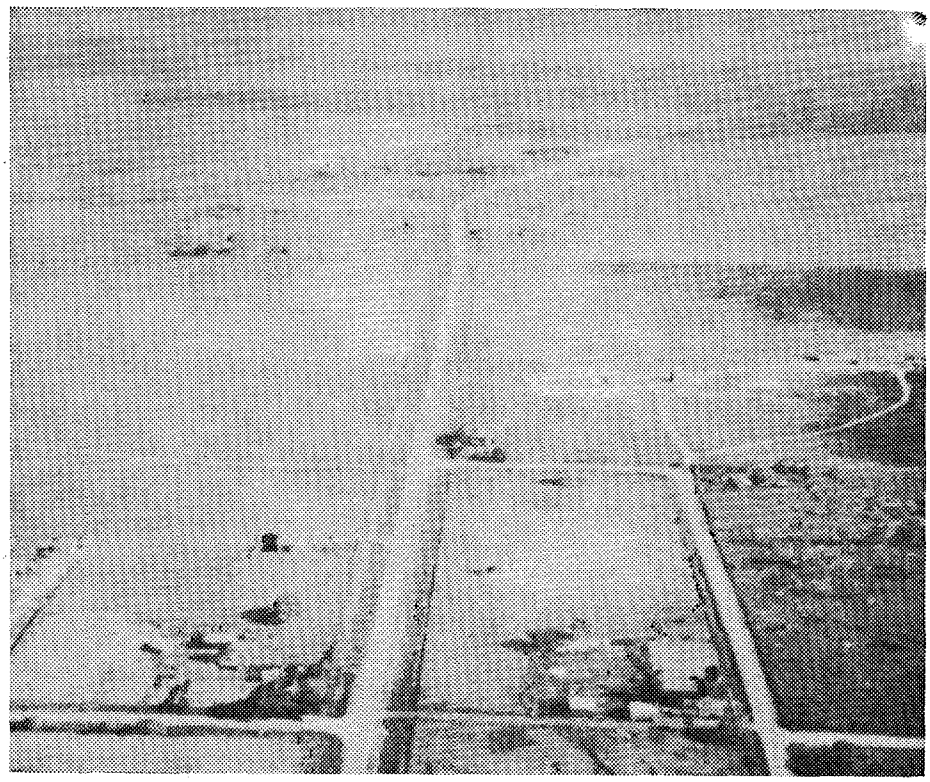
was only the soldiers firing their muskets in preparation to cleaning them. The English-speaking guard, named Martinez, was educated in the United States at a mission school in Bardstown, Kentucky. Private J.C. Duval, whose home was Bardstown, Kentucky, was at that moment shot to death a half mile away.

The doctors were not deceived about what was happening. They could hear the shouts and screams accompanying the shots. Dr. Shackleford was especially shaken because his son, two nephews and many close friends, his "Red Rovers," were out there being killed. About two hours later, the shooting stopped and Colonel Guerrier returned to his tent. He explained to the doctors that under orders he reluctantly had the prisoners executed, but that he took it upon himself to save the doctors and a few others. As a matter of fact, two Texans he spared, named White and Rosenberry, were there in his tent concealed under blankets.

As Shackleford and Bernard walked back to the mission they saw that the forty wounded Texans had been dragged out of the hospital into the courtyard and shot. As they came closer to the bodies, they realized that one of them was Fannin. He was barely recognizable. He was shot in the head and his body was stripped. Later the bodies were dragged from the mission and dumped a fourth of a mile away. There was no burial, only a half hearted attempt was made to burn them.

Three hundred and fifty three men were massacred. About twenty-eight escaped. Major Miller's company of eighty men were not executed because they arrived too late to engage in battle against Mexico. Sixteen men were saved through the efforts of Senora Alvarez, "the Angel of Goliad," who had them hidden in the rafters, and then released that night. When she heard about the death of Dr. Shackleford's son she cried, "Why did I not know that you had a son here? I would have saved him at all hazards." Her consistent aid to the prisoners was so great a source of exasperation to her husband that he soon took her back to Mexico City and abandoned her there. Today, a monument to her memory stands in Goliad.

Later that year in June 1836 after the Texans' decisive victory at San Jacinto, Goliad was retaken by Texas' General Rusk. The remains of the massacred garrison were collected and placed in a common grave near the Goliad mission. For over a hundred years the grave remained unmarked and forgotten. When, in the early 1930's, the grave was accidentally discovered, construction of a monument there was finally planned. It was completed in 1939, one hundred and three years after the massacre.



Site of battle of Coleto with circle showing location of Texas Fortification.

At the end of April, about four weeks after the Goliad massacre, the surviving Texan doctors, still prisoners of the Mexicans, were taken to San Antonio to help treat the Mexican soldiers who were wounded in the assault on the Alamo. When they arrived, they were astounded to find that although two months had passed since the battle, four hundred to six hundred Mexican soldiers were still disabled.

Many of them were never treated and still had Texan bullets in their bodies. It was an immense task for the three Texan doctors to treat all those men. All Mexican army surgeons had left San Antonio and were with Santa Anna's main force in the east. One of the three doctors wrote that as he worked to the point of exhaustion, he couldn't help but wonder what the total number of Mexican casualties had been, considering how many were still to be treated when he arrived. When he asked, the answers were always vague and evasive. Nevertheless, he learned that there had been "many more" wounded, and that the dead were so numerous that when the San Antonio cemetery was filled with them, a great number were thrown into the river. All this, he realized happened in an assault on a mission defended by fewer than two hundred men. Goliad had over four hundred men.

Later he walked out of town to the Alamo. Except for the artillery-scarred walls, one would never suspect that this was once used as a fort. It looked more like an ancient crumbling mission. Goliad was more a fort than the mission it was designed to be. He continued walking until he came to a huge pile of ashes, about five hundred yards away. A few arm bones and leg bones were still distinguishable in the cinders. Travis, Bowie and Crockett were in there. What kind of men were these, he wondered, to have numbered so few and yet to have done all the damage he had been treating, and more. Goliad had more than twice as many men. Yes, he concluded, history would always remember the Alamo. But what about Goliad?

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Southwestern Historical Quarterly

Vol. VII 1904

Vol. IX

Vol. XXIII 1919

Vol. XLIII

Vol. LIV 1951

Remember Goliad, William Oberste

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

(Continued from Page 6)

Q. What were the circumstances surrounding Johnny Ringo's death that made it such a mystery? J.D. Caldwell, 3436 Sanguinette Lane, Stockton 5, California.

A. What really happened to Johnny Ringo remains one of the mysteries of the old West. The verdict of the coroner was that he committed suicide, but the news of his death was hardly out before a number of men claimed the honor of killing him. Wyatt Earp was one. Frank Leslie, a Tombstone bartender, jumped into fame by claiming he killed Ringo. Then John O'Rourke stepped into the picture with the same claim. Nobody believed any of the three. All known about Johnny Ringo's last days was that he stopped at the town of Shakespeare and a few days later, on July 14, 1882, his lifeless body was found propped under a tree in West Turkey Creek Canyon. He wasn't wearing the boots he bought and his feet were bloody and covered with rags. What happened to the boots and why the swollen feet are two mysteries that have never been solved. Neither has anybody found the true story of his death.

Q. I have seen the name of Quantril spelled "Quantrill" and "Quantrell" Which is correct? Cecil R. Mercer, Hutchinson, Kansas.

A. The Kansas Historical Society has several letters written and signed by Quantrill and in each signature he used the letter i. In the letters from his mother the name is spelled with the letter e. The records show that Thomas Henry Quantrill, father of the guerilla leader, spelled his name both ways.

Q. Can you give me the circumstances of James Masterson's death and where he was buried? Arthur L. Burke, Beatrice, Nebraska.

A. James Masterson died March 30, 1895 at Guthrie, Oklahoma. He was suffering with what in those days was called quick consumption. He seemed in fair health the day of his death but on the evening of that day, he called some friends in and he died of a hemmorhage before they could summon a doctor. He was buried in the Masterson family plot in the Wichita, Kansas cemetery.

Q. What can you tell about the Western Engineer, the Missouri River steamboat that was supposed to strike terror to the Indians? Bert M. Maddox, 16 East 63rd Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

A. The *Western Engineer*, built in 1819, was undoubtedly the most fantastic riverboat that ever steamed up the Missouri. Here is a description of that boat as given by the Nebraska Historical Society, January 13, 1903, in a paper read by Phil E. Chappel: "The *Western Engineer* was of . . . unique construction . . . a stern wheeler, probably the first of that kind built . . . she was built expressly . . . to impress Indians with awe. On her bow, running from her keep on forward, was the steam escape pipe, made in imitation of a huge serpent with its mouth open and tongue painted a fiery red. The steam escaped through the mouth of the serpent at intervals, making loud wheezy noises like the dying groans of a sea monster. The noise could be heard for miles . . . the Indians recognized in it the power of the great Manitou and were overcome with fear."

Q. I have seen a number of references to the Gold Banks in southwestern Kansas, but have never been able to find the real story. John E. Grayfield, Balston Spa, N.Y.

A. This is another legend of buried gold. The story is that in the early 1850's a group of California miners, loaded down with gold and on their way to St. Louis, were attacked by Indians on the Arkansas River a few miles east of where the Aubrey Trail crossed this river. One version has the miners putting up a fight, but when their water supply gave out, they buried their gold in the river banks and got away in the night. Another version has all the miners killed. For many years afterwards, as the legend goes, large groups of searchers dug out every spot on those banks but never found the gold. Because of this legend, those banks have been called "The Gold Banks"

Q. How was a bull whip made and how effective was it in the hands of a bullwhacker? Theo La Maire, Montreal, Canada.

A. The bull whip had a short stock loaded with lead. It had a fifteen to twenty-five-foot lash. It was braided rawhide and tapered to a point with a buckskin popper, three feet in length, attached to the end. A bullwhacker, if experienced, could with that popper make the whip crack like a pistol shot, and it required only a flick of the wrist to take a patch of skin off an animal or snap the head off a rattlesnake.

Q. What was the meaning of the word "Chouse" used by the cowboys on the cattle drives? Eddie Freeman, Mission, Kansas.

A. Chouse was an expression used by the cowboys to drive cattle, round up cattle, or almost anything to do with cattle.

Q. Can you give me the route of the Kaw Trail, where it was and how important was it in the old West? E.V. Buckhalter, 403 Lloyd Avenue, Providence, R.I.

A. The Kaw Trail was a famous Indian trail in the old West. It started at Big John, near Council Grove, Kansas, passed through the present Kansas counties of Morris, Chase, and Marion, coming to a spot near the present town of Florence, which is on the Cottonwood River. From Florence it went to what was then known as Big Timbers and on to Turkey Creek where it intersected the Santa Fe Trail. While it was a short trail, it connected several Indian trails and was in use when the Spaniards first arrived in what is now Kansas.

RW

MAIL ROUND-UP

(Continued from Page 8)

where he died. According to his own mother.

Yours truly,
Arthur C. Olson

This is a new angle that should interest students of the famous or infamous Murietta.

BILL DALTON'S GRANDDAUGHTER

Dear Mr. Mays:

I want to congratulate you on the story "The Incredible Bill Dalton" by Harold Preece. I was surprised to read that my grandmother was from Hugo, Oklahoma, as I was raised in Hugo.

It surprised me also to learn that Bill Dalton lived near Modesto, California and in Merced Country. I have read many things about the Daltons in Mr. Preece's writings that I did not know about my family. I have learned, for instance, that Bill Dalton was a Democrat.

Mr. Preece tells so much about the Dalton family in "The Incredible Bill Dalton" in the January, 1964 issue of REAL WEST Magazine that I am anxious to read the book "The Dalton Gangs".

I visited the Bill Dalton old home place at Estrella, California where Bill, Bob, Grat and Emmett lived from 1886 until 1890. Estrella is seven miles out of Paso Robles, Calif.

I find the story of Bill Dalton in REAL WEST Magazine of great interest and full of surprises for me. I am waiting to read the book. Many thanks to REAL WEST Magazine for the story on Bill Dalton and a wonderful writer like Mr. Harold Preece.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Thelma Dalton Mires
1926 Fillmore Street
Santa Clara, California

AUSTRALIAN READER

Dear Sir,

Wish to take this opportunity in thanking REAL WEST for publishing my letter in your great magazine. Since the publication of this letter, I have received quite a few letters, from people in the States, requesting information about our own pioneering history.

Would also like to take this opportunity, in saying thanks to the person in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada for forwarding me those many copies of western magazines, and would like him or her to forward me their names and address, so it will enable myself to thank them personally.

Yours faithfully,
Ivan H. Barnes
c/o Post Office
Barmedman, N.S.W.
Australia

CUSTER'S LAST MESSAGE

Gentlemen:

As author of "Custer's Last Message", I feel a reply to Jerry Greene of Lawton, Oklahoma (Mail Roundup, March issue) is in order.

First of all this writer seriously con-

(Continued on Page 76)

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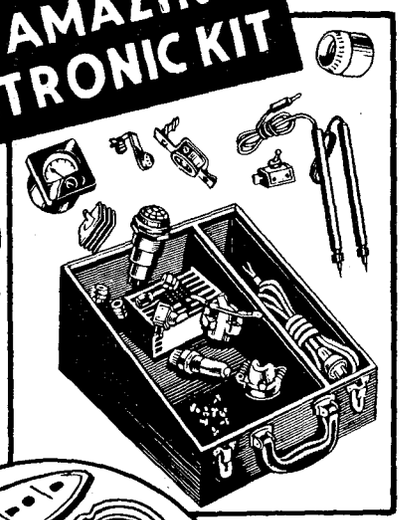

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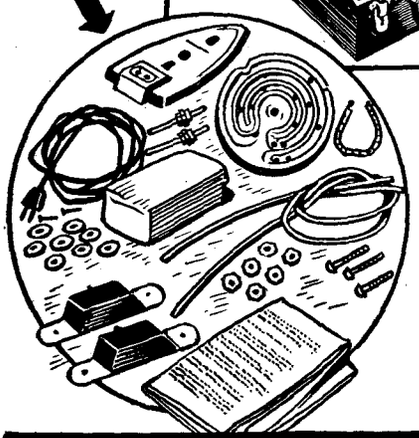

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sidered many of the points brought up by Mr. Greene before deciding to write the story of the message. However, being well acquainted with the circumstances surrounding the battle I came up with different answers.

Mr. Greene contended that the 57 word message was too long; that Custer would not have had time to write it. I wrote the same message, hurriedly as Custer would have, and it took me but one minute and thirty seconds. According to the best Indian accounts, the battle lasted a good ten minutes after the "man with three stripes on his sleeves" broke away from Custer Hill and rode to the South. These same accounts say that once the Indians knew Custer could not get away they did not attempt to rush him in force, but hid in the ravines and picked off the troopers one by one. Custer had ample time, it seems, to write a 90 second message.

Mr. Greene also contends that a message written toward the end of the fight would be precise and sketchy, basing his theory on the fact that the "P.S. Bring Packs" dispatch was so written. He added that a verbal order would seem more appropriate. Custer's first message to Benten did not bring results. As the time passed, no one knew this better than Custer. Since a sketchy message failed to bring results, why not a more detailed one? Also, Custer's first order to Martine WAS verbal, but Lt. W. W. Cooke thought it necessary to write one anyway. Certainly if such a message as "P.S. Bring Packs" had to be written, why not the more complicated "Last Message"?

Boston Custer would have been the most likely to carry a message in dire distress. Custer needed all of his fighting men on the hill. But Boston died midway in the fight. Custer sent a non-com instead. Custer's mention of Boston in the message is out of place, but who can say what Custer's thoughts were these last moments? He was facing certain death, and was undoubtedly half-hysterical at this point. Many other men under similar circumstances have written "out of place" words in messages. And, Boston would have had no trouble finding the command if he had been sent. The trail back was well defined and easy to follow.

Mr. Greene contended that Custer would have sent a message earlier in the fight and would not have waited until forty troopers remained. Who is there to say he did not; possibly more than once? There were several dead troopers found on the edge of the battlefield, any of whom could have been a courier from Custer. But, as these men were stripped of almost everything, we'll never know if any were messengers. But, to say Custer would not send messages up to the last, especially when he saw no help coming, is a little silly.

Mr. Greene made it a point that since Custer knew where he was the mention of "Big Horn" was not necessary. True, Custer knew, Reno did not, but Reno even stated at the Court of Inquiry that he thought Custer had retreated to the north toward Terry. Custer knew Reno would have to know his (Custer's) location and wrote accordingly. As far as the wording here is concerned, the same applies to it as to the Boston Custer sentence. Who knows the state of mind Custer was in? To say he remained calm until the end, especially when history records Custer never faced a similar situation, is taking a lot for granted. Hysteria can make people write odd things, and the possibility of Custer substituting "Big Horn" for "Little Horn" is not at all unlikely, particularly when one recalls the Little Horn was a tributary of the bigger "Big Horn".

Mr. Greene concluded his letter by claiming the handwriting of the message bears no resemblance to Custer's actual handwriting. How he can determine this from looking at the photo is a mystery to me, even though he might be a handwriting expert. As I live in Custer's home state, I have had the opportunity to see several examples of his handwriting. Contrary to Mr. Greene's claim, there is some resemblance, particularly when comparing t's and s's. But the photo is so blurred that further comparison is difficult, and to flatly make a statement one way or another is impossible. One would have to examine the actual document to do this, and, as yet, it has not showed up.

Well, it was nice hearing from Jerry Greene, and he might have a number of supporters. But, for the reasons given above and those I gave in the "Last Message" story, I believe the document is the real McCoy. I will not believe different until someone can PROVE the contrary. So far, no one has been able to do this. Authentic or farce, however, no one can deny the "Last Message" is a part of the Real West.

Cordially,
Harry Chatfield
306 West Columbia St
Springfield, Ohio

BUFFALO BILL AND PAWNEE BILL

Dear Sirs:

Willard K. Baker under "Pawnee Bill" in the July issue of REAL WEST is correct in everything except his statement "he had no time for Buffalo Bill and others who won their fame through Buntline novels."

I never read Buntline novels but I did know both Pawnee Bill and Buffalo Bill and that they had the greatest friendship and respect for each other.

I saw both of them in Indianapolis, Indiana billed as "Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Pawnee Bill's Far East".

I have a picture of them in my album with both of them standing in front of the main tent.

Bill Cody rode Pony Express, served as an army scout and buffalo hunter to supply meat for the crews pushing the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific Railroad west.

(Continued on Page 79)

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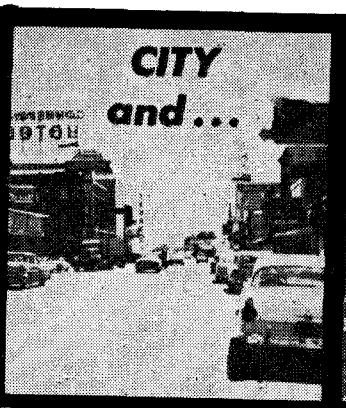

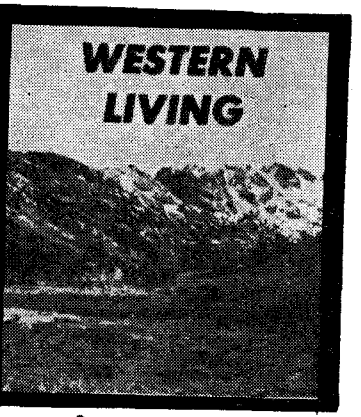

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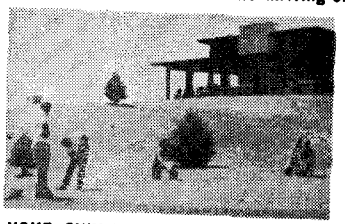

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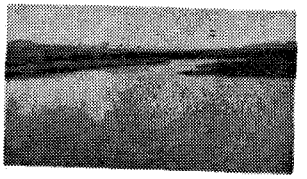
YOUR OWN LAKE... You, and your invited guests will spend many happy hours boating, fishing and picnicking at nearby Lake Osino. There is no charge to Rancho owners for full rights to the use of this private multi-acre lake and park area.



PROVEN OPPORTUNITY: Yes, individuals are taking advantage of Nevada opportunity. But the country's leading corporations are also investing in their Nevada futures. Industrial giants, who erect plants where increasing land values and population demand them, are building or have secured acreage throughout Nevada.

LOW OR NON-EXISTENT TAXES: As a result of Nevada's low realistic tax structure, Profits And Wages Are Kept; not paid out to the state. NEVADA HAS NO STATE INCOME, INHERITANCE, CORPORATION OR GIFT TAX. The low real property tax is definitely limited by the state constitution. YES, NEVADA IS ONE OF OUR LAST FRONTIERS OF TAX FREEDOM!

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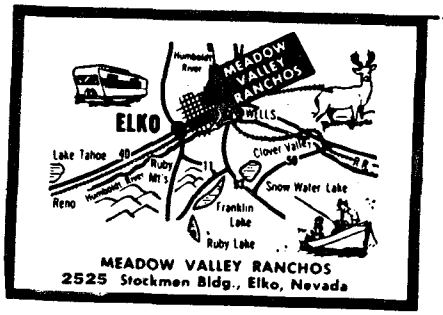

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7½	$3	$20
10	$4	$25

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Address_____

City:_____ Zone:_____ State:_____

Indicate No. of Ranchos____ Total enclosed $____

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AS EASY AS 1 + 1 = 2

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Yes, in just hours you can turn into a "math wizard" even though you know little about arithmetic! Surprise your friends with your "E-Z MATH" ability . . . enjoy job security and advancement . . . a better job . . . Increase your self-confidence and prestige—all through amazing new "E-Z MATH".

The world is moving *fast* these days. In good times and bad the ability to handle mathematical problems in our age of electronics, automation and nuclear science is becoming more and more necessary for promotion on the job and for higher pay. If you don't think you have what it takes—and if you believe that "math" is beyond your power—then you're in for the biggest surprise of your life!

For now you CAN learn to DIVIDE, MULTIPLY, ADD and SUBTRACT figures not only *quickly* and *easily*—but also in a FRACTION of the time the average person requires! You can actually solve such tough problems as *multiplying a 5-figure number by a 7-figure* number in your head without ever touching pencil to paper . . . or dividing 836791 by 284, for example, in exactly 15 seconds—even if you "flunked" math in school!

The secret of success in "math" is NOT laborious study and wearisome practice—but, on the contrary, knowledge of SPECIAL SHORT CUTS, LITTLE-KNOWN METHODS of calculation and arithmetical "tricks" that take the work and gamble out of figuring. These methods—so new and radical that they have not yet been incorporated in our school systems—take but a few hours to learn. Yet they permit you to OUT-THINK and OUT-FIGURE the average high school and college graduate who hasn't had the benefit of these amazing methods! You can even BEAT AN ELECTRIC CALCULATOR in answering many problems!

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Sharpen Your Brain Power— with Short-Cut "E-Z MATH"!

Imagine being asked to divide 38634 by 89½—and rattling off the answer absolutely correctly in 7 seconds! Or—multiplying 369.34 by 982.7 and coming up with the correct result *in 11 seconds!* Or *adding 29 numbers* each with 6 digits—and supplying the right total every time! People will GASP at your fabulous lightning-quick mind. You'll be able to JUGGLE numbers . . . do STUNNING TRICKS . . . amaze your friends and boss—and be a "master mind!"

With a knowledge of "E-Z MATH" you no longer need be puzzled by such every-day figuring as computing interest charges on installment purchases . . . division, multiplication and addition of fractions . . . adding long rows of numbers with 100% accuracy . . . adding and subtracting fractions from whole numbers—plus many, many other practical and valuable pointers you will use daily to your advantage. The few hours you spend with this course will really pay off. Numbers are the basic instrument of all scientific and technical work. The man or woman who can use "math" is rewarded, recognized quickly, moves *ahead* in his job faster and more surely!

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Send for "E-Z MATH" today on our no-risk money-back guarantee: use the book for 30 days . . . prove to your own satisfaction how far a knowledge of "E-Z MATH" can advance you in business and social life. If you don't agree that this is the *best investment* you've ever made . . . if your family and friends aren't AMAZED by your new ability—*return the book for full and prompt refund.*

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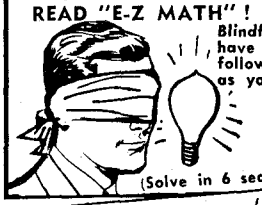

Blindfold yourself and have someone call the following numbers to you as you add them:

739
463
906
785
642

(Solve in 6 seconds) ?

$\frac{9864372}{8146}$ = ? (Solve in 9 seconds)

$\frac{4}{7} \times \frac{9}{4}$ = ? (Solve in 4 seconds)

1¾% interest per month amounts to what percentage yearly? (Solve in 4 seconds)

367 X 75 = ? (Solve in 3 seconds)

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—SCHOOL PRINCIPAL

"Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! All our children are using your system too, and it is terrific. My husband and I are using it—and it works! My husband has already received a job advancement with tremendous boost in pay. *Best investment we have ever made!*"
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Cody Institute is named after Buffalo Bill and a life size statue is at his grave.

Yours truly,
William J. Marshall

CRAZY HORSE'S PICTURE

Sir,

I read with interest the article in your March issue of REAL WEST, on Crazy Horse. Mr. George Catlin has painted a portrait of Crazy Horse. In one of his articles he has this to say:

"In the absence of a pictorial illustration let me describe a painting from life, which my portfolio contains of a family group comprising the head war chief of the great Sioux Nation with his daughter (an unmarried girl) and his wife with her infant (papoose) slung in its pretty crib or cradle ornamented with porcupine quills dyed of various bright colours.

"The Chief wore a robe made of the skin of a buffalo with the battles of his life painted on it. His shirt (or tunic) and leggings were made of deer skins and the seams embroidered with porcupine quills and fringed with scalp locks. His moccasins made of deer skins, were handsomely embroidered. In his right hand he held his lance, and his head-dress was made of war-eagle's quills and ermine skins. It extended to the ground and was surmounted by a pair of horns denoting his office as head War-Chief of his tribe."

He has also painted, H-won-je-ta (The One Horn) head Civil-Chief of the Sioux . . ." Was the first whose portrait I hit off, life size, in a beautiful costume. Also of Mah-to-chee-ya (The Little Bear). He is not a Chief but a young warrior of much distinction. Also a secondary Chief by the name of Shon-ka (The Dog)." Finally is there any connection between the names Ocallala and Osceola?

Thank you
William McKeachnie
81 Melrose Ave
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario,
Canada

THE MARQUIS DE MORES

Gentlemen:

Someone mailed me a copy of your May 1963 issue containing an article "That Crazy Frenchman", by Carelton Mays. I lived with my parents and 9 sisters and brothers on the Little Missouri and Medora (then Dakota Territory) from the spring of 1883 to the spring of 1886. In 1958, I visited old Medora and Chateaux de Mores. It was celebrating the 75th anniversary of its founding. At the request of Mr. Roberts, custodian of the chaeaux, I wrote a brief article about when and how Medora was founded and built by De Mores. Mr. Roberts said he filed the article in the Historical Society of North Dakota at Bismarck, N.D. I read "That Crazy Frenchman and feel impelled to point out some misstatements as to the real facts.

1. De Mores had the N.D. Ry. build a spur track to the site of his plant and all building was unloaded.
2. There was no "Main Street" or any streets in Medora all its business buildings were built facing a plaza all the same as Spanish or Mexican custom.
3. Never saw or heard of any racing on horseback between the Marquis and Madame. She rode side saddle style and was a fair shooter.

I shall be pleased to hear from you.

J.A. Coleman
1608 N Fair Oaks Ave
Pasadena, Calif.

KNOW THESE NAMES?

Dear Sir:

I read all of your books and enjoy them so much.

In the January 1964 issue you had a story about "Those Amazing Mastersons." In the story on page 51 you have a picture of a building that has the names York-Parker-Draper that I was interested in as my great-grandfather lived around Dodge City about that time and I'm trying to find out where he is buried. He was Richard Draper and I want to know if you could possibly find out the names of the men on the building. If I could find out their first names, it could even have been my grandfather as he was born in 1862, his name was Henry Draper.

So if you could furnish me with any information on the picture, I would be forever grateful.

Yours truly,
Francis Draper Brown
R.R. #7 Box 213
Bloomington, Ind. 47403

If any reader can help Mr. Brown with the identification of the persons having those names, he will appreciate it.

CUSTER MEMORIAL

Dear Mr. Rand:

I have read letters published in your magazine REAL WEST written by your subscribers on the idea of establishing a memorial on Custer's battlefield. I think it's a great idea for such a gallant body of men deserve a better memorial.

But if they deserve a memorial for expanding civilization and the part they took in creating this great nation of ours, there should also be a memorial for the real Americans, the Sioux and other Indian tribes, for defending their homes on the Little Big Horn River. Which came under the aggression of Gen Custer 7th Cav. on that tragic day. There are many things that have been said about Custer's last stand, but very little tribute has been paid to the Indians who died fighting for their hunting grounds and homes.

I've always admired Gen. Custer and his 7th Cav., and I think it was one of the best outfits the U.S. Army has ever had. But I think they wouldn't mind a

(Continued on Page 80)

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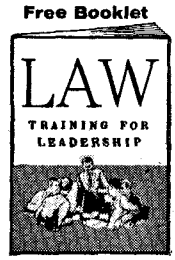

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Joe Rubios
4914 Darby St.
Tampa, Fla 33603

SOD HOUSES

Gentlemen:

Refering to "It was Hell on Horses and Women". by John Majors, in REAL WEST for March 1963, on page 10 he states "It was estimated that over ten per cent of women going to the prairie country to live in sod houses suffered from Prairie Madness." This estimate is exaggerated. Not over 2% of the women went crazy.

On page 62 he says the difficulty in building a sod house was in binding the corners so they would not leak. Nearly everyone that tried to build a soddy had at least watched bricks being laid and the principal was the same. Sods 2 feet long were arranged so as to lock the corners firmly.

If the sods were laid snuggly together and walls were kept vertical until the roof was put on then allowed to settle six months, soddies were solid and durable enough.

As to bedbugs they were everywhere in the lumber yards and in railway cars that had hauled lumber and if they were less numerous in frame or masonry homes it was only because soddies were warmer during winters than any other dwellings and encouraged breeding. They were controlled by boiling the bedding and taking bedsteads outdoors and treating all cracks, crevices and corners with a feather dipped in kerosene ("coal oil").

Food was not too much of a problem because garden seeds were brought by most of the settlers and since the virgin prairie had almost no weeds gardens usually thrived. Corn, peas, beans and such were dried and kept stored. Pumpkins, turnips, beets, carrots, and potatoes were stored in holes dug in the ground and lined with hay or in the cellars that were dug 7 feet deep, 7 or 8 ft. wide and from 10 to 18 feet long roofed over and with 6 to 10 inches of sod over the top with a good tight door. These cellars, kept meat, mild, butter, and other foods cool in summer and were freeze proof in the coldest winters.

Beef was cut in thin slices, the fat removed and lean strips hung up and dried and stored in metal cans with lids or in covered jars. This "Jerky Beef" would keep for several months and could then be eaten raw or could be boiled for stew. Yeast was no trouble each time the house wife baked she saved a cupful of her rizen raw bread dough thinned down with water put in a spoonful of sugar and kept it in a covered jar in a cool place.

Then the evening before next bake day she added flour water and a little more sugar to make a quart or more, set it near the stove over night and by morning had a gallon of lively yeast from which she saved another "starter". Prairie fires were visible for miles and seldom trapped anyone. If a prairie fire surrounded a soddy you were safe inside as it would not burn.

Respectfully,
V.A. Kear
Sod Town
Colby, Kansas

THE GRAND CANYON?

Dear Sirs:

Arizona's Grand Canyon has been lied about, lied at, sworn at, misplaced, and "stolen".

The picture on page 57 of your March issue of REAL WEST shows a picture of Grand Canyon under the caption "Badlands of the Dakota Territory".

Please return the Grand Canyon to where it has been for countless centuries.

Yours very truly,
Martin C. Flohr
Williams, Arizona

Sorry, but checking with the source of the picture, we are told it is definitely a section in the Badlands.

LIKES PREECE'S STORIES

Dear Mr. Rand:

"The Incredible Bill Dalton" by Harold Preece that appeared in REAL WEST Magazine is an excellent, factual story on that fabulous frontier figure — a well-written article that reflects the characteristic thoroughness of Harold Preece in all his writings. Congratulations to both the editor and the inimitable Harold Preece for a bang-up good story. Let's have more of 'em.

I am personally acquainted with Harold Preece and can say without reservation that he is better informed on Texas history, Texas Indians and the habits and customs of the inhabitants of the Lone Star State than anyone I knew. Harold Preece is held in high esteem by the people of Texas and he receives prominent notice in the press and on the radio wherever he appears in Texas. REAL WEST is fortunate in having such a well-known and competent writer on its staff.

Sincerely yours,
Clayton R. Baird
Edinburg, Texas

No, this is not a relative of Harold Preece Mr. Baird is a prominent Texas lawyer and justly admires the writings of Harold Preece.

RW

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RAILROADS OF THE BLACK HILLS by Mildred Fielder

Another rattlety-bang railroad classic for those who like their history fired with color and drama —with half a hundred yarns about engines and men on the narrow gauge pike. Like the time bandits jumped the Homestake payroll train . . . and the forest fire of 1886 in Elk Creek Canyon that burned 23 bridges and the BH&FP passenger train saved every man, woman and child! More than 200 superb pictures representing years of research; full specifications of Black Hills engines.

OLD FORTS OF THE SOUTHWEST by Herbert M. Hart

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